

The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

SEPTEMBER 1983 £1.10

Angus Maude

POLITICS AND THE MEDIA

Julian Critchley

PROFILE OF LORD GOWRIE

Ian Bradley

ENGLAND'S SCHOOL FOR ARABS

Sandy Craig

THE INCONSTANT WORLD OF THE OYSTER

Patrick Moore

MORE LIGHT ON THE STARS

Tony Samstag

HOSKING'S EYE FOR AN OWL



Full guide to what's on in September starts page 72

BRIEFING

Severiano Ballesteros takes the rough with the smooth. Just like his Rolex.

It seems odd that the ambition of one of the greatest golfers in the world, is to be a better golfer.

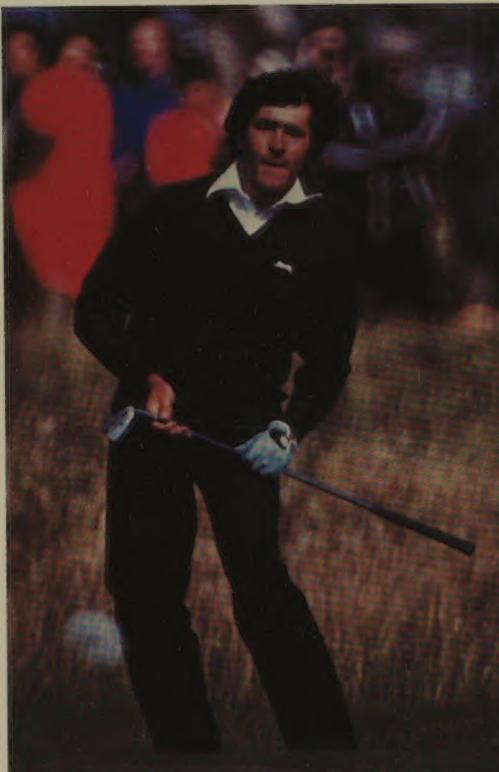
Seve Ballesteros, the youngest-ever winner of the British Open this century; the youngest-ever winner of the American Masters; and winner of countless international tournaments, has time on his side, however.

He thinks of nothing but golf. In every tournament, he thinks of nothing but the course.

And on every course, he thinks of nothing but the hole. "If I lose concentration, I lose the hole."

Since Seve was nine years old, practising clandestine golf strokes after hours on his home Pedrena golf course, sheer mental stamina has driven him to the top.

And enormous physical strength is what drives him out of the rough whenever his swash-buckling approach to the game takes him there.



Before a recent American tournament, he announced that he would try for eagles – two under par – at every hole. When advised that this would mean a lot of sixes and sevens, he replied "Sure . . . but many threes and they are very nice."

It is obviously no coincidence that Seve Ballesteros wears a watch which matches perfectly his precision-like personality and his never-ending quest for superiority. A Rolex Oyster Day-Date. Self-winding with day and date display.

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all. I may have good days and bad days but this watch only has good days. And you know what? Every time I take a swing I'm winding it up."

"It's the perfect watch for me."

The unpredictable Ballesteros. And his entirely predictable Rolex.



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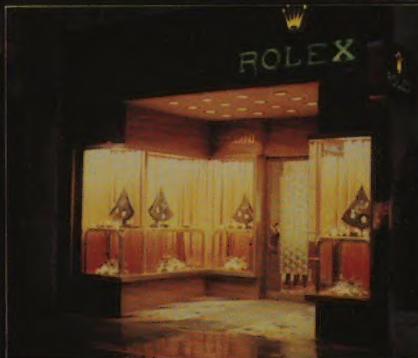


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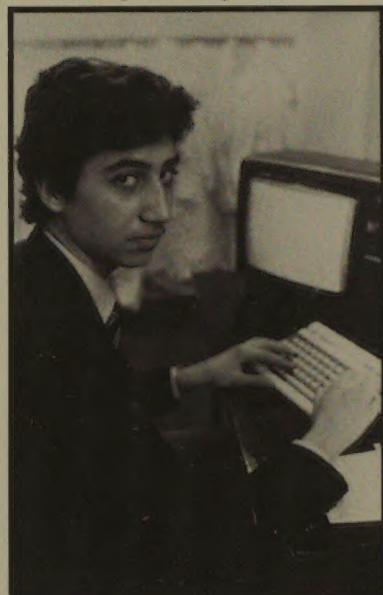
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Eric Hosking's wildlife pictures.



An English school for Arab boys.



Fashion choice for the autumn.

Hosking's eye for an owl

Tony Samstag describes the life and work of Eric Hosking, at 73 still one of this country's finest wildlife photographers.
Cover photograph of a Tawny Owl by Eric Hosking.

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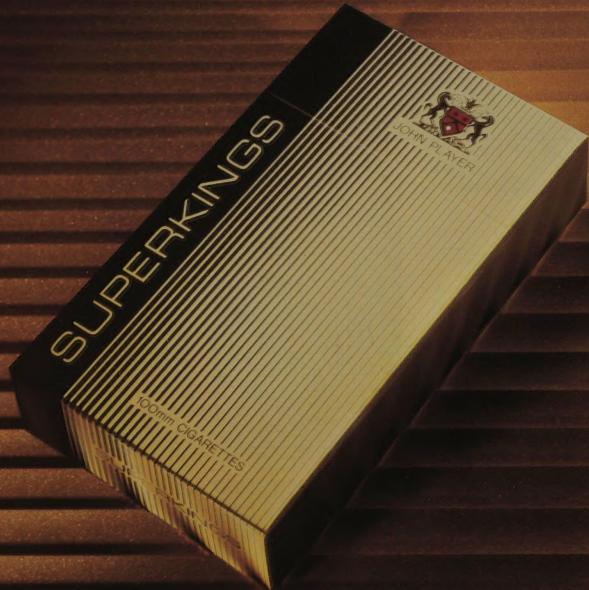
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BRIEFING

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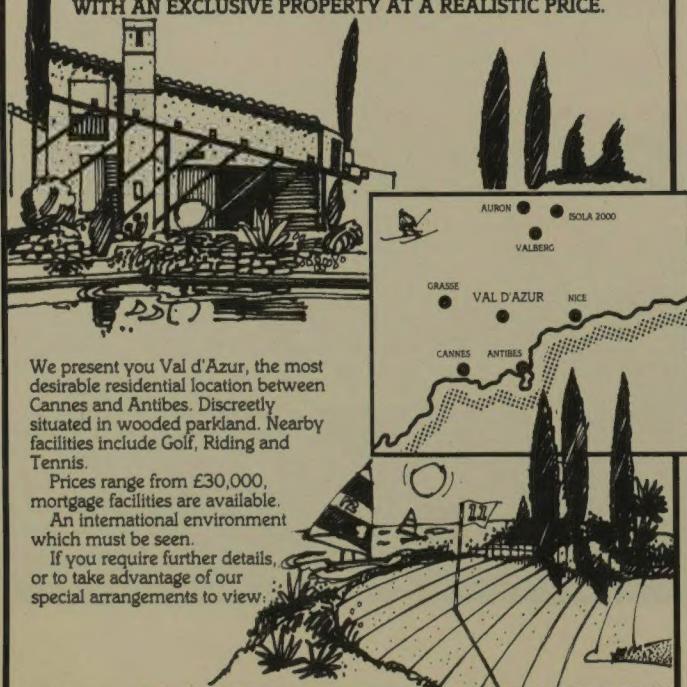
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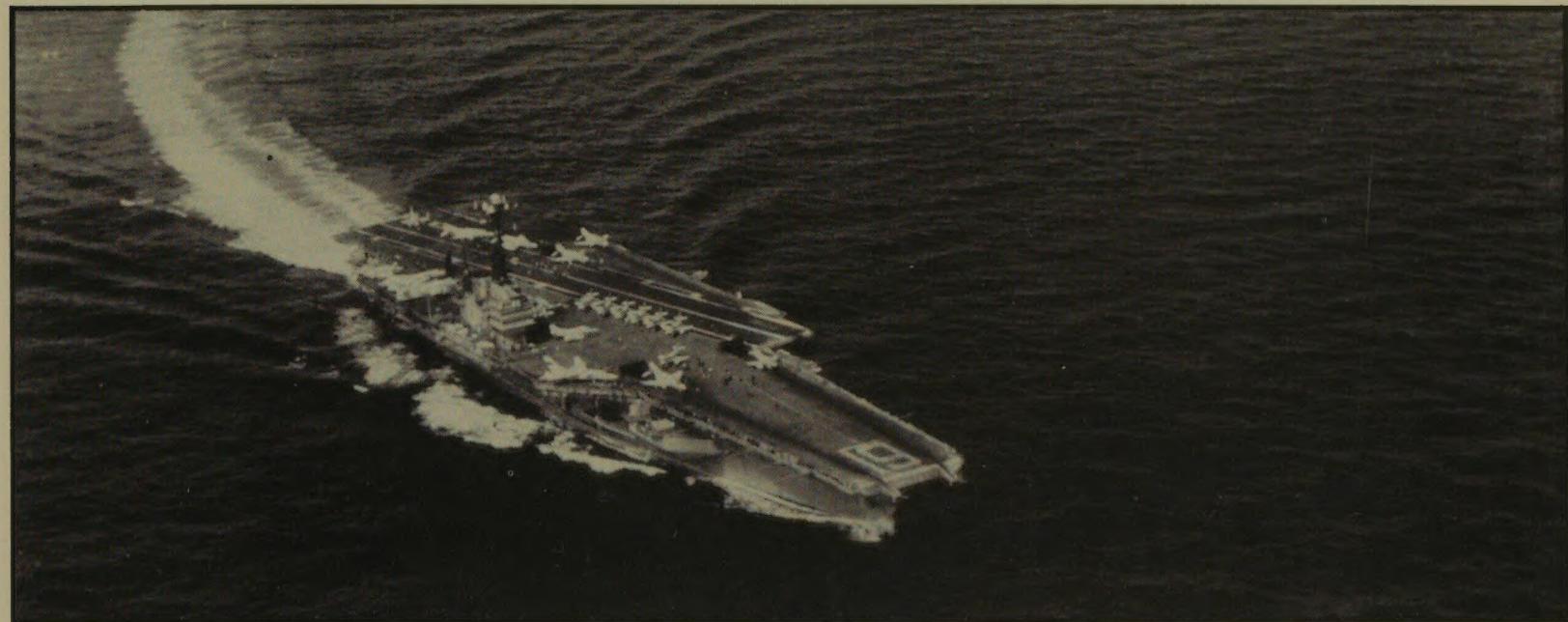
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The troubled waters of the Caribbean



The United States is currently putting on an impressive show of force in the troubled waters surrounding the republics of Central America. The aircraft carrier *Ranger*, with 70 aircraft and seven escort vessels, has been patrolling the western Caribbean for some weeks, and is being joined in the area by the battleship *New Jersey* and five other ships of the US Navy. A second aircraft carrier, the *Coral Sea*, and four escort vessels are on their way to the eastern Caribbean. During the next few months some 5,000 American troops will be ferried into Honduras to take part in manoeuvres, code-named Big Pine 2, which will include amphibious landings by American marines, mock bombing raids by American aircraft, the construction of airstrips capable of taking massive transport aircraft, and the training of Honduran troops both in the use of modern weapons and in the techniques of defence against any invasion that might be launched across the border from Nicaragua.

The objectives of this well exposed display of military muscle are to prevent any outbreak of hostilities within the isthmus of eight countries, or to exercise some control if fighting does break out, and to demonstrate as forcefully as possible that the United States' government would not be prepared to accept further communist encroachment in the hemisphere. Though the problem is not primarily a military one, since the United States clearly has more than enough power to dominate the area, there is a strategic element in that, with the Soviet Union already in control of Cuba, more communist bases so close to United States territory or to the shipping lines between the US, Europe and South America could further undermine the West's defences.

This is one element of current American

USS Ranger on patrol in the Caribbean.

anxiety, for it appears that Nicaragua, which lies in the centre of the region and has coastlines facing both the eastern Caribbean and the Pacific, is rapidly becoming one such base. The Sandinista junta, which overthrew the Somoza dictatorship in 1979, is now running the country as a Marxist state along Cuban lines, with all the paraphernalia of that country's "people's militia" to keep unenthusiastic inhabitants in order. The United States is lending covert support to the *contra* groups of rebels fighting the Sandinists, but some of the *contras* were once part of the hated Somoza régime, do not have much popular support, and seem to be making little headway against the Nicaraguan army, which is now one of the biggest in the area and well supplied with Soviet weapons.

In the neighbouring country of El Salvador, which is the second nation most closely involved in the present crisis, the situation is rather different. In this, the smallest and most densely populated of the republics, the United States provides help for the elected government, an uneasy coalition of right and left involved in a long and bloody war against insurgents who are supported by the Nicaraguan junta.

President Reagan has expressed his determination to continue with his policies of supporting the government of El Salvador and the *contras* of Nicaragua, in spite of congressional opposition and of popular anxiety within the United States that his administration might find itself embroiled in another Vietnam. The fear is understandable, but the reality is very different. El Salvador is geographically close, is part of the Organization of American States, and is thus a vital interest for the United States

whereas Vietnam was not. There are also lessons that have been learnt from the Vietnam experience, not least that aid cannot be indiscriminate, cannot be unlimited, and cannot be continued without necessary reforms being carried out—otherwise popular support will be forfeited and the US government will find itself propping up a régime that has lost the support of the majority of the people. In such circumstances the United States would again find itself the target of nationalist fervour.

It is thus a delicate path that Mr Reagan's administration has to tread. The show of force is clearly a justifiable deterrent to further communist infiltration, and may well succeed in curbing Nicaragua's aggressive tendencies, though the presence of so many American troops in the fragile democracy of Honduras may be resented—Latin Americans are sensitive to any suggestion of interference in their affairs by their big brother in the north. At the same time they are equally aware of the dangers of communist infiltration and propaganda, to which most Latin American countries have been subjected since Dr Fidel Castro gave Cuba to the Russians in the 1960s, and are content to join with the United States in taking reasonable precautions against the communist threat. They prefer to do things by negotiation, and urge the United States to act through the so-called *contadora* states of Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia and Panama. The US government is not averse to this, if it can achieve results, and is certainly not against diplomatic resolution of the crisis, as was demonstrated by the appointment of Dr Kissinger to head a commission to explore policies for the area. Meanwhile the dispatch of the modern version of American gunboats is a timely reminder that vital interests are at stake.

FOR THE RECORD

Sept 83

Monday, July 11

Central government borrowing for the first three months of the financial year was £5.46 billion compared with £3.15 billion for the same period last year.

British Airways announced that 50 top management jobs were to go.

Augustus Barnett, the off-licence chain, a subsidiary of the Spanish-based Rumasa group, went into receivership.

The National Coal Board made a loss of £111 million for 1982-83.

Penguin Publishing bought Frederick Warne, owners of the Beatrix Potter stories, for £6 million.

President Reagan's special envoy to Central America, Richard Stone, cut short his second peace mission and returned home after failing to meet El Salvador's left-wing rebel leaders in Costa Rica.

Tuesday, July 12

Britain and China opened a second round of talks in Peking on the future of Hong Kong.

31 policemen were injured during "loyalist" riots before the traditional Orange Day parades in Northern Ireland, and the homes of Roman Catholic families were attacked.

Wednesday, July 13

The House of Commons rejected by a majority of 116 votes the restoration of the death penalty for murder of any kind, including terrorism and the murder of a police officer.

Members of the MCC rejected a proposal to send a touring team to South Africa in 1983-84 in defiance of the boycott by 6,604 votes to 4,344.

Four members of the Ulster Defence Regiment were killed by a 500lb landmine in Co Tyrone, and two Roman Catholic men were found shot dead in South Armagh in a new outbreak of sectarian violence.

Thursday, July 14

The Scandinavian shipping line Sally the Viking announced the investment of £15 million to make Ramsgate, Kent, a rival to Dover as a cross-Channel ferry port by the mid 1980s.

The Association of the British Pharmaceutical Industry announced a 2½ per cent cut in the cost of all drugs supplied to the National Health Service.

The General Synod of the Church of England voted to allow divorced people to remarry in church provided certain conditions were met.

Bishop Abel Muzorewa, a former Prime Minister of Zimbabwe, alleged at a press conference that President Mugabe's Zanu party were persecuting the Church in Zimbabwe and suppressing freedom of speech, assembly and worship.

Philip Zec, the Fleet Street cartoonist, died aged 73.

Friday, July 15

6 people were killed and 55 injured when a bomb placed by an Armenian extremist group at Orly Airport, France, exploded prematurely. Police believed it was meant to have gone off during a Turkish Airlines flight to Istanbul.

The Declaration of Madrid, a provisional agreement on the definition of international behaviour, including respect for human rights, was formulated after almost three years by the 35 Western, neutral and Communist countries attending.

Inflation in Britain remained unchanged at 3.7 per cent in June.

A new Greek-US agreement pledged that American bases on Greek territory would begin closing in 1989.

Saturday, July 16

A Sikorski S61 helicopter on a routine shuttle between Penzance and the Scilly Isles crashed into the sea killing 20 people. Six were rescued including the pilot and co-pilot.

The Anglesey Aluminium Powder Company at Holyhead was demolished by a massive explosion. Six men were injured.

Sunday, July 17

Tom Watson of the United States won the British Open golf championship at Royal Birkdale for the second successive year.

Monday, July 18

President Reagan set up an advisory commission on the problems of



Central America, to be headed by Dr Henry Kissinger.

Oil ministers from the 13 members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries meeting in Helsinki agreed to hold oil prices and production at present levels.

England won the first Test against New Zealand at the Oval by 187 runs.

Tuesday, July 19

Eight United States Navy battleships, headed by the aircraft-carrier *Ranger*, left San Diego for Central American waters "to demonstrate US interest in the region". Two large naval and military exercises involving about 5,000 troops were announced to be held in the area next month.

The Natural History Museum declared that fossil bones discovered by William Walker, an amateur fossil hunter, in a Surrey claypit in January, were those of an unknown species of carnivorous dinosaur dating back 124 million years.

British MPs narrowly voted to award themselves a 5½ per cent salary increase, from £14,500 to £15,300, as the first part of a five-year package.

Wednesday, July 20

The Israeli Cabinet voted unanimously in favour of a partial withdrawal of 30,000 occupying troops from Lebanon in an effort to reduce casualties. A new front line would be established parallel to the Awali river, just north of Sidon.

Sheikh Mohammed Al-Maktoum of Dubai paid a record \$10.2 million for a colt sired by *Northern Dancer* out of *My Dancers* at the horse sales in Lexington, Kentucky. The horse would be trained at the Aston Upthorn Stud in Berkshire.

Thursday, July 21

The dissolution honours list included eight Labour peers, seven Conservatives and one Liberal. Among them were former Prime Minister Sir Harold Wilson, former Liberal leader Jo Grimond and former leader of Ulster's Social Democratic and Labour Party Gerard Fitt.

17 Welsh teenagers were seriously injured and 20 others hurt in a coach crash on a motorway near Ludwigshafen, West Germany. They were among 39 members of the Gwent Youth Brass Band on a concert tour of Germany.

Damage estimated at £500,000 was caused by a fire in a row of partially built cottages in the St Katharine's Dock development, Tower Hamlets, London. Arson was suspected.

The Polish government ended martial law after 19 months and declared an amnesty for political prisoners.

However, they retained or strengthened powers held under martial law, including the banning of Solidarity, the limitation of workers' right to change their place of employment, restriction of academic freedom and censorship.

Friday, July 22

EEC finance ministers meeting in Brussels cut back £34.1 million of the rebate to Britain negotiated last October.

President Reagan appointed Robert McFarlane, 45, to replace Philip Habib as his special Middle East envoy after talks with President Amin Gemayel of Lebanon in Washington.

At least 17 people died and 53 were injured when shells fell on Beirut airport and the suburbs of the Lebanese capital. The fire came from Druze military positions in the mountains east of the city.

Six mercenaries, including four Britons, who took part in the attempted coup in the Seychelles in November 1981 were pardoned and released by President René.

Saturday, July 23

Seven American and Canadian members of Greenpeace were released after six days' detention by the Russians. They had been held after landing to distribute leaflets and take photographs of a whaling station in Siberia where, they claimed, whale meat was being fed to mink in contravention of international regulations.

Sunday, July 24

Wiston Colliery at Selby, Yorkshire, was put out of action because of flooding. The £1 billion show-piece of British mining had only been opened four weeks earlier.

At least 183 people died in the mid-west and south of the United States in a 15-day heatwave.

Monday, July 25

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Nigel Lawson, announced that the Government would sell up to £500 million British Petroleum shares by the end of the financial year, reducing the government holding from 39 per cent to between 31 and 32 per cent.

It was announced that the Goodyear plant and research centre in Craigavon, Co Armagh, were to close with the loss of 775 jobs by the end of October.

The Sri Lankan government imposed a 15 hour curfew in Colombo and later throughout the island following rioting between the Sinhalese majority and the Tamil minority. More than 200 deaths were reported. British holidaymakers were trapped in their hotels and tour operators suspended operations in Sri Lanka.

Tuesday, July 26

British Gas announced record profits of £665 million but warned that there might be a 4-5 per cent increase in prices in the autumn.

Wednesday, July 27

Five Armenian terrorists, the wife of the Turkish chargé d'affaires and a policeman were killed when the terrorists attacked the Turkish embassy in Lisbon. The terrorists blew up the building after a gun fight.

The Labour Party's national executive instructed the Party at all levels to deny facilities to members of Militant, the Trotsky organization.

A report prepared for the European Commission revealed a fraud in Italian olive oil which had cost the EEC about £85 million over the past 10 years. It involved claiming EEC aid for oil which did not in fact exist.

An emergency £2.5 million reduction in the arts budget was announced by the Arts Minister, Lord Gowrie—about 1 per cent of the whole.

British Shipbuilders announced losses of nearly £128 million for 1982-83 and confirmed that 9,000 shipyard jobs would go in the next two years.

The Prime Minister announced an independent pay review body for nurses and other professional medical workers. Groups which took industrial action might be excluded from its scope.

10 days of storms in France brought a death toll of 12, blocked roads and destroyed thousands of acres of crops. Elsewhere in Europe temperature records were broken.

Thursday, July 28

In the Penrith by-election caused by the elevation of William Whitelaw to the House of Lords, the Conservative candidate David Maclean retained the seat but with a majority over the Liberal of only 552; the majority at the general election was 15,421. The other candidates, including Labour, lost their deposits.

A government decision to allow parents to exempt their children from corporal punishment in schools, although the use of the cane was to be retained, was criticized by the National Union of Teachers as unworkable.

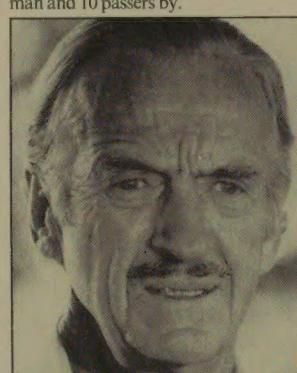
The Pentagon reported that about 12 Soviet bloc cargo ships were heading for Nicaragua with arms deliveries as US warships took up positions 100 miles off the coast of Central America.

The British Government decided to award a £250 million contract to develop a new missile for the RAF to British Aerospace instead of buying an existing missile from the US.

The Royal Navy's dockyard at Gibraltar which was to have closed by the end of 1983 was reprieved for a year.

Friday, July 29

Judge Rocco Chinnici, 58, a prominent anti-Mafia investigator, was murdered in Palermo by a car bomb which also killed two of his bodyguards, a doorman and 10 passers-by.



David Niven, the film actor, died aged 73.

Saturday, July 30

Luis Buñuel, the film director, died aged 83.

Lynn Fontanne, the actress, died aged 95.

Raymond Massey, the actor, died aged 86.

Sunday, July 31

July was the hottest for 324 years, with an average day-and-night temperature of 69°F and with 16 days in which the temperature was more than 80°F.

Two riders, Norman Brown of Ulster and Peter Huber of Switzerland, crashed and died in the British Motorcycling Grand Prix at Silverstone.

A private donation of £250,000 enabled work on the £4.3 million Theatre Museum in Covent Garden to go ahead in spite of government cuts.

Monday, August 1

12 oil field-workers were injured as a result of an explosion on the Forties Delta platform in the North Sea.

The total number of Britons found to be suffering from typhoid after returning from a holiday on the Greek island of Kos rose to 15.

The United States accused Libya of aggression and of using Soviet-built

fighter-bombers and helicopters to bomb Faya-Largeau in northern Chad. On August 2 President Hissène Habré of Chad sent an urgent message to the United Nations Security Council after four days of Libyan air strikes. The United States stepped up military aid by sending instructors, anti-aircraft missiles, and Awacs surveillance aircraft to Chad and by positioning the aircraft carrier *Eisenhower* and its battle group off the coast of Libya.

Tuesday, August 2

The fossil skull of a young iguanodon was found on the Isle of Wight.

Sebastian Coe, Britain's middle-distance runner, was admitted to hospital after a renewed viral infection had caused his withdrawal from the Helsinki World Championships.

Wednesday, August 3

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher had a second operation to repair a tear in the retina of her right eye, a minor operation carried out three days earlier to remedy the condition having failed.

In the nine-week dispute that had halted publication of the *Financial Times*, a peace formula was agreed after meetings between the union leaders, management and the arbitration service Acas. The stoppage had cost the paper £10 million and the men lost earnings of £1.2 million.

Thursday, August 4

Four Provisional IRA members were jailed for life at Belfast Crown Court for their part in the murders of a part-time Ulster Defence Regiment soldier and a prison governor. 22 other people were given jail sentences of between three years and life. The convictions were the result of information laid by "supergrass" Christopher Black.

Britain's unemployment figures for July rose to 3,231,720, almost one in seven of the workforce.

Blue Star Line placed a £70 million order for four refrigerated meat and fruit carriers with Harland & Wolff of Belfast.

Italy's first Socialist-led government since 1946 was sworn in under Prime Minister Bettino Craxi.

Alison Streeter, 18, became the first British woman to swim the Channel both ways non-stop. She did it in 21 hours 16 minutes.

Friday, August 5

The Zimbabwe government under President Mugabe gazetted emergency powers to censor reports on the security situation in Matabeleland.

At least 19 people were killed and 43 wounded when a car bomb exploded outside a mosque in Tripoli.

The Meriden motor cycle co-operative launched in 1975 went into liquidation with debts of almost £2 million.

Saturday, August 6

A Spanish supertanker carrying 250,000 tons of crude oil caught fire and split apart 70 miles north-west of Cape Town. Two crewmen were killed and a 20 mile oil slick threatened the coast. The stern section turned turtle and sank, the bow section was towed farther off the South African coast in an effort to minimize damage.

Bass took over Augustus Barnett, the off-licence chain which was put into liquidation in July, for about £9.5 million. 120 of the 500 staff were to be made redundant.

Sunday, August 7

A car bomb exploded in a crowded market in Baalbek, Lebanon, killing at least 33 people and injuring 125.

An attempt to kidnap food-chain millionaire Galen Weston from his mansion near Dublin was foiled after a tip-off. Police marksmen laid in wait for the terrorists, members of the IRA; four were wounded, a fifth was arrested and two escaped. Mr Weston was not at his home at the time.



Race riots in Sri Lanka: Tension between the Sinhalese and the Tamil minority exploded into violence and over 200 deaths resulted. On August 5 President Jayewardene of Sri Lanka imposed a ban on political parties with separatist aspirations, a move that would effectively bar Tamils from government office.



REX FEATURES



KIRK STANIER

Armenian terrorism: The wife of the Turkish chargé d'affaires and a policeman were killed when Armenian terrorists blew up the Turkish embassy in Lisbon, above left. The five terrorists also died. A bomb placed by the same group 12 days earlier at Orly Airport, France, above right, killed six people and injured 55.



Helicopter disaster: A Sikorski S61 helicopter on a routine shuttle flight between Penzance and the Scilly Isles crashed into the sea, killing 20 of the 26 people on board. Among the survivors were the pilot and the co-pilot. The fuselage of the helicopter was recovered from 200 feet of water.



Family celebration: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was presented with a bunch of flowers by a young boy when she greeted crowds outside Clarence House on her 83rd birthday. He was photographed with Princess Margaret, the Queen, the Princess of Wales and the Prince of Wales.

PRESS ASSOCIATION



REX FEATURES



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Battered grapes: A substantial proportion of the crop in Burgundy vineyards was ruined by hail.

Near miss: An Air Canada Boeing 767 was crash-landed at a disused airfield near Winnipeg after running out of fuel in mid-flight. The aircraft narrowly missed a car racing track. None of the 69 passengers and crew was hurt.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

Triumph at last: New Zealand's captain Geoffrey Howarth leads his team's celebrations after beating England by five wickets in the second Test at Headingley, below. It was New Zealand's first victory in England. Ewen Chatfield took five wickets in the second innings, Graham Dilley being his final victim, caught by Ian Smith, right.



PRESS ASSOCIATION



PRESS ASSOCIATION



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Power by the Tower: Of the 42 competitors who started the annual cross-Channel Powerboat Race from Tower Bridge, only nine completed the course, which was shortened because of cable-laying in the Channel.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Golf champion: Tom Watson won the Open at Royal Birkdale for the fifth time, and by one stroke.



The Surrey dinosaur may have looked rather like this, but with much larger claws.

Fossil find: William Walker, an amateur fossil hunter, discovered what turned out to be the claw of a hitherto unknown carnivorous dinosaur, 15 feet tall and dating back 124 million years to the Lower Cretaceous. The claw was unearthed in January but, because the Surrey claypit where it was found was waterlogged during the wet spring, its importance was not confirmed by experts from the Natural History Museum until some months later. Part of the skull, a jaw, a number of vertebrae, shoulder and pelvic bones and some other claw bones have now been recovered. Reassembling the dinosaur is expected to take a year or more.



William Walker with his find. The claw bone measured about a foot long.



The huge claw was broken when Mr Walker tapped it from its matrix. It has now been reassembled. Above centre, part of the skull complete with three teeth.



At the Surrey claypit, now owned by a brick company, a team from the Natural History Museum search for more bones from the 2 ton dinosaur.



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MPs and the wishes of electors

by Sir Arthur Bryant

Since I last wrote on this page a newly elected Parliament has again voted against the reintroduction of the death penalty for murder of any kind and, by doing so, disregarded the wishes of the majority of the governed and of the police who have to enforce law and order against murderers at the risk, and all too often at the cost, of their own lives. And, I believe as a historian, this decision is against the permanent lessons of history which point strongly to the deterrent effect in all ages of the death penalty on law-breakers of habitual violence who, in its absence, are ready to resort to murder.

It is that and that alone which, as I see it, morally justifies society, or the state acting in its name, itself taking human life: the sole justification for its doing so is not to punish murderers but to prevent murder.

For murder is unique among crimes against the person in that, by taking another being's life, it takes something which can never be restored. The victim of it has no redress, and the state, which through failure to deter the murderer permits it, can offer none.

If therefore murder can be deterred by the action of the state, in justice to those it governs it is an action it cannot justly evade. For if it does, it becomes itself party to murder.

This is where pleas of conscience against the responsibility of taking human life by those who have assumed the responsibility of government seem to me to be so lacking in both logic and honesty. For if a man in authority has conscientious scruples against exercising his authority, he ought not to have assumed that responsibility in the first place or, if he has, he should be prepared to relinquish it. All government entails an obligation to the governed, and those who exercise government have no right to enjoy its rewards and privileges while shirking its responsibilities, of which the deterrence of murder is one. Wherever the death penalty does not clearly deter, I have every sympathy with those who shrink from applying it. And I would not wish to see the death penalty ever applied again in any case where there is any doubt at all of the accused or suspected person's guilt.

Nor would I like to see the time-honoured accompaniments of proved murder and murder trials revived; where the death penalty has to be imposed or carried out it should be in a place apart, and as far removed as possible from the normal machinery for enforcing law and order and the prevention and punishment of ordinary crime. It is only where the death penalty constitutes the sole means of deterring would-be murderers from taking life that it should be enforced or

used at all. Nor should it ever be applied—as before the 19th century it was in this country—for any crime except proved and deliberate murder, and then only where it clearly acts as a deterrent. For it is the very uniqueness of its punishment which constitutes its main deterrent effect. It is precisely on those who pursue the murder of their fellow creatures as a deliberate means of gain, and are so brutalized as to have no qualms of conscience in committing it, that the death penalty acts as a safeguard for society.

In the past, when the death penalty existed, and existed against murder alone, it was the hardened or professional criminal so insensitive to human suffering as deliberately and habitually to use violence against his fellow beings who, because of its existence, shrank when engaged in robbery or other crimes of violence from carrying a gun or co-operating with others carrying guns, lest the doing so should result in an act which could bring him in danger of the rope. Since the death penalty has been abolished the number of criminals who carry guns when engaged in their criminal activities has increased by leaps and bounds. This every policeman knows, and it explains why, in self-defence, the police are in favour of the death penalty for those who, in pursuit of violent crime, take the lives of policemen.

Most people who are not engaged in the business of government are aware of this and consider that those they have elected to Parliament should represent their views by making those in power aware of them. But the truth is that Members of Parliament are no longer exclusively, or even mainly, representatives of the governed as they once were; they have become in the course of the present century partly agents, and highly paid agents at that,

of government itself. That is why, disregarding the views of Margaret Thatcher and of the electors who so recently returned her to Downing Street and themselves to Parliament, a majority of those elected have been demanding and, by their votes, insisting that they should be paid a salary equivalent to that earned by senior civil servants. For they have come to regard themselves as having to perform, or at least to supplement, the work of senior civil servants.

It is still true that a Member of Parliament by conscientiously representing his constituents of all parties fulfils a valuable service to those he represents by acting as a kind of buffer or intermediary between them and the official executants of government. But in his voting capacity in Parliament he is also, and sees himself as, a representative of the state itself and of the organized political parties from which the state or "Crown in Parliament" derives its power and mandate.

Yet until I was a boy of 12 Members of Parliament, if paid at all—which the vast majority of them were not—were paid or recouped for their expenses only by those they represented and, unless they were Ministers, certainly not by the state. Today, while still theoretically representatives of those who elect them, they are paid by the state. Whether this constitutional change is morally justifiable or beneficial to the community I will not attempt to determine. But I suspect that it does not contribute to the popularity of those who are still, in name and in constitutional theory, the people's exclusive representatives.

Even 20 or 30 years ago when the emoluments of Members of Parliament were little more than a tenth of what, with inflation, they have since become, it did not seem to do so. Wit-

ness some remarks made in *Any Questions* in 1958 by that outspoken individualist, the late A. G. Street. His broadcast comments on the subject seem so relevant to the present situation that, to provide a little light relief to my subject, I cannot refrain from quoting from it.

"Politicians . . . yap about restraint in profits, restraint in wages and then they put their own salaries up." (Huge applause.) . . . "And a gesture is wanted from politicians of all parties to put their wages down and show that they believe what they say, because nobody else believes it." (More huge applause.) "And there is an economic argument, too, ladies and gentlemen. You see advertisements now, don't you, for farm workers, typists, electricians, washer-uppers—no one has ever yet seen an advertisement for a politician. Politicians today in this country are surplus to requirements. There are at least 10 times more would-be MPs than there are seats in the House of Commons. There is an enormous surplus of would-be politicians. And when there is a surplus the price should go down . . ." (Huge applause.) "And I would point out to you that when there's a surplus in anything else—there's a surplus of milk at the present time—during the last few months the price of milk to the farmer has gone down. But while you can make useful things like butter and cheese from surplus milk if anybody can tell me anything useful that you can make out of surplus politicians, I'd like to know."

And this, we are told, brought the house down.

Whether it would have the same effect today on the listening public if anyone as forthright and amusing as my old friend, Arthur Street, were alive to express it, I do not know. I suspect it very well might.

100 years ago



The reptile house in Regent's Park was opened in 1883, an addition to the zoo founded in 1826 by the Zoological Society of London. Built of brick and terracotta with a glass and iron roof, it was illustrated in the ILN of September 8, 1883.



A GIFT OF FLOWERS - THAT LAST

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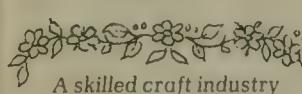
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ENCOUNTERS

with Roger Berthoud

Speaking for Britain's farmers

In 1965, when "Rab" (later Lord) Butler gave up his Saffron Walden seat to become Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, the idea was mooted that his oldest son Richard, a farmer, should allow his name to go forward as a candidate to succeed him. But Sir Richard, as he became two years ago, demurred. "I had always wanted to make a life of my own," he explained in his office near Hyde Park Corner. In 1970, when his younger brother Adam did follow father into politics—he is now Minister of State at the Northern Ireland Office—Richard became Vice-President of the misleadingly named National Farmers' Union (it is more an association), and in 1979 he succeeded Sir Henry Plumb as its President.

The most immediately striking thing about Sir Richard is his physical resemblance to his father, who died in 1982. He is not a man to wear his autobiography on his sleeve, but he did concede that there had been both advantages and disadvantages in being Rab's son. "One must recognize that he was away from home quite a lot, and on occasions he was preoccupied when he was home," he said. "He was elected one month after I was born (January, 1929), and he was a junior minister from my early childhood." On the other hand their mother spent a lot of time with her children—three sons and a daughter—and when distinguished visitors came, the family would be included whenever possible. The paternal sense of humour, cherished in political circles for its astringent quality, was also in evidence at home, as indeed one would expect: a sense of irony operates in all contexts.

Young Richard decided he would become a farmer while in his teens at Eton. After National Service he read agriculture at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where his father and grandfather had also studied. There followed a year as a farm pupil in Norfolk, and in 1953 he began work as the manager of a 300 acre farm at Halstead, Essex, owned by his mother, the daughter of the great picture collector Sam Courtauld, of the textile manufacturing family. "She died in 1954, and we have gradually increased the size of the farm to 1,500 acres."

Sir Richard's wife is of non-farming Lincolnshire stock, and they have a daughter, aged 29, and 27-year-old twin sons. One is farming separately on 300 acres and the other is helping a neighbouring farmer run the 1,500 acres. Of the latter, two thirds are devoted to wheat, the rest to barley, oilseed rape and grass.

Recalling my own days in Brussels, I wondered what direct effect the EEC

had had on Sir Richard's own farm. "Mainly to encourage us to grow oilseed rape, which by the way is not in surplus in the EEC," he replied. "Before 1973 (when Britain joined the EEC) there was virtually no rape grown in Britain. Now there is a good return, underwritten by the EEC's support system. It happens to suit our land, and it provides a good balance to wheat and barley from a disease control point of view. In our case it has replaced around 180 acres of peas for canning." The aim of encouraging rape is to reduce the EEC's dependence on imported American soya beans, a major animal feedstuff.

Early in his presidency, Sir Richard showed himself to be sensitive to current criticisms of farming methods, mainly from the conservationist and animal welfare lobbies. Their drift tended to be that farmers were ripping out hedges and trees, bolstering productivity with massive doses of chemicals for crops and hormones for cruelly cooped-up animals, sending profits up by 45 per cent last year in the process. So the NFU commissioned a MORI poll recently and got an agreeable surprise. "It showed that farmers were not as unpopular as we thought we might be," Sir Richard said.

He reckoned it was healthy that farming was profitable: as an industry it was second only to North Sea oil in turnover, and 8 per cent of the working population were directly dependent on agriculture for their jobs. Not every farmer was doing well: there were sharp disparities between, say, cereal growers and pig farmers, which caused some resentment, though luckily many suffering pig farmers were also cereal farmers, as in his native Essex.

Flitting swiftly over the other issue, Sir Richard was keen to allay anxieties without seeming complacent. Farmers do care about the countryside. They plant trees, though these are inevitably smaller than the ones they cut down. The use of chemicals and/or hormones is carefully monitored. But of course there are renegade farmers, he said, just as some parents beat their children; and yes, the NFU is worried by the concentration of farms in fewer hands and by the growing holdings of insurance companies, pension funds and other financial institutions (now almost 500,000 acres).

After 50 minutes, Sir Richard's secretary came in to warn of waiting visitors. Certainly I had got closer to his more extrovert predecessor, Sir Henry Plumb, in the same time. Yet I left feeling that Sir Richard's cool mind was complemented by a respect for the views of others inherited from his father of blessed memory.



The journeys of Lady Jellicoe



Patricia, Lady Jellicoe belongs to the unsung profession of foreign tour lecturers. Her particular link is with China. As Patricia O'Kane she attended the Sacré Coeur convent school in Shanghai, where her father was working for the British-run Shanghai Power Company, and she was then sent north to board at a German convent in Tsingtao, Shantung. It is now a marine biology centre. Lady Jellicoe will be returning there for the first time this September at the head of a Serenissima tour.

It will be her 12th visit to China since she first went back there as a Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society in 1975. She came to lecturing by chance, when the Keeper of the British Museum's Oriental Department invited her to give a talk on a theory she had evolved about 18th-century Persian painting. On her first tour—to Yugoslavia in the mid-



NFU President Sir Richard Butler: sensitive to criticism of farmers.

1970s—the bus broke down on a mountain road, leaving her to entertain her group, still comparative strangers, for three hours.

We met at her home in Belgravia: a tall, elegant, rather candid lady in her 60s, a vivid personality in a sombre sitting room cluttered with mementos. As a girl, she recalled, she came to England to attend art school: her mother considered universities unsafe for young ladies. Caught on holiday in China by the outbreak of war, she contracted typhoid. Once recovered, she worked at the British embassy until Pearl Harbor, when the Japanese took over Shanghai and placed allied nationals under house arrest.

In August, 1942, British, Dutch and Norwegians were put on a Japanese ship for a three-week-long, crowded and insanitary trip to Lourenço Marques. By then weighing only 93lbs, she was exchanged for two Japanese engineers, which made her at least feel valuable. Anxious to help the war effort, she went straight to Beirut to rewrite propaganda for Major-General Sir Edward Spear's mission. "It was hard work," she recalled, "but a challenging time." The few British girls were "heart-breakingly" spoilt by British officers on leave there, and she fell in and out of love several times.

One romance endured: in 1944 she married the dashing, bemedalled second Earl Jellicoe, son of the famous admiral and then serving in the Special Boat Service. They lived first in Alexandria, then Haifa, where she was attacked and nearly killed when searching for a Roman aqueduct. In 1948, Lord Jellicoe having become a diplomat, they went to Washington. It was the heyday of the Foreign Office

spies. Donald Maclean was head of chancery at the embassy—"He couldn't have been nicer or more thoughtful," Lady Jellicoe remembered. Kim Philby was there: "He seemed to be the cosiest, kindest person, though he was never very kind to his wife." Guy Burgess arrived during their last year: "I disliked him from the start."

The Jellicoes' fourth child was born in their second post, Brussels, but their marriage came apart in the third, Baghdad. Lady Jellicoe took her first job back in London, designing for Pilkington Glass, then worked for a Danish furniture firm, switching to antiques, an old love, when it closed in Britain. After joining archaeological digs in Iran, she began lecturing, and has since done so in all the major American museums, in clubs and colleges and on Lindblad (American) and Serenissima (British) tours.

Returning to China eight years ago, she was delighted to find that she remembered some of her (Shanghai) Chinese, and that the red flags were out on the old Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, where her family had once lived—now Communist Party headquarters. Last summer, taking the son of a French childhood friend to Shanghai, they found the pseudo-French château in which his mother's family had lived—now an impeccably maintained VIP guesthouse, unchanged since pre-war days.

Garden history is one of her passions, and the September tour includes a visit to the Garden of the Inept Politician in Soochow.

Defending the right to smoke



Following an item in my first column a year ago on ASH (Action on Smoking and Health), I was invited to come and listen to the other side of the case by Stephen Eyres, director of FOREST—a more logical if contrived acronym, standing for Freedom Organization for the Right to Enjoy Smoking Tobacco. Taking up the challenge, I found him in modest offices near London's largest doss-house by Vauxhall Underground station, a fresh-faced, virtually non-smoking, 33-year-old economics graduate (of St Andrews) who in June culled 5,129 votes for the Conservatives contesting the Labour left-winger Ian Mikardo's East End constituency.

The seedling that became FOREST was sown in 1979, he explained, when a bossy woman on Reading railway station requested Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Foxley-Norris to put out the pipe he was smoking. Sir Christopher, a former chairman of the Cheshire Foundation, had been concerned by what he saw as the erosion of personal liberty through such forthcoming measures as obligatory seat belts, compulsory crash helmets—and restrictions on smokers' "rights". Deciding that action was needed to protect the latter, he recruited Eyres in 1981 from the Freedom Organization (founded by the McWhirter brothers as the National Association for Freedom). Geoffrey Evans, a 40-cigarettes-a-day man, came in as chief and only executive from being general secretary of the Church Union. The tobacco industry provided an initial £12,000 and a national network of subscribers has gradually been built up.

Eyres sees himself as spokesman, campaigner and lobbyist for smokers' rights. His activities include lobbying MPs, countering proposed restrictions on smoking in public places (he approves of separate areas for smokers and non-smokers), and taking part in debates with anti-smokers on TV and radio, which he relishes. "When the anti-smoking lobby organized a non-smoking day in February we countered with a 'national busy-bodies week' and turned it into a two-sided

debate with very wide coverage," he recalled. Another example: "Lothian Council in Edinburgh considered banning smoking altogether in buses. We ran a campaign and commissioned a public opinion poll which showed overwhelming support for the *status quo*." Much the same thing happened when London Transport suggested eliminating all smoking carriages on the Underground.

"Basically we are in existence to counter David Simpson at ASH and David Player of the Health Education Council. They have had 10 years of unchallenged coverage in the media, and have been successful in persuading smokers that they should feel guilty about their pastime. In three years we have started to build up an alternative voice for personal choice and liberty. We are fighting the nanny-state view of society—that the State has the right to limit the individual's freedom to lead his own life."

That of course took us to the heart of the matter. What, I asked with menacing courtesy, if the smoker's freedom impinged, as it so often did, on the non-smoker's freedom? And how about the cost to the taxpayer of treating diseases caused or aggravated by smoking? Eyres had clearly fielded those questions many times before. "I say to the smoker: please smoke with courtesy and consideration for the non-smoker, especially if you are in a confined space. I say to the non-smoker: you have to accept that people smoke, we have to live and let live—surely both interests can be accommodated."

As for the cost of smoking-induced illnesses, the smoker is more than paying his way, he pointed out. "Some £4,000 million is going to the Exchequer from the smoker every year. The cost of treating smoking-related diseases has been estimated at £150 million a year, which is probably a bit low. Even if we call it £300 million, there is still a huge cost-benefit—smoking is paying half the cost of the country's hospitals."

Although FOREST last year received £50,000 from the tobacco industry, Eyres emphasizes that it is not promoting cigarette consumption, which fell last year by 7 per cent to 102 billion: "We wouldn't mind if no one smoked or if 90 per cent of the adult population smoked. What we mind about is the personal freedom of mature people. None of us would want to encourage smoking among children—though the more you identify the Establishment and authority with non-smoking campaigns, the more rebellious children may be tempted to take it up."

It was, I felt, a measure of the anti-smoking lobby's success that Eyres should choose to leave me with an image of FOREST as a David fighting valiantly on behalf of the nation's 17 million adult smokers against the Goliath of the anti-smoking lobby. I fought back the tears successfully as I returned to the *ILN*'s mercifully smoke-free editorial offices.

Letter from Singapore

by Norman Moss

"In Singapore," says a government-produced handbook, "many ethnic groups live together in harmony in a multi-cultural environment." They do indeed. So pervasive is this multi-cultural environment that some members of Singapore's Oxford and Cambridge Club suggested recently that graduates of other universities be invited to their annual boat-race dinner.

The suggestion was not taken up, of course. But things might have been different if the Prime Minister, Lee Kuan Yew, had been present at the meeting, as he was entitled to be as a Cambridge law graduate. Lee has been Prime Minister for all the 18 years of Singapore's existence as an independent nation, and he is its foremost proponent of multi-racialism. It is he more than anyone else who has created a nation with some sense of community out of two and a half million people who have nothing in common except that they happen to live on the same island.

It is not his only achievement. This is also a country where there is wailing and doom-crying and a call for a tightening of belts when the economic growth rate falls to 6 per cent, as it did last year—a rate that Britain has not attained in this century.

Neither of these success stories is an accident. Both happened because a lot of Singaporeans, starting with Lee himself, decided that they ought to happen. Singaporeans are still deciding what sort of place their country should be. Singapore is a very purposeful society. It is going where it wants to go. Kipling wrote of the fate of "the fool who tried to hustle the East", but he did not see Singapore as it is today. This little bit of the East hustles all by itself. Things get done with snap and swiftness. Appointments are made quickly and they are kept: Western businessmen find it a good place for transactions.

Even in its relaxed moods Singapore does not seem lethargic. On a Saturday evening the main streets are crowded, mostly with young people sauntering in groups in the heavy, muggy heat, the boys most likely in jeans, the girls chic in *cheungsans* or slacks, or else the linen breeches that are currently in fashion. Yet they all seem to be going somewhere: to a snack bar, or to a movie or a café, or perhaps home. They are not lounging about.

The characteristic style of government is by exhortation. The government decides that the country should move in a certain direction and it starts a campaign, which is carried on in posters, in TV and radio advertisements and by a Press that, though not controlled, is responsive to the government's wishes. There has been a cam-



SUSAN CRIGGS

paign recently advocating greater courtesy in people's dealings with each other; one urging greater productivity; and another presenting the benefits of birth control and small families.

A current campaign in full spate gives status and pride to the armed forces. They are portrayed as the shield behind which Singaporeans can enjoy their lives in peace. One poster shows a crowd sunning themselves on a beach and says: "Every weekend, thousands of Singaporeans invade our beaches. Let's make sure that they are the only ones who invade them." This campaign has a dual purpose. It gives a sense of worth to the young men who are doing their two years' national service. (The army is modelled on Israel's, with a small, highly professional cadre and a large reserve force, and until recently it had Israeli instructors.) It also enhances national pride, projecting an institution that can belong only to the nation and not to any ethnic sub-group.

The law is enforced to keep Singapore an orderly country. Men may not wear their hair below the shoulders in public. Drug-smuggling is punishable by hanging. You can be fined £150 for smoking in a bus, or throwing litter on the street, or for crossing one of the main thoroughfares against the lights, in the unlikely event that you survive this adventure. The untidy raunchiness of a Soho is not tolerated here. There are no sex shops, no X-certificate films, and no advertised strip shows. The sex tours of the Far East give Singapore a miss. *Playboy*, and its ilk are banned, and even *Cosmopolitan*, with its advice on affairs and orgasms, has proved too much for the censor.

A local women's magazine, *Female*, fell foul of the authorities recently. In its agony-aunt column, a girl wrote about the rows she was having with her father because she wanted to leave

home and live with her boyfriend. The magazine's advice to her was to try to be tolerant of her father, whose values were of a different generation, but also that if she really wanted to live with her boyfriend she should go ahead and do so. The Minister for Culture, S. Dhanabalan, singled this out in a speech as an example of a "decadent disregard of morality and decency", and warned that *Female*'s licence to publish would be taken away if it went on giving this kind of advice to young people.

But this earnestness has a lot to show for it. The creation of a Singaporean national identity is a remarkable achievement. There is not even a mother tongue that most of the population have in common. Singapore is as much a nation of immigrants as America or Australia. It was a swampy island inhabited by only a few fishermen when Sir Stamford Raffles decided in 1819 that he would create a trading port. Most of the immigrants have come from China, so that today ethnic Chinese form almost three quarters of the population, with Malays the largest minority group.

But the Chinese do not all speak the same language. They speak different dialects—Hokkien, Hainanese, Cantonese and others—which are not all mutually comprehensible. An American scholar who had studied Chinese at a major American university came to Singapore to improve his knowledge of the language, and found that of the first five Chinese he spoke to, four could not speak Mandarin Chinese and the fifth spoke no Chinese at all but only English. The government has been conducting a "Speak Mandarin" campaign for some years. This is not an attempt to pressure Malays into speaking Chinese, as some visitors from Malaysia persist in believing; it is aimed solely at the Singapore Chinese, to get them to make Man-

darin a substitute for their own dialect, or a supplement to it, so that at least the Chinese in Singapore will have a language in common.

The language of the government is English and the street signs are in English, but a lot of people do not speak it. Important signs, such as "Danger—Keep Out" are printed in English, Chinese, Malay and Tamil—the four official languages.

For the most part Singaporeans have little sentimental attachment to whatever is their mother tongue. Most want their children to speak English because it is the most useful language internationally, and the language of career advancement so they press for their children to go to English-language schools. People are sensitive about their command of English. A Singaporean executive whose first language is English remarks of another, who has spent several years in Britain and speaks fluent English, but with a Chinese accent, "A pity about his English. It could give somebody else an advantage over him when it comes to promotion."

The racial peace of Singapore is a considerable achievement in an area in which communal bloodshed is common. If you ask Singaporeans to explain this achievement they tell you, there is no alternative: they have to live together. And something of the same answer comes to questions about their economic success. Crowded together in 420 square miles, they have no natural resources so they live by providing services. Singapore is the second busiest port in the world after Rotterdam and it builds ships and oil rigs and refines oil from neighbouring Indonesia and Malaysia. Singaporeans know they can only exploit their skills, and must keep them ahead of other people's. When their textile industry was undercut by the lower-wage textile industries in places like Sri Lanka and Taiwan, the government introduced a massive retraining scheme to upgrade the skills of the textile workers to suit them to more technologically advanced industries, and today Singapore is second only to Japan in the Far East in the manufacture of components for the computer industry.

Like the racial harmony, this has not been achieved without direction from above. The trade unions are a part of the national economic consensus and they join in the negotiations on the division of the national income. Wage-earners have shared in the growing prosperity. Hundreds of thousands of people have been moved in the past decade from slums into the government-built high-rise blocks of flats that stand in serried rows throughout the island. They have been able to buy

their flats with money held for them in a government fund under a compulsory savings scheme.

Singaporeans are, as they always were, primarily traders. There must be more shops to the acre in Singapore than anywhere else on Earth. The man who accosts the visitor on the pavement is offering him, not a good time, but a camera or a suit tailored in 24 hours. One scene characteristic of the curious innocence of many Singaporeans: a pretty, neatly-dressed girl of about 20 stands outside a shopping centre; she stops European males, asks whether they are visitors to Singapore and if they are enjoying it, and then suggests that they visit her father's tailoring shop. It evidently does not occur to her, nor presumably to her father, that she might be thought to be soliciting for another purpose.

The shopping centre is the characteristic Singapore building: four or five storeys of an office block, usually with a Burger King or a McDonald's in the basement, with dozens or hundreds of small shops. They are open six days a week if not seven and well into the evening. Even the quality shops are desperately reluctant to let a customer go. They will drop the price at the first sign of hesitation about buying and if you want some shirts and they do not have your size, they are likely to try to persuade you to buy a digital watch instead.

More and more shopping centres are going up and high-rise blocks of flats, and a metro is being dug under the busy streets. The place resounds to the impact of machines on stone. Now some concern is being expressed in the Press and by some government ministers that all of the old Singapore is being knocked down. The degree of modernization can be seen in the fact that in a city in which three-quarters of the population are ethnic Chinese there is a section known as Chinatown. This is where Chinese live in the old Chinese style.

One piece of old Singapore still standing is the Raffles Hotel, that great Victorian pile fronted by palm trees. But it is in the position of a duke who not only throws open his stately home to the public, but also entertains foreign tourists at the ducal dinner table for a price, and for an extra fee writes them a letter on his monogrammed notepaper saying it was a pleasure having them; it exploits a quality in such a way as to demonstrate that it no longer exists.

Raffles's palm-court orchestra still entertains diners in the open courtyard, and inside Malay musicians play their native percussion instruments. But signs in the lobby and the bar announce: "Raffles—there's no place like it"; there are references galore to Noël Coward and Somerset Maugham; and even a Writers' Room on the strength, presumably, of these writers' mentions of the hotel. As a final self-imposed indignity, tee-shirts are on sale there bearing the inscription, "I Drank a Singapore Sling at Raffles". It

might be kinder to the memory of the old Raffles if the hotel were demolished to make way for one more office block and shopping centre, with a tablet to record the fact that the famous Raffles Hotel once stood on this spot.

Singapore works. What it lacks, somehow, is charm and spontaneity something that Westerners who live in Singapore often observe. Doubtless most Singaporeans would say that you do not haul yourself up to become the most prosperous country on the Asian mainland by being charming and you get communal harmony with the racial and religious mix that Singapore has only by treading carefully, not by being free and spontaneous. The form of government contributes to this character. Singapore is not a dictatorship; it has most features of a democracy, including elections in which the votes are counted fairly. But it is a directed and guided democracy.

The point has been made often by foreigners, and it must by now have reached the ears of the government. Already the government has decided that Singapore should have a richer artistic life, and it is putting money into the university and into arts centres, and hiring talent abroad. One suspects that it will one day decide that Singapore should have charm, and will start a campaign to ensure that it does.

The Western visitor to Singapore looks not so much for charm as for the flavour of the East. He will have to look hard. He will glimpse it occasionally: in the voluptuous Oriental rococo of statuary on a Hindu temple; in the scrawny, near-naked Chinese lying asleep in the sun in front of his little workshop; in the elderly Indian woman and her little grand-daughter squatting on the pavement in identical postures waiting for who-knows-what. He may smell it around the open-air food stalls, in the mixture of aromas of Malay spices and boiling rice and fish and human sweat, that remind him where and why the joss stick was invented.

Often, even the glimpses he has are misleading. The slender young woman who looks so elegant in her orange-coloured *baju kurong*, the traditional Malay wraparound dress, turns out to be on her way to her job as an air-traffic controller, and the magnificent lacquered pagoda roof seen across the city is the top of the Dynasty Hotel, built by an American group two years ago.

But after a while he looks at the thousands of workers pouring into the office blocks each morning in a scene that could be Wall Street except that none of the men are wearing jackets; at the computerized container terminal in the port; at the commodity brokers in front of their VDUs; at the technicians in the electronics workshop in the National University and the assembly line workers in the microchip factory; at the skyscrapers that line the famous waterfront, and he resolves to rid his mind of archaic images and accept that now this is the East.

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Our free Press at risk

by Angus Maude

Sep 83

Declining circulation and considerable public criticism have put British newspapers on the defensive. But there is another, and insidious, threat to the continuing existence of a free Press in Britain.

Illustration by Peter Till

There is nothing new about the popular Press being unpopular. Such phrases as the "gutter Press" and the "yellow Press" were common currency 50 and more years ago. Indeed, 170 years ago Thomas Jefferson deplored "the putrid state into which our newspapers have passed, and the malignity, the vulgarity and mendacious spirit of those who write for them".

Yet Jefferson went on to say that this was an evil for which there is no remedy; our liberty depends on the freedom of the Press, which must not therefore be limited. He went so far as to say that, "were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter". It is doubtful whether that opinion would command much support today, except among journalists.

It is remarkable that while the public at large believes that the popular Press enjoys a wide degree of liberty that is all too often abused, the Press itself never stops complaining that it is already unduly restricted by law. Journalists object to the Official Secrets Act, the libel laws and the legislation on contempt of court. When the Government offered a compromise measure for relaxation of Part 2 of the Official Secrets Act the Press turned it down out of hand as inadequate. As to the libel laws, most people would probably conclude that, so far from being a serious threat to Press freedom, the combination of the law's delays and the non-availability of legal aid means that they offer little or no protection to the ordinary citizen—although they can be used by the rich and powerful to inhibit publication of facts which ought not to be suppressed. Perhaps the project dearest to the heart of high-minded "quality" journalists is the promulgation of a Freedom of Information Act, which would enable them to ferret out almost everything that goes on behind the scenes in Westminster and Whitehall.

It is this claim that the Press has a right, in the public interest, to know and publish everything, without being accountable for the methods it employs to obtain information, that has been causing increasing concern, and has even brought us to a point at which some legislation to limit the freedom of the Press is not inconceivable.

Last February a Labour MP introduced in the House of Commons a Bill

to compel newspapers to afford a right of published reply to anyone who believed himself to have been damaged by factual misreporting or misrepresentation. In my view the Bill was ill-conceived and badly drafted. Nevertheless it came within 10 votes of securing a second reading.

Two things were notable about the debate on this Bill. First, that those MPs who spoke against the measure all emphasized the shortcomings of the Press and the need for some effective machinery of self-regulation. Second, the Home Office Minister who intervened in the debate said, "If the public lose confidence in the self-regulating mechanism of powerful free institutions, the demand for external statutory control may become overwhelming." During an impressive debate in the House of Lords last July Lord Elton, replying for the Government, went even further:

"We cannot, however, rule out the possibility of statutory controls in this field if serious public dissatisfaction with the conduct of newspapers persists, and if that concern is not adequately met by the present arrangements. There are... substantial practical difficulties of definition and enforcement. But no one should assume that these could not be overcome if the case was strong enough."

These considered words from Conservative Ministers indicate pretty clearly that the British Press is in trouble—and deserves to be.

But what is this "Press" that we are talking about? As a rough generalization, I think we can exclude the regional and provincial newspapers from our discussion. It is true that the *Yorkshire Post* was censured by the Press Council over the Ripper case, but this is rather the exception that proves the rule. There are several reasons for the general lack of complaints about the ethical standards of local papers. First, there is seldom the direct cut-throat competition for circulation that exists in Fleet Street; indeed, the locals' competition comes increasingly from the "free sheets", which are not really newspapers at all. The Guild of British Newspaper Editors has a most salutary influence, while the Newspaper Society is a more effective and efficient management body than the Newspaper Publishers Association. Finally, the editor and staff of a provincial newspaper (even in a city), and sometimes the proprietor, too, are members

of the community whose affairs it reports, in regular contact with their readers as no Fleet Street journalist can ever be. This is bound to engender a certain caution, as well as making information easier to come by.

We are concerned, then, with 15 London-based national daily and Sunday newspapers (not including the *Morning Star*, which is *sui generis*). These are effectively controlled by eight companies or conglomerates. Four of the dailies and four Sundays are generally classified as "popular" newspapers, while four dailies and three Sundays are described as "quality" journals. Economic pressures have forced a more or less continuous concentration of ownership, so that the three largest newspaper groups are now said to control about 75 per cent of national daily circulation and perhaps 85 per cent of national Sunday circulation. This has naturally given rise to complaints about undesirable monopoly, particularly when Rupert Murdoch's News International group acquired *The Times* and *The Sunday Times*. While one can understand the fears that this might arouse on political grounds, it is hard to see how anyone but a mad multi-millionaire could be expected to take on a newspaper losing £13 million a year unless he knew something about newspapers and already owned enough profitable titles to cover the loss. And of all the potential bidders, Mr Murdoch was the only one who had shown a consistent ability to manage newspapers competently.

The circulation of popular papers as a whole has fallen dramatically in the past 30 years or so, partly owing to the increased popularity of television, but chiefly as a result of the large increase in costs of production and therefore of cover prices. One effect of this has been greatly to reduce the number of people taking more than one newspaper. The circulation of the "qualities", which include one comparative newcomer in the *Sunday Telegraph*, has tended to rise—but this by no means always implies improved profitability. For once a newspaper goes into the red, it is generally true that the more copies it sells the more money it loses, unless it can boost circulation to the point at which it can raise its advertising rates. And the "quality" papers have been hit hard by the big decline in advertising revenue during the recession.

The industry as a whole is said to be losing about £30 million a year, but the

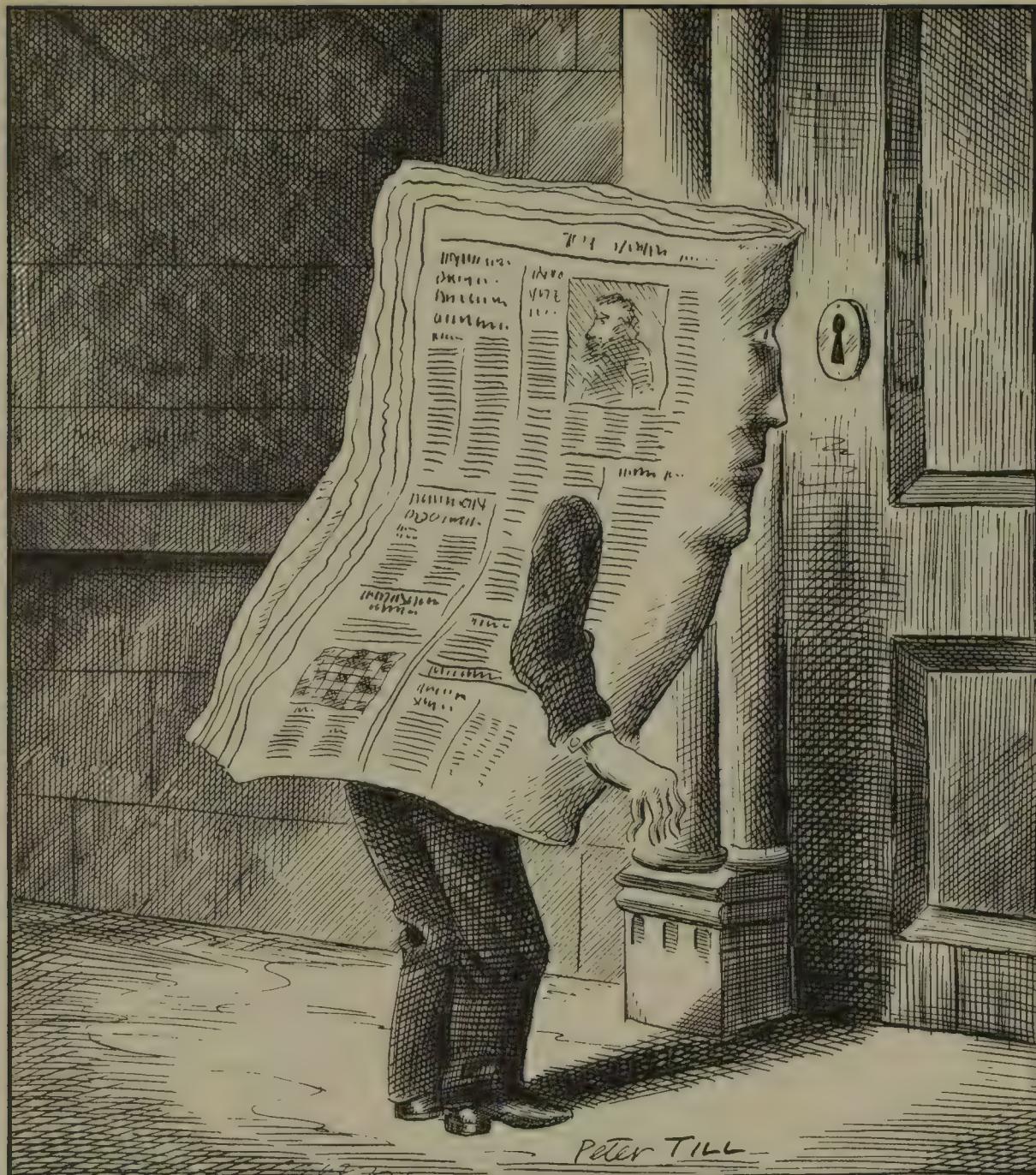
economics of Fleet Street are virtually incomprehensible to any sane person. Since the end of the Second World War the Fleet Street managements, in one pitiful surrender after another, have handed over the control of their industry to the most intransigent and unco-operative trade unions in the country. The proprietors have almost never been prepared to present a united front, or to support one of their number under pressure. It is easy enough to understand why, in any one particular dispute, a newspaper management may prefer to concede rather than risk a stoppage; for the loss of one issue of a newspaper can never be recouped. But the cumulative effect of continual concessions has been to produce a situation from which it is hard to perceive any avenue of escape. It has not even prevented continual disruption and stoppages.

Towards the end of last year, the Chief Executive of the *Financial Times* wrote: "In a world in which other media are proliferating and attracting advertisers and readers away from newspapers, the Fleet Street workforce is overpaid, overlarge and protected by restrictive practices. Our outdated technology is the laughing stock of the rest of the world." He added that "a compositor earning piecework rates on an obsolete linotype machine earns an average of £548 [a week], a wage which must be unique among craftsmen anywhere". And, as the recent drawn-out dispute at the *Financial Times* itself has shown, when the National Graphical Association (or a section of it) digs in its toes not even weighty pressure from the TUC can persuade it to accept arbitration.

Time and again individual managements have thought they had made a breakthrough on manning levels or the introduction of the "new technology" only to find that the unions either failed to honour the agreement or were unable to deliver the compliance of the in-house chapels. As a result newspapers have died, and probably more will do so. Most people find the print unions' seeming death-wish inexplicable on any grounds other than crass stupidity or even lunacy. I do not think it is as simple as that.

Many union officials, at all levels, are highly politically motivated—as has been shown by their not infrequent attempts to censor the content of newspapers, which recurred during the recent election campaign. They are fundamentally opposed to the entire capitalist system, and not least to the capitalist proprietors of newspapers. Their long-term ideal is a state-owned and state-subsidized Press, and they are unlikely to do anything that will help the capitalist papers to survive—especially as their own members are doing nicely under the present crazy system. The "new technology" alone provides no answer, for new machines in the same old hands would mean the same old troubles all over again.

However, none of this really concerns the public, which has long



Peter Till

thought that both sides were mad anyway. It is important only in so far as the economic pressures have exacerbated the circulation war and driven the editors of popular newspapers to resort to the kind of behaviour so strongly censured by the Press Council in its report on the Sutcliffe case. Bingo is one thing: the decline in ethical standards is quite another.

Not that the "popular" papers have been the only offenders. When I started out as a young journalist 50 years ago, I do not believe any responsible editor or senior journalist would have sanctioned the publication of a confidential government document known to have been stolen by a public servant in flagrant breach of trust. It would have been regarded as unethical in the extreme. Yet *The Guardian*, in particular, regards each such occasion as a triumph, and *The Times* and *The Observer* are not immune to the temptation. It is all fatuously defended in the name of "open government" and "freedom of information", whereas in fact the end result is to make government even less open and information

yet more jealously withheld.

However, these lapses from grace do not inhibit the high-minded "quality" journalists from bashing the " populars" when the occasion arises. Listen to the editor of *The Observer* commenting on the Press Council's strictures in the Yorkshire Ripper inquiry: "We brought it on ourselves. Some papers broke or ignored the Press Council's reasonable guidelines with such impunity that we should not be surprised that the guidelines are being made tougher. We made a shameful spectacle before the inquiry. Editors lying and prevaricating in answer to direct questions, or refusing to appear, hiding or 'losing' crucial letters, refusing to accept responsibility for their own reporters' behaviour, showing contempt for the Council's procedures: we would have lambasted politicians who behaved in that way and said they were unfit for office. The personal harassment by the Press was rightly condemned as a disgrace to our profession."

It is hard to dissent from any of this, even allowing for the fact that the

whole thing got off to a confused start owing to some most peculiar behaviour by the West Yorkshire police. And it brings us to the nub of the matter. If some newspapers were prepared to flout the Press Council's old guidelines, knowing they could get away with it, are they likely to adhere to the new ones? If the reaction of Sir David English, editor-in-chief of the *Daily Mail*, is anything to go by, the answer would appear to be "No". He issued a personal statement, backed by a leading article, the burden of which was that the Press Council just did not understand the requirements of a free Press, which included the right to find out and publish whatever it wanted to know by whatever means it chose. This is the kind of attitude that could make statutory controls inevitable.

Can Fleet Street evolve a system of self-regulation which will be adhered to and be satisfactory to the public? The question is urgent, for the Ripper case was only the culmination of a long series of deplorable incidents: the harassment of members of the Royal Family and others, intolerable in-

vasions of privacy, shabby financial deals with shady people and so on. Of course, criticism can go too far. It was no doubt largely due to the media that the Royal Family came eventually to adopt the relaxed attitude that has made them so popular. Ruthless investigation in other fields does sometimes uncover things which ought to be made known. It is useless to expect that the pressures of producing an up-to-the-minute daily newspaper on time will not involve errors and inaccuracies. On the whole, the British Press is probably no worse than most, and in some respects is markedly better. The *Daily Telegraph* has always seemed to me one of the miracles of modern journalism—and so, in its very different way, is *The Sun*.

Nevertheless, too many papers simply do not acknowledge and correct their errors, and the Press Council has not hitherto provided timely or adequate redress for aggrieved citizens. Hence the demand for a statutory right of reply. And competitive harassment is still too common. Yet it is in the public interest that state intervention be avoided, for in the end the political Left will use that to destroy the impartial reporting of facts and the free expression of opinion altogether.

Ironically, with this threat hanging over them Fleet Street journalists still go on bleating that the Press is not free enough. Some complain of the right-wing political bias of capitalist proprietors, although their state-based alternative would be infinitely worse. Others, in their ivory towers, still believe in their divine right to go on producing the kind of papers they think the public ought to have—whether or not enough people are prepared to buy them—and even to select the millionaire philanthropist who shall be permitted to subsidize their profitless products. All go on hankering after the ideal of total editorial independence, which (even if it were wholly desirable) is almost certainly incompatible with commercial profitability—or with state control.

Can the Press Council, under its new chairman, meet the real challenge? Maybe not. Many suggestions have been made for improving and speeding up the machinery. A Press Ombudsman to deal with individual complaints, with access to the courts for enforcement, is one; yet this might prove the thin end of a more dangerous wedge. The one that appeals to me most is not new: it is that a reformed Press Council should formulate a code of conduct, and that the newspaper proprietors should enter into a contractual undertaking that their papers would abide by the code and both publish and obey the Council's adjudications. The editors would scream their heads off, but it just might work. Unfortunately, I do not think all the Fleet Street proprietors would agree to it. If they do not, they will just have to take the consequences—which might ultimately be fatal.



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ALL SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE.

Arts and the man

by Julian Critchley

A profile of Lord Gowrie who, with varied political experience behind him, has now taken over the Arts.



CAMERA PRESS

Lord Gowrie, our new Minister for the Arts, is a man of many parts—so many, in fact, that it is impossible to pin upon him any of the familiar labels of public life. As for his private life, we know that he was born in Donegal in 1939; that he went to Eton and Balliol; that he was sent down for a term for neglecting his studies but succeeded in getting a good Second in English. This he put to good account by teaching English literature at Matherop, the girls' school in Gloucestershire, with the result that one of the girls, Xandra, became the first Lady Gowrie; and they have one son. That marriage broke up, after fate took both of them to the United States, and Lord Gowrie is now married to Countess Adelheid von Schulenburg, whose father was put to death because of his part in the plot to assassinate Hitler in 1944.

To return to the public scene: Lord Gowrie was a junior Minister—a Lord-in-Waiting—in Edward Heath's government for two years, the Opposition Spokesman on Economic Affairs in the Lords from 1974 to 1979; in Mrs Thatcher's first government he was Minister of State, first for Employment—luckless task—and then for Northern Ireland. Thanks to that admirable institution the House of Lords, he escaped the electoral squalor of English party politics.

Lord Gowrie is both English and Irish. He comes of an old Anglo-Irish family, the Ruthvens, his grandfather, the first Earl, having won the VC fight-

ing the Mahdi in the Sudan in 1898 and made his name as Governor-General of Australia. "If it comes to the crunch, I consider myself Irish," he has said of himself. His tour of duty as Jim Prior's right-hand man in Belfast showed, however, his independence from any partisanship and the silly "wet" or "dry" classification. His sympathetic handling of the hunger strike families in 1980 did not affect his firm attachment to the Government's economic policy, with its refusal to pour more money down the Ulster drain.

It was in fact as an economic adviser that Mrs Thatcher first attached him to her bodyguard in Opposition days, and that is the origin of the unique position which Lord Gowrie now holds as head of the Prime Minister's Management and Personnel Office. With this are combined, in a single office under the Privy Council, his functions as Minister for the Arts which include not only responsibility for the relevant national institutions, such as the Royal Opera House and the activities of the Arts Council, but also what he calls "the economic suburbs of artistic centres", such as the recording industry and dealings in works of art, of which he has great experience. As an independent Minister, with direct access to the Prime Minister and his own headquarters in the old Admiralty, he will carry more weight than he would as head of a sub-division of the Department of Education and Science, which "Arts" has hitherto been. I

wonder how many students of the constitutional process remember that the original Board of Education, from which the Department of Education and Science derives, was itself in the early part of this century a board of the Privy Council with a limited range of responsibility for the local authorities, churches and independent schools.

Lord Gowrie's own preferences are all for assisting individual artists and various dramatic and musical initiatives, rather than for any extension of public control of culture, least of all the political control for which Socialists like Ken Livingstone hanker. But I expect he will have his work cut out to cope with demands for grants to replace the large sums of money now spent on the funding of arts by the Greater London Council and the other metropolitan councils which the present Government is determined to abolish. He will also have to wrestle with the Treasury for more tax concessions to help Heritage keep within the United Kingdom major works of art which oppressive death duties are constantly forcing ancient landed families to throw on the market, and which great and wealthy American museums are waiting to pick up. However, so long as he retains the confidence of the Prime Minister, Lord Gowrie is well placed to hold his own in the free-for-all which periodically occurs in a British government when it is found that the financial target is being overspent. Economic efficiency with continued commitment to the growth of private sponsorship is his philosophy. His Ministry is for not of the Arts.

It is the very variety in the life of this flamboyant 44-year-old Earl with his shock of black hair—poet, lover of music and *bon viveur*—as well as his determined policy which makes him so fascinating a character. He worked on *The Times Literary Supplement*, then taught English literature for nine years, first at Buffalo and Harvard in the United States, then at University College London. It seems that the influence at Harvard of the political scientists who were his colleagues during the worst period of the Vietnam war, in which many of their students were killed to no purpose, helped him to discover that he was a Conservative pragmatist. In 1974 when the Conservatives were out of office, he became an art dealer in a big way selling, among other things, Jackson Pollock's *Lavender Mist* for more than \$2 million to the National Gallery in Washington DC. He knows what he is talking about when he includes "the economic suburbs of artistic centres" in the scope of his Ministry.

Julian Critchley is the Conservative MP for Aldershot.

A carat or more.
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spend at this hotel a) 7 nights b) 70 nights

their work for the rest of the week.

There's a swimming pool. And a bar by its side. There's table tennis and pool.

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ATOL 152

Hosking's eye for an owl

by Tony Samstag

A profile of Eric Hosking, at 73 still Britain's most remarkable photographer of natural history subjects, illustrated by his own pictures of birds and animals.

There is an old story about a false eye. Made by the greatest artist in glass of his day, this optical accessory belonged to a despot, or perhaps just to a very rich man. A supplicant visited him, pleading for his life or some lesser favour. "Tell me which eye is the real one," said the great man, "and I will see what I can do." The supplicant identified the real one without hesitation. How did he do it? "It was nothing really, sir. It was just that I could see a spark of warmth in the glass one."

Most people who have heard of Eric Hosking, OBE, the first and perhaps greatest of modern wildlife photographers, know about his lost eye, destroyed by a Tawny Owl in 1937. Almost 50 years later, do the many hundreds of supplicants who approach this most modest of men for jobs, advice, interviews, permission to reprint this picture or that, wonder about that eye? One is a bit rheumy, a bit vague, the eye of an elderly dreamer or artist. The other is shrewd, clever, the eye of a successful businessman. In both more than a few sparks of warmth may be detected.

The loss of the eye, as Hosking readily admits, was "the biggest publicity stunt a chap ever had. I've never looked back." He is not a man to whom extended narrative comes easily, but the old story was well put in *Eric Hosking's Owls*, which Pelham Books published in 1981: "When I was climbing up the pylon hide that my friend Cyril Newberry and I had erected to photograph a Tawny Owl in Wales, the female suddenly and silently attacked me. A talon lacerated my cheek, and as ill-luck would have it, penetrated my left eye. Despite a furious dash back across the country to Moorfields Eye Hospital in London, it proved impossible to save the eye.

"This was well before the days of fast-acting modern antibiotics, and I had to face the doubly agonizing decision whether to have the damaged eye removed, or leave it and risk infection and losing the sight of both my eyes. With the knowledge that two of the great early bird photographers, Walter Higham and Geoffrey Ingram, had only one eye each, and that a photographer essentially needs only one eye for his viewfinder, I chose the former course. I have always considered that the owl was only 'doing its duty' and protecting its nest, and so attach absolutely no blame to it."

Hosking never writes himself unless he absolutely has to and, except for dedications or dutiful introductions to



ROGER PERRY

perhaps a score of the 1,700 books he has illustrated, always uses a co-author. The photographs, indeed, are more than eloquent enough—in particular, those of owls, which have become an obsession of Ahab-like proportions. They peer from Hosking's prints with expressions that are somehow less ferocious than bemused, less inscrutable than patiently resigned. It is almost as though having exacted such savage tribute, the *Strigidae* have given up on this persistent man who simply will not go away. The Seychelles Bare-legged Scops Owl is a fine case in point: utterly unimpressed both with Hosking and with its own uncertain status (separate species, or merely variant of the Madagascan?), it perches on its bough with the indifferent gaze of the predator to whom the photographer is merely something too big to eat.

For Hosking, however, the birds are still a mystery. Relaxing before an open fire in his study, the cosiest room in a vast Victorian house in north London, he gestures vaguely at the owls surrounding him—photographs, models, statuettes . . . someone last year counted 76 of them in the study alone—and admits to feeling "a tingling" even now when he hears a Tawny Owl start to call. He hears them often; they thrive in towns, feeding on house sparrows, starlings, rats and mice, and he has learnt to summon them to his window with an imitation of the call which so moves him.

But what is it, really, about owls? Is it just the loss of an eye? "I don't know. Why do you go and climb a mountain? Why do we prefer one piece of music to another? Why do people suddenly fall head over heels in love with one particular pretty girl when in daily life

they may be surrounded by them? I've just been utterly fascinated, since I was a tiny tot."

But fascination—obsession, if you like—is never that simple. Apart from a small boy's normal curiosity about the natural world and the creatures that live in it, there seems to have been little about Hosking's poor-but-honest childhood in New Cross, south London, to suggest that his life should become a celebration of that natural world and a testament to man's capacity for recording it as high art.

Hosking was given his first camera, a Kodak Box Brownie, when he was eight; immediately started saving for a 30 shilling plate camera with which, at the age of 10, he took and developed his first bird photograph (of a Song Thrush's nest) and bodge it; at 20 he was paid 2 guineas for his first commission, to photograph a newly acquired sea elephant at London Zoo for the *Sunday Dispatch*. It was 1929 and he was otherwise unemployed.

When he left school at 15 his headmaster said: "Hosking, you'll never make anything of your life." There followed several dreary jobs in the motor trade, during one of which he received an injury to his left foot which ensured that he would never be able to walk over rough ground without pain. This great wildlife photographer is, then, not only one-eyed but also partially lame. It all seems to bespeak a degree of single-mindedness that might appal were its object, and its source, less sympathetic.

Small wonder that it took only three years from his first sale to the point where, after a brash (and evidently unstoppable) approach to Geoffrey Dawson, then editor of *The Times*, young Hosking was selling more or less regularly to the national Press, with his first book in the offing. With characteristic precision Hosking remembers how that book, *Friends at the Zoo*, made almost immediate sales of 50,000 in two editions, and ultimately sold 100,000.

He knows, too, how lucky he was, how good his timing. He was, in his prime, perfectly situated to invent a career that would first carry him to the most remote and breathtakingly beautiful places of every continent and then on to a second career as a lecturer and natural history guru to the rich and famous, bringing with it prosperity and renown. The explosion of public interest in wildlife was just at the point of ignition; amplified immeasurably through the television screen, it would guarantee him an insatiable audience.



Barn owl (*Tyto alba*).



Hosking's eye for an owl

To the 150 or so young hopefuls who approach him each year with requests for help or advice, he replies sadly that the years have seen "the rat race getting into wildlife photography as everything else". Hosking was once the only professional wildlife photographer in the country; now there are hundreds. His advice to the aspirants is as chastening as it is familiar: get as good an education as you can and try to make sure you have some means of earning a living; the rest is a matter of total dedication in every spare moment, and great good luck. How many these days are fortunate enough to be able to love their work?

Such a modest man does not remember high points in terms of personal heroics, meetings with royalty, or even particular photographs. One of the incidents he does return to time and again took place on a warm night in May more than 50 years ago. As the young naturalist sat entranced among the trees at Staverton Park, Suffolk, four nightingales started singing against each other. "The park was still and silent and from the four throbbing throats of those little birds the glorious music poured forth. The tears rolled down my cheeks."

Bird song, as he notes, combines two of the great passions of his life: nature and music. "Beethoven, Rachmaninov, the stealthy heron, the kingfisher in flight . . . all are sheer enjoyment." He reads a lot, wildlife or travel mostly, and always has a book in the hide (where his reserves of patience and stillness are legendary).

This year, his 74th, is a typically busy and exciting one for Hosking. First there was the marriage of his younger son and business partner, David, at 28, to the daughter of Frank Lane. It created a kind of dynasty: Lane is the founder of the first wildlife picture agency, co-author of Hosking's autobiography, *An Eye for a Bird* (published in 1970 with a foreword by



Top left, Polar Bear (*Thalarctos maritimus*), photographed by Hosking during his Arctic expedition last year. Top right, the Fairy Tern (*Gygis alba monte*) in flight in the Seychelles, Indian Ocean. Above, the Seychelles Bare-legged Scops Owl (*Otus insularis*), probably the first colour picture of this rare bird which is confined to the main Seychelles island of Mahé.

the Duke of Edinburgh), and "probably my oldest friend".

In July this energetic septuagenarian embarked on his first expedition to the Canadian Arctic, for a follow-up to *Antarctic Wildlife*, published last year; in September Croom Helm publish *Eric Hosking's Seabirds*.

Last year, he recalled, again with that disconcerting precision, "we got to within 570 nautical miles of the North Pole: we did Glaucous Gulls, polar bears, walruses . . . had a whale of a time!" The top of the world is a far richer hunting ground, in numbers of species at least, than the bottom, and therefore requires much more work, including at least another expedition. There are, for example, 700 species of flowering plants in the Arctic, whereas Antarctica has none. Even so, the

earlier book required two expeditions in the *Linblad Explorer*, and 15,000 photographs. The published pictures are magnificent.

The Hosking family is extremely close, and most of its members seem to have thrived on the merry chase their breadwinner has led them through the years. In the 15 years since the children became independent, Dorothy Hosking has accompanied her husband on all his expeditions: "If she's not invited I don't go," he says, beaming. "It is especially wonderful because she has got to know me so well; she knows almost before I do, for example, what equipment I need. So before I can even say '300 mm', it's there in my hand."

"That way I can be totally and utterly absorbed in the photography. I don't think I could even go on an expe-

dition now without her." As well as David, the perfect business partner humming unobtrusively in the background like a well-oiled machine and a superb wildlife photographer in his own right, there is a daughter, Margaret, aged 39, married to a warden for the Nature Conservancy Council; and the elder son, Robin, aged 36, a teacher.

The shrewd old man with the kindly eye sits back in his armchair and sums up: "I married the best girl in the world, I have three wonderful children and four grandchildren; David has married a wonderful girl, a real poppet; I have been able to do the work that I love . . . Honestly, if I had my life to live over again I'd do exactly the same."

But with both eyes, perhaps? ☀

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The world of the oyster

by Sandy Craig

After 20 years of decline, the British oyster may be about to make a comeback thanks to the work of two enterprising firms in Colchester and Whitstable.

Photographs by Chris Schwarz



"I'd like to produce ten times the quantity of oysters at one-tenth the price. That's what would give me pleasure. And I have the capacity to produce them," Christopher Kerrison, owner of Colchester Oyster Fisheries, waves his hand with pride at his brand new offices and packaging factory.

Though it employs fewer than a dozen people, the farm is one of England's largest and much of its produce is exported to Denmark, Germany and even France. The wooden two-storey building, Scandinavian in style, looks grained on to the flat, empty landscape with the Colne estuary beyond fringed with greyish mud. The view is bleak, though not as desolate as the endless scrubby mud-flats off neighbouring West Mersea, also noted for its oysters.

Traditionally, British oyster-fishers have been a courageous, if foolhardy, breed. One hundred years ago the Brightlingsea oyster fleet, known as the "Brightlingsea Sharks", having dredged the Colne to near extinction and plundered the North Sea as far as Holland and Norway, sailed round Scotland in their primitive, unseaworthy smacks in search of oysters.

For 15 years, 70 dredges off Whitstable in the Solway Firth, sending the booty back by paddle steamer, 40 tons at a time.

Kerrison's eyes light up at the thought of that bustling activity.

"A rather unbusinesslike stockbroker's clerk", he fine-sounding words ("I was the person who enabled Stirling Moss to win"), he jokes, then turned to oyster farming. Though he is of the same kidney as those 19th-century adventurers, he recognises that unrestricted over-fishing led directly to the near extinction of the native oyster. His

sense of adventure is directed towards

prices. The irony is that now, just when Kerrison and others have regained the capacity, the retail outlets are no longer there. Worse, the very existence of the native flat oyster, *Ostrea edulis* (generally reckoned the finest of all oysters), is threatened: in the past three years bonamia, a blood parasite, has all but wiped out French stocks. Last year it spread to Cornwall and it has recently been reported in West Mersea.

Peter Walker, when he was Minister of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, ordered the isolation of those beds which are affected and tightened transport restrictions on all oysters.

Traditionally, British oyster-fishers have been a courageous, if foolhardy, breed. One hundred years ago the Brightlingsea oyster fleet, known as the "Brightlingsea Sharks", having dredged the Colne to near extinction and plundered the North Sea as far as Holland and Norway, sailed round Scotland in their primitive, unseaworthy smacks in search of oysters.

With the fall of Rome, their secrets were lost for 1,500 years until the pioneering efforts in the 1850s and 60s of Professor J.J. Coste, who re-introduced oyster cultivation and helped save the French oyster industry. Only now are we learning from that initiative.

"The reason why the oyster industry is interesting," says Kerrison, "is quite simply, that it is a very efficient converter of the simplest form of life, plankton, into nutrient for human consumption. In practice, it's proved more difficult to turn that into a business."

That may be a scientific view, but for the people of Colchester, whose annual Oyster Feast celebrates the town's



ancient trade, or the customers at Sweetings, one of London's last remaining oyster bars, it gets nowhere near the heart of the matter. Oysters are, quite simply, a gastronomic delight, with a depth of taste equalled only by the finest clarets. Their flavour—slightly salty, slightly sweet, tremulously fresh—cannot be mocked by chefs and drives writers into panegyrics of purple prose.

Almost due south of Colchester, on the Kent coast of the Thames, lies the cosy backwater of Whitstable. Once as famous for its oysters as Colchester, there is now only one oyster shack left. The Royal Native Oyster Stores, a sturdy Victorian edifice near the harbour and once the stock-market for reputedly the world's finest oyster,



George Walters has worked at Sweetings for 44 years, the last 20 as oysterman. Left, John Bayes checks the containers of oyster spat at Seascaler. Below left, Christopher Kerrison, owner of Colchester Oyster Fisheries.

were consumed in massive quantities at seaside holiday resorts in Britain.

Again nature intervened: the severe winter of 1962-63 devastated east-coast stocks. This natural disaster coincided with the advent of the Continental package holiday. The grand, windswept Victorian resorts began to decay. The office blocks went out of fashion. The seafood stalls closed their shutters and a whole generation grew up ignorant of oysters. Many predicted the demise of the British oyster industry.

But The Seascaler & Ham Oyster Fishery Company survived, reformed by the Japanese oyster, *Cassostrea gigas*. It is cheaper, quicker to grow (two to three years from seed) and more resistant to disease, including bonamia. Both Kerrison and the Seascaler scientists lament what may be the passing of the native oyster, but both, like the rest of the industry, are keeping their options open. Almost reluctantly they agree that it will be the Japanese oyster which is likely to save the industry. And, after years of decline, even the smart money is saying that providing they can be marketed correctly oysters are due for a comeback. Certainly the research, the expertise and the production capacity are there. And, in the likes of Kerrison, Bayes and Askew, so is that questing spirit which epitomizes the best in the alliance of science and industry.

free-swimming larvae to minuscule, stationary spat.

This magical world of Fairy Liquid containers, plastic lemonade bottles with gob-stopper marbles as valves, Chinese take-away cartons and poly styrene packaging from shrub-pots is designed to provide the oysters with a constant supply of water-borne algae (the adult oyster performs the Herculean task of filtering the equivalent of a large public swimming pool every day), while ensuring that none of the diminutive creatures is flushed away.

Here, as Dr Clive Askew (who has a PhD in the Economics of Oyster Growing) puts it, "electricity is converted into oysters". With, of course, a little help from adult oysters who, despite being outrageously fecund, are surprisingly capricious about these matters. All oysters change sex after spawning (Kerrison calls them "altering hermaphrodites"); the native oyster complicates matters by being choosy about when to spawn and by fertilizing the eggs internally, a condition which occurs between May and August. Picturesquely termed "black sick" in the industry, this led to the injunction to eat oysters only when there is an "r" in the month and prompted the Victorians—with a mixture of prurience and proto-conservationism—to ban the sale of oysters during the summer months. Unfortunately, the legislation was ineffectually policed and too late to halt the decline of the native oyster.

John Bayes is the managing director

of this huge, weird industry set. A Mancunian and marine biologist, he is, unlike most managing directors, given to working in his vest. "It's fun to me, all this," he says, laughing, indicating the salvage from this age of plastic packaging. "It's a job to get apparatus made up specially and only trouble when you do. Sometimes I'll go to the supermarket and buy things full of lemonade and soap just for the containers."

Though Bayes and Askew appear rather bemused by the industrialized back-room boffins, Seascaler is, after only 10 years, profitable and respected by the massive French industry.

These days the native oyster is being supplied by the Japanese oyster, *Cassostrea gigas*. It is cheaper, quicker to grow (two to three years from seed) and more resistant to disease, including bonamia. Both Kerrison and the Seascaler scientists lament what may be the passing of the native oyster, but both, like the rest of the industry, are keeping their options open. Almost reluctantly they agree that it will be the Japanese oyster which is likely to save the industry. And, after years of decline, even the smart money is saying that providing they can be marketed correctly oysters are due for a comeback. Certainly the research, the expertise and the production capacity are there. And, in the likes of Kerrison, Bayes and Askew, so is that questing spirit which epitomizes the best in the alliance of science and industry.

London photo awards

Published here are some of the winning entries from the GLC's photography competition "London—a city and its people", divided into the categories of Lifestyles, Family, Peace and School Leavers. *The Illustrated London News* has given a £250 prize for the best entry on the theme "Londoners at Leisure". A selection of the 2,000 entries is on show at the Royal Festival Hall until August 28 and will then go on tour in London.



Top, Leon Morris's print won the GLC's £750 first prize in the Lifestyles section. Above, Sally Greenwood's photo won the *ILN*'s prize. Right, the GLC awarded Jim Rice £750 for the best Peace entry.



Studies from the portfolios of six prints by Jonathan Price, left and above, and by Jim Rice, top, which won the GLC's £500 second prize and £350 third prize respectively in the Lifestyles category.



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England's school for Arabs

by Ian Bradley

Middle East and West meet bizarrely at Avicenna College, where wealthy Arab boys face Mecca five times daily, yet think nothing of getting hamburgers by taxi from Cheltenham, 12 miles away.

Photographs by Roger Perry

Few English stately homes can have undergone quite such a bizarre transformation as Toddington Manor, the Gothic extravagance which Charles Hanbury-Tracy, the first Baron Sudeley, erected in the middle of the north Gloucestershire countryside in the 1820s out of the profits of his Pontypool iron works. Successively a wartime base for the National Union of Teachers, a headquarters for the United States Army and a monastery for the Order of Christian Brothers, it has now become a public school for Arabs.

Avicenna College, as Toddington is now known, was set up three years ago as a place where the sons of some of the richest and most influential families in the Middle East could come to gain all the benefits of a traditional British boarding school education without losing contact with their Muslim culture and religion.

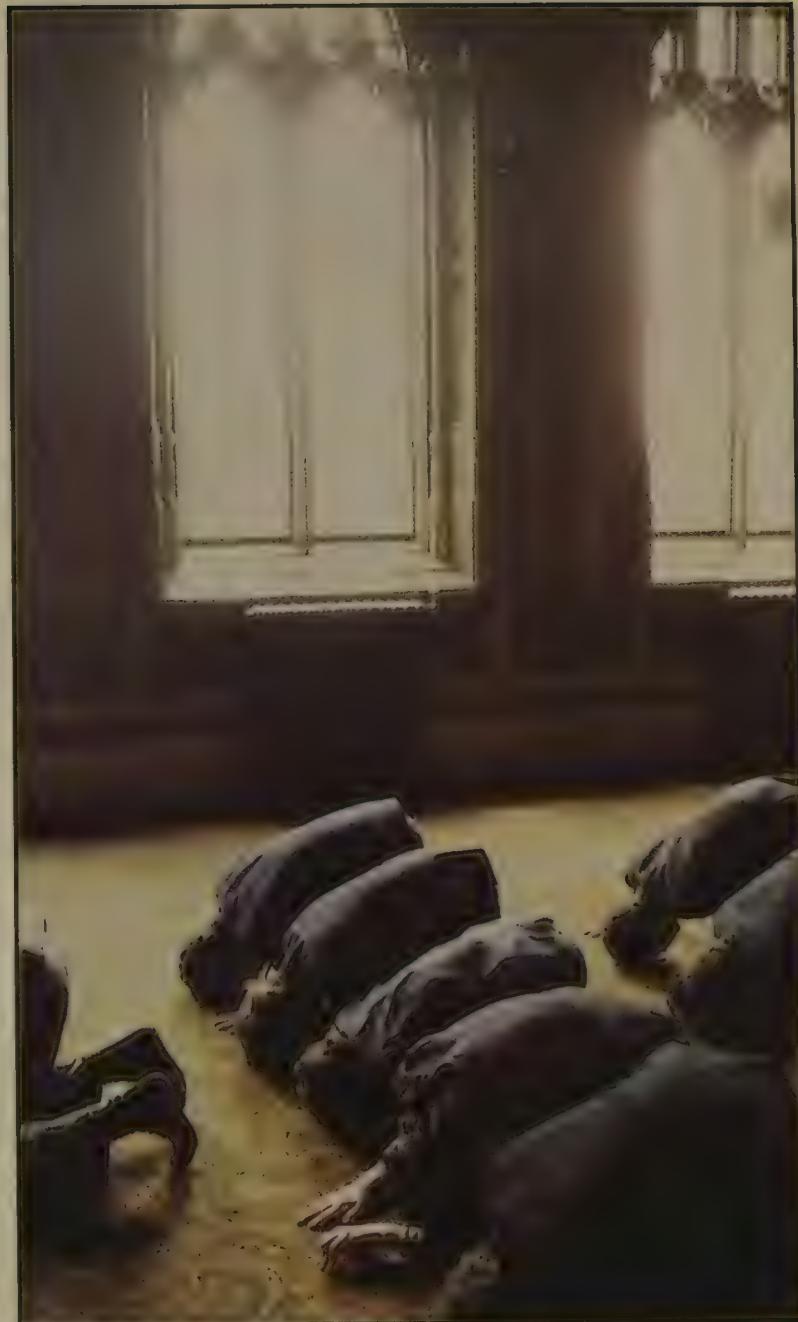
The culture clash which results from this mixture of Eastern and Western values is made all the more dramatic by the college's mock medieval surroundings. Boys with names like Yasser and Moussaud wander around the cloisters clad in blue blazers, striped ties and grey flannels but sport chunky, solid gold rings and reek of the expensive after-shave which seems to be obligatory wear for Arab adolescents. They observe most of the traditional routines of English public school life, from optional runs before breakfast to standing up when a master comes into the room, and even enjoy a communal cup of hot chocolate before retiring to their dormitories for the night. But they are also on their prayer mats five times a day facing Mecca.

So far the school is small, with only 33 pupils and 13 teachers. The target size is around 70 pupils. At present the fees (£5,250 a year, not counting extras like pocket money) do not cover costs and the college is heavily subsidized by the Avicenna Foundation, which is funded by wealthy benefactors from Saudi Arabia and the Gulf states.

Robert Hudson, the headmaster,

likens Avicenna College to the long-established British-style boarding schools in the Middle East such as Victoria College in Cairo, where King Hussein of Jordan was a pupil. Hudson himself was for 14 years principal of Brummana High School in the Lebanon. "These schools used to exist all over the Middle East," he says, "but with the political situation in several countries becoming rather unstable, the decision was taken to open a school over here which would give the right amount of attention to Arabic language and culture."

The boys do daily lessons in Arabic and Islamic studies with Dr Hisham Sawaf, an Iraqi and graduate of London University. Dr Sawaf, who takes his pupils to both the Regent's Park Mosque in London and the local Gloucestershire parish churches, sees his role as teaching comparative ➤➤➤



The mix of Eastern and Western cultures at Avicenna College results in its students, dressed in English public school uniform, facing Mecca to pray five times a day, top, in between their more traditional timetable, which includes football.



While Katy played yesterday, her mother made eighteen people feel a bit better

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This is a true story. To respect the privacy of those involved we have used models and fictional names.

England's school for Arabs

religion and eradicating some of the prejudices found among Arabs. He is the only Arab on the staff, although many of the teachers have backgrounds in teaching Middle Eastern students and one, Paul Castles, has a degree from Cambridge in Persian.

The atmosphere at Avicenna is a curious blend of 1950s minor public school and 1980s luxury hotel. In the second-year classroom Mrs Ann Dean, former deputy head of Evesham Grammar School, stands resplendent in her gown at the blackboard discussing to three Saudis, a Syrian and an Iranian on the intricacies of highest common factors and lowest common denominators. Next door a class learns the average annual rainfall figures in various parts of the British Isles. Upstairs the cleaners are at work in the dormitories, picking up casually discarded Yves St Laurent jackets and Pierre Cardin shirts and dusting expensive video recorders and electronic games—the boys are not expected to make their own beds or tidy their rooms.

The wealth of those who come to Avicenna College enables them to enjoy a lifestyle far removed from the typical British public school boy's. Wolf Wahle, the assistant director who acts as bursar, delights in recounting instances of their extravagance. "They will regularly call up a taxi to go to Cheltenham (12 miles away) and pick up a hamburger from McDonalds. It is quite common for them to run up a monthly telephone bill of £75 or so. I have just had a boy in my office wanting to draw out £1,100 in cash because he is going to London for the weekend. If they are off on a skiing trip they will kit themselves out in the most expensive gear imaginable and then just chuck it away at the end of the trip."

The pupils' affluence also creates a

lack of motivation which teachers find frustrating. As one of them puts it, "When father is going to set you up in business, or simply give you a few millions to do what you like with, there isn't much incentive to master trigonometry or technical drawing."

Another drawback is the short length

of time for which many boys stay at the school. Many come for only a year or so while their parents are based in Europe.

There is certainly no great sense of commitment to high academic values among the pupils at Avicenna. The bound copies of Shakespeare and Dickens remain untouched on their mahogany shelves in the magnificent Gothic library. The billiard room, by contrast, is in most constant use by the boys as they try to master the technique of Steve Davis beneath the carved motto (*Virtute et Fortuna*) of the 1st Baron Sudley. It is difficult to get the boys to talk of much other than their beloved Big Macs (hamburgers), their prowess at football (the college



has not yet attempted to introduce them to the delights of cricket) and the girls they meet on their weekend sorties to Cheltenham and Oxford. Evenings are spent clustered round the colour television watching American movies.

There is some interest in the computer and general science courses, run in a classroom converted out of the old stable block by New Zealander Dick Stevenson, and in the art lessons given by the headmaster's German wife, but the English teachers find it hard to arouse much interest in the set books and have to resort to science fiction or Enid Blyton.

Robert Hudson would like to raise the academic tone by introducing a few English boys into the college this September. He promises greatly reduced fees, a pupil-teacher ratio of three to one and the near-individual attention which comes from a maximum class size of seven.

It may prove hard to persuade British parents to send their sons to Avicenna College, however. The school makes much of its lofty aim of bringing together the cultures of East and West. Its name is taken from a great Islamic philosopher who saw the perfection of man in the unity of knowledge and action. There is no doubt of its status in the Arab world: recent visitors have included King Hussein and Sheikh Yamani. The sceptical Anglo-Saxon might be forgiven for thinking, however, that Avicenna College is perhaps just a rather extravagant indulgence for the oil-rich owners, just as Toddington Manor was for the South Wales iron-master who built it 150 years ago.



Leisure pursuits are distinctly Westernized: billiards is a popular game, top left, and hamburgers have captured the imagination, top right. Classes have a maximum of seven pupils: Ann Dean teaches arithmetic, left, and Hisham Sawaf, Arabic and Islamic studies, above left. Above, senior boys against the school's Gothic setting.

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London's bridges by Edna Lumb 19: Putney Bridge



Putney Bridge

Edna Lumb

Putney Bridge was originally built as a wooden toll-bridge in 1729 to replace an ancient ferry service. The present granite bridge, designed by Sir Joseph Balzagette, was opened on May 29, 1886 and widened in 1933. Just above it is the University Stone, starting point of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.



Training police drivers

Driving a police car or motorcycle at high speed on busy roads may look fun, but those at the controls have been through a gruelling course to acquire the necessary skills. David Mills reports (next page). Photographs by Richard Cooke



Training police drivers

A police car in a hurry has always been an impressive sight. In the 1950s shiny black Wolseleys could be seen tearing along trunk roads. They were wireless cars, complete with a wireless operator versed in the art of radio telephony. In the 60s rounder, lower, more powerful S-type Jaguars hurtled along the new motorways, bells jingling the ordinary motorist out of the way. The 70s saw the emergence of the "jam sandwich", a 150-horsepower Rover V8 saloon with flashing blue light sometimes set between two spotlamps on the roof. Villains took to calling this fast flyer a jam sandwich because it had white coachwork with a stripe running round the car at knee height which looked remarkably like a butter and jam filling.

In the 80s the Rover badge and jam filling remain, but on a hatchback saloon with fatter tyres that give excellent grip, and sports suspension to keep them glued to the road on the bumpiest corners. A modern police Rover can lap Brands Hatch only seconds slower than saloon racing cars.

Police driver Mike Scott (not his real name) is one of the 400-odd drivers, including a dozen motorcyclists, who are trained each year to Class I Advanced Driver stage at the Metropolitan Police Driving School in Hendon, north-west London. Altogether some 4,500 policemen receive driving instruction there annually, mostly at the less exacting levels needed for CID men or Panda cars. Scott joined the Met seven years ago as a PC on the beat. If he had not joined the Met, he might have ended up at the receiving end of a speed trap. "I wanted to become a driver in Traffic [Traffic Division] or



Aspiring drivers are put through a tough course at Hendon before starting on-the-job training in high-performance Rovers.

CID, but there is no direct entry," he explained. "We have to make sure that there are no 'boy racers' on the Force, so you take the normal police career path before moving into cars.

"Anyone with a burning ambition to do 90mph in the high street soon quits, or grows up after a year or two on the beat. Pandas are the next step—here at Hendon they teach you the basics of driving, from maintenance through to skid control." Those showing aptitude can be invited to go on to advanced driver training at Hendon. That course lasts six weeks: two weeks in a high performance, automatic saloon up to 70 mph, then, another four weeks in a manual-gear car.

"In this part of the course we learn to drive to within 90 per cent of the car's capability. A Rover will do 125

mph flat out, so by this stage we are talking about very high performance driving. The climax of the course is the bandit chase: it's the advanced driver's test, if you like. You have to catch one of the instructors in a similarly powered car. Naturally neither of you takes chances during pursuit. You still have to observe the Highway Code, and if he loses you because you have to stop at, say, a zebra crossing, it's no problem.

"You have an instructor in the car with you during the chase, and you have to give a running commentary on your driving: what you see, why you are braking or changing gear, and even predicting the course of the bandit car. If it sounds like fun, it isn't. You really have to be on your toes, and some of the pupils emerge from the car afterwards shaking at the knees through pure nervous energy. If you pass to Class I, you've made it. Then the on-the-job training begins..."

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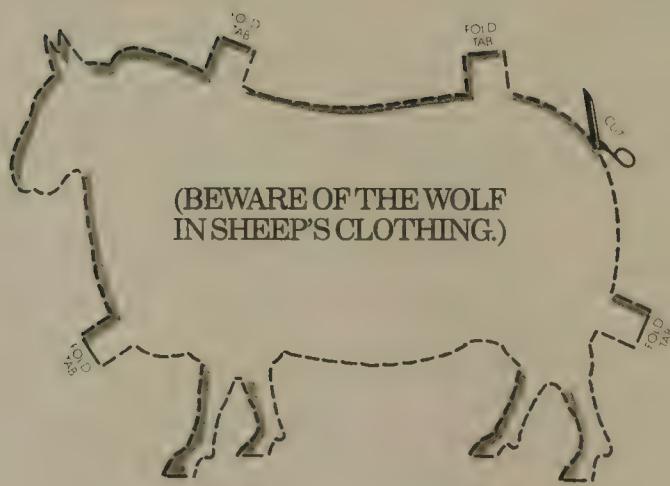
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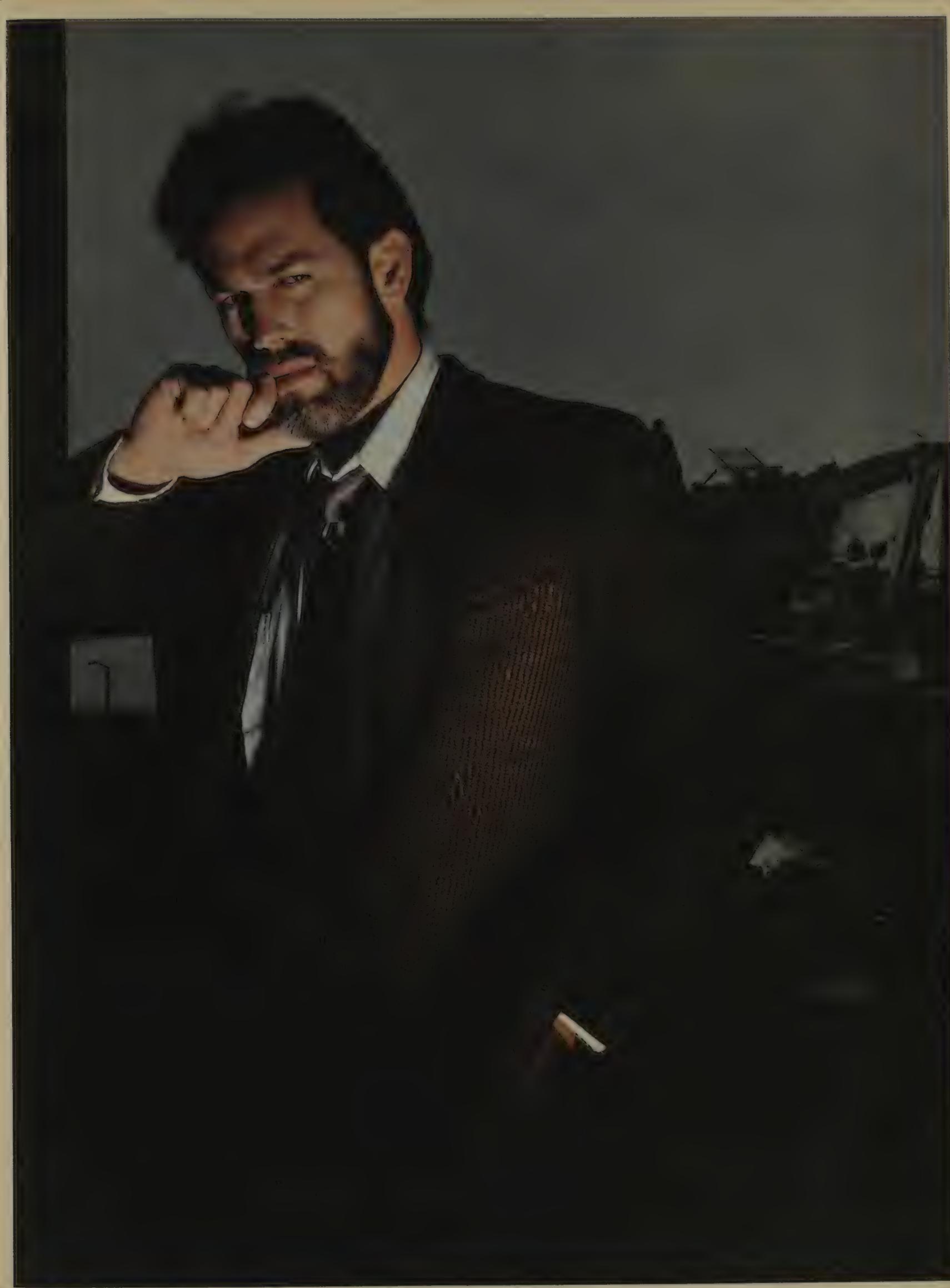
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Le style anglais – the English look – call it what you will

Chester Barrie





Autumn-Winter.



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Knitwear trends for autumn

by Ann Boyd. Photographs by Perry Ogden

The days of the modest winter woolly are over and knitwear is now an important part of fashion. This year has even been dubbed the "Year of the Sweater" by the American Bible of fashion *Women's Wear Daily*.

The choice of knits is enormous. If you hanker after designer knitwear, you could choose Mariuccia Mandelli's animal sweaters for Krizia, Ralph Lauren's Sun Valley hand-knit ski sweaters, Karl Lagerfeld's double cardigans for Chloe or Sonia Rykiel's chic sweaters and matching jackets.

Designer sweaters are inevitably expensive, especially if they are hand-knitted, but it is possible to find something just as pleasing for a more modest sum. Two companies in this country which have produced some of the best knits for this winter are French Connection and Utility Clothing for the Warehouse chain of shops.

Fair Isle has been a firm favourite for the last few winters. This season French Connection has brought it up to date with some new colour combinations. We photographed a crew-neck sweater and shawl-collared cardigan in the latest colours. Wearing a patterned sweater or cardigan does not mean forgoing patterns in the rest of your clothes. Experiment, but carefully, otherwise you could look a mess.

Also good for this winter is the simple ribbed knit. The best colours are muted browns, teals and greys. We photographed a long grey cardigan from the Warehouse. It is long enough to be worn as a coat over trousers or a skirt, but also looks good belted as a dress with a striped shirt.

There are dresses proper in ribbed knit. The brown, straight dress from French Connection can be worn as it is in our photograph if you are tall and slim enough. If you are smaller and rounder, wear it boused over a belt.

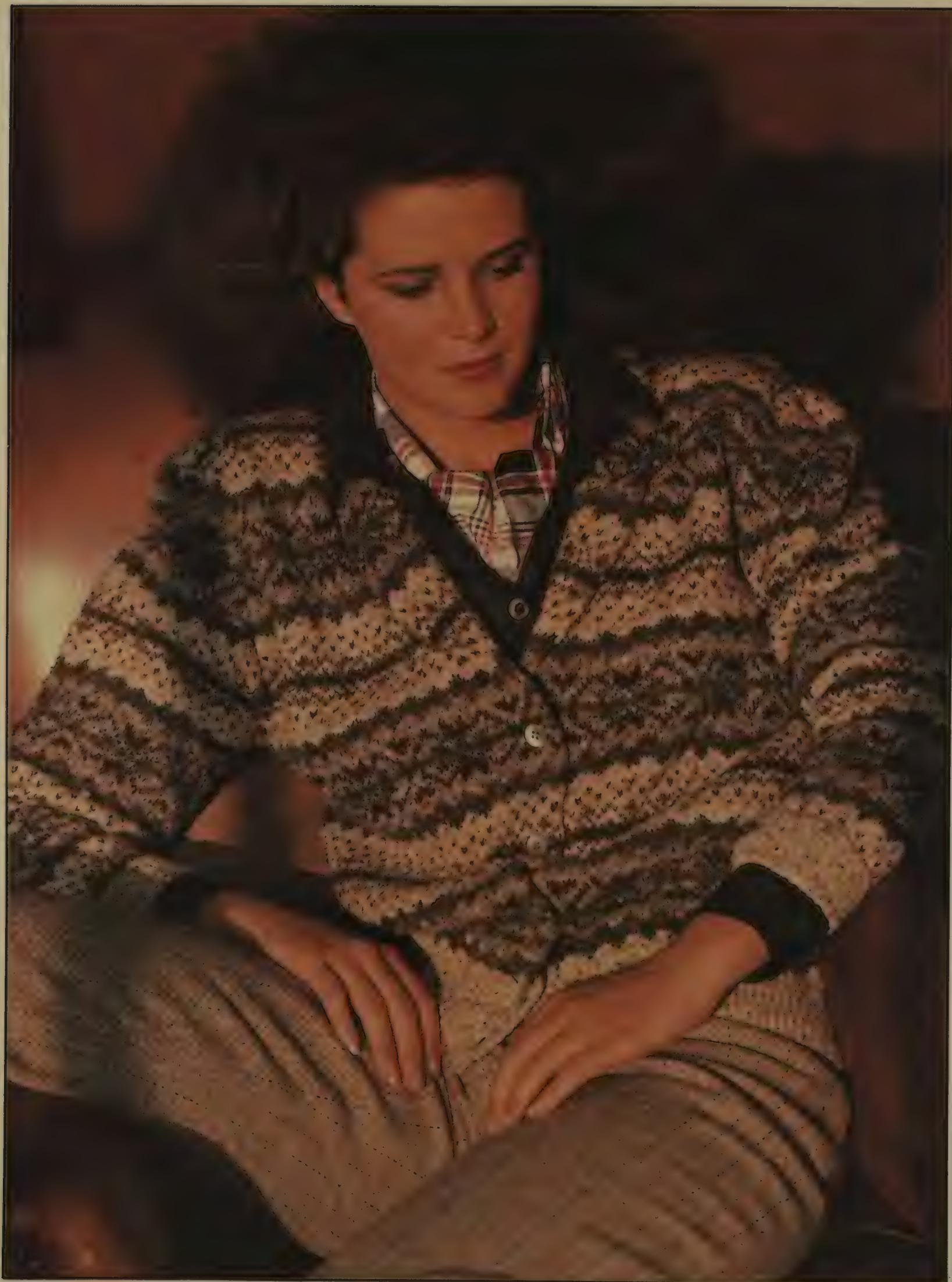
Cardigan jackets are useful garments. They are supple enough to wear under coats in winter and light enough to wear as jackets in the spring and autumn. I chose a fine khaki plain knit by Lumiere and a thicker ribbed one in teal wool from French Connection.

Home knitters are multiplying and if you happen to be one ➤➤

Brown/red/green Fair Isle crew-neck sweater
in pure Shetland wool, £21, by French
Connection, assorted colours, sizes S, M, L,
from French Connection at Miss Selfridge,

40 Duke Street, W1; Friends, 170
Kensington High Street, W8 and branches;
Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, SW1; Sarah
Coggles, 76 Low Petergate, York; Garbo,
36 Meetinghouse Lane, Brighton; Import,
31 High Street, Leamington, Hants. Blue
and red tartan flannel shirt, £1.99, from Flip,
126 Long Acre, WC2 and branches. Piece
of black and floral print cotton jersey fabric,
tied as a bow at neck, from a selection at
Peter Jones, Sloane Square, SW1.





Knitwear trends for autumn

of them and have a penchant for designer knitwear, you are in luck. Nancy Vale's second knitting booklet, which includes Ralph Lauren's wonderful American sampler sweaters, is a must for those handy with the needles. It costs £1.95 from branches of W.H. Smith.

Ann Boyd is Fashion Editor of *The Sunday Times*. Hair and make-up by Mark Hayles at Nevs.

Opposite, brown Fair Isle shawl collar cardigan in wool/acrylic mix, £36, by French Connection, assorted colours, S, M, L, from French Connection at Miss Selfridge, Friends, Harvey Nichols, Sarah Coggles, Garbo, Import. Blue/green tartan cotton shirt, £22.95, by Ally Capellino Hearts of Oak collection, also in red or yellow tartan, 10-14, from Harrods, Knightsbridge, SW1; Liberty, Regent Street, W1; Philippa Heath of Leicester; Apartment of the Lanes, Brighton. Beige tweed wool mixture trousers by Jousse, £44.80, also in blue or brown tweed, 10-14, from Way In at Harrods; Cream, 60 Golders Green Road, NW11; Jeune Fille, 62 John Finnie Street, Kilmarnock, Scotland; Butterfly, 106 Commercial Street, Brighouse, W Yorks. Tartan scarf, £1.49 from Flip.

Top left, khaki lambswool cardigan by Lumiere, £60, assorted colours, S, M, L, from Way In at Harrods; June Daybell, Elizabeth Street, SW1 and Cheltenham; Phase 8, Fulham Road, SW6; Shand, The Cross, Neston, Wirral, Cheshire. Red and khaki tartan flannel shirt, £5.99, from Flip and branches. Brown/red/green wool mix skirt by Jousse, £45, assorted colours, 10-14, from Way In at Harrods, Cream, Jeune Fille, Butterfly. Check and floral scarf from a selection at Kenzo, 17 Sloane Street, SW1.

Top right, mid-brown wool/acrylic ribbed-knit sweater dress, £41.50, by French Connection, assorted colours, S, M, L, from French Connection at Miss Selfridge, Friends, Harvey Nichols, Sarah Coggles, Garbo, Import. Red/blue/mustard viscose/polyester shirt, £33.30, by Jousse, assorted colours, 10-14, from Way In at Harrods, Cream, Jeune Fille, Butterfly. Piece of checked cotton fabric, tied as a bow, from a selection at Peter Jones.

Bottom left, teal blue double-breasted cardigan jacket in wool/acrylic mix, £49.95, by French Connection, assorted colours, S, M, L. Blue check viscose/polyester shirt also by French Connection, £14.95, assorted colours, S, M, L. Both from French Connection at Miss Selfridge, Friends, Harvey Nichols, Sarah Coggles, Garbo, Import. Blue silk bow from a selection of fabric at Peter Jones.

Bottom right, grey ribbed-knit cardigan coat in wool/acrylic mix, £22, assorted colours, 10-14, from Warehouse, Argyll Street, London W1 and branches. Beige/blue striped cotton shirt by French Connection, £12.95, assorted stripes, S, M, L from French Connection at Miss Selfridge, Friends, Harvey Nichols, Sarah Coggles, Garbo, Import. Piece of blue checked cotton fabric, tied as a bow, from a selection at Peter Jones. Black leather belt, £14.95, from Fenwick.





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A 5,000-year-old tomb in the Cotswolds

by Alan Saville

At the prehistoric burial monument of Hazleton North near Cheltenham the Western Archaeological Trust has unearthed the unusually well preserved remains of more than 26 people. The archaeological field officer describes the excavations.

The Gloucestershire Cotswolds were the distributional core area for a particular type of prehistoric burial monument constructed between approximately 3200 and 2500 BC. These Cotswold-Severn tombs were imposing architectural monuments, constructed at great cost in terms of labour by the earliest farming communities of the region. The tombs usually comprised one or more chambered areas built with large blocks of limestone and dry-walling, set within a massive long barrow or cairn constructed largely of limestone rubble. The chambered areas were roofed over with stones, thus forming cave-like recesses within the cairn. These chambers could be re-entered over long periods of time to make further burials; collective interment was then practised involving up to 50 individuals in some cases.

Gloucestershire contains some 65 examples of Cotswold-Severn tombs, but only a handful of these can now be regarded as well preserved. A few, such as the well known Belas Knap near Winchcombe, have been placed in the care of the state and are now open to the public, but these were ransacked or excavated long ago and precise archaeological details about them are scanty. The majority of surviving tombs are situated on or close to arable land, and are increasingly at risk of destruction or severe mutilation by ploughing.

Against this background it became clear by the mid 1970s that a large-scale excavation of one of the threatened tombs, using modern archaeological techniques, was necessary to provide up-to-date information about this poorly understood class of prehistoric monument. After detailed surveys of the whole region the tomb known as Hazleton North, located 8 miles east of Cheltenham, close to the tiny Cotswold village of Hazleton, was selected for excavation by the Western Archaeological Trust, with finance from the Ancient Monuments Directorate of the Department of the Environment.

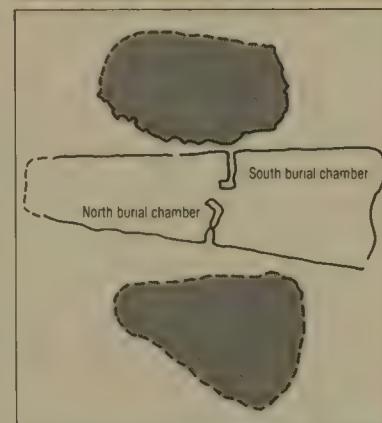
The excavation method was to strip, stone by stone and entirely by hand, the whole of the plough-damaged monument. This took four seasons of intensive work from 1979 to 1982. The

aim was to examine exactly how the massive long cairn which enclosed the burial chambers was constructed. The cairn proved to be more than 50 metres long, and was of the tapering rectangular shape characteristic of these monuments. It eventually became clear that the construction sequence was a complex and sophisticated one. The key element was the use of revetment walls of dry-stone work throughout the monument. These revetments divided the cairn into small rectangular segments which thus ensured the stability of the structure, and which largely explain the survival of Hazleton North and tombs like it for some 5,000 years.

The whole monument was encased within an outer revetment wall of beautifully laid dry-stone work. This wall had borne the brunt of weathering and erosion over the centuries and was found in a collapsed state. Nevertheless, at one point at the broad end of the cairn the outer revetment survived to a height of 80 cms in 14 horizontally laid courses. The quality of this walling made it clear that the prehistoric Cotswold craftsmen had already mastered the art of dry-stone work to a degree which it would be difficult to match today.

A gap in the outer walling in the middle of each of the long sides of the Hazleton North cairn marked the positions of entrance passages leading to the two burial chambers. The chambers were located next to each other at the centre of the cairn but were entirely separate entities. They had served as vaults for the successive interment of numerous individuals. Bodies were placed inside the chambered areas and left for the flesh to decompose, after which, during subsequent re-entry of the tomb, either for further burials or for ritual activity, the skeletal remains were frequently disturbed. This explains the characteristic appearance of the burial deposits inside a Cotswold-Severn tomb as a jumble of disarticulated bones, often with clusters of skulls or long-bones perfunctorily grouped together.

One of the most exciting aspects of the Hazleton North excavation was that the burial deposits proved to be so well preserved. The jumbled skeletal fragments from both the chambered areas represent the remains of at least



Top, the Hazleton North excavations viewed from the air, showing clearly the tapering shape of the monument. Centre, the remains of the flint-knapper found at the entrance to the northern burial chamber. Above left, a plan of the cairn. Above right, Mesolithic flint tools from the buried soil beneath the cairn.

26 individuals of both sexes and all age groups, from very young infants to mature adults. In common with most excavated Cotswold-Severn tombs, few artifacts of any kind were recovered from among the burial deposits. A small pottery cup was found smashed and scattered in pieces in the south chamber, and elsewhere a grinding stone, two bone beads and various flint flakes were intermingled with the bones.

The most remarkable find was made

in the entrance to the north chambered area. Here the final two acts of burial could be reconstructed. First an adult body had been placed on its left side at the rear of the entrance in a tightly crouched posture. Then to make room for a further burial at some subsequent date the whole of the upper skeleton of the previous burial was removed and pushed to one side in fragments.

The second burial comprised the intact skeleton of an adult male placed in a fully extended position on

his back, his head resting against the blocking wall which finally sealed the entrance. As is often the case with the human remains of this period, the skeleton showed plain signs of arthritic deformation. Next to the left hand of the skeleton was a small, spherical quartzite pebble, with abrasions all over its surface indicating its use as a hammerstone in the manufacture of flint implements. Under the skeleton's right elbow was a large flint core from which some flakes had already been struck, but which was still capable of producing many more flakes that could be made into small tools.

This burial can be seen, therefore, as that of a left-handed flint-knapper, provided with the means of producing the tools he would need in the hereafter. Such burials—intact and with grave goods—are extremely rare discoveries from this period of British prehistory, and this example from Hazleton North offers an almost unique reminder of the humanity of our neolithic ancestors.

Another novel aspect of the Hazleton North excavation was the location, adjacent to the two long sides of the monument, of enormous quarries from which the stone had been obtained for the tomb construction. These quarries were some 30 metres wide and more than 2 metres deep. All the material extracted from them—soil, marl and solid limestone—had been used in building the cairn. The only evidence for the tools used by the neolithic quarrymen was a large number of broken red deer antlers left lying on the quarry floor. The antlers had probably been employed as rakes and wedges. Other equipment, made from timber, hide or basketry, would have long since decayed leaving no trace.

The interest of the excavation was by no means restricted to the construction and use of the burial monument. The existence of the tomb meant that preserved beneath it were the remains of the 5,000-year-old field surface which existed before the tomb was built. This small sample of the neolithic landscape has proved of extreme interest to the environmental archaeologists working at Hazleton North, in providing material to assist their interpretation of the patterns of land-use and changing animal and plant populations on the prehistoric Cotswolds. Preliminary analyses of the buried soil have already produced numerous hazel-nut shells, some cereal grains, and other seeds and fruit stones, preserved in the soil because they had been burnt. Initial studies by soil scientists suggest that the soil had been cultivated at some stage before the construction of the tomb.

Archaeologically the buried soil also demonstrated in two ways the existence of settlement activity on this spot before its use for burial. Beneath the central portion of the cairn to the west of the chambers there were remains of

domestic refuse. This consisted of a mass of burnt vegetable matter, fragments of pottery, flint tools, flakes and chips, and small fragments of stone which probably came from quern-stones used for grinding cereal grain. Beneath one part of the south-west area of the cairn were the traces of a timber building. Circular post-holes and stake-holes in the buried soil showed the position of upright timbers which had formed one side of a probable rectangular hut some 5 metres in length.

More surprisingly the buried soil also contained evidence of activity on the same spot dating back to a much earlier period. This was in the form of flint implements of later mesolithic type, including 50 microlithic points which would have been used as the tips and barbs of wooden arrows. These implements indicate human occupation of the site before the arrival of the farming communities, perhaps around 4000 BC or earlier. It can be no coincidence that the same spot proved attractive to the farmers, possibly because of local vegetational changes brought about by the existence of the camp-sites of the mesolithic hunters. After an indeterminate period of use as a farming settlement the site was abandoned by the living and given over to the dead with the construction of the chambered tomb.

Monumental chambered tombs of various, but fundamentally similar, types were constructed in many areas of western Europe during the earlier phases of settled agricultural life. In most cases these tombs were designed to provide not simply functional places of burial, since, as at Hazleton North, the chambers occupy so little of the total cairn area, but to perform a symbolic and religious function for the living, possibly reflecting the same mixture of glorification and graft as the construction of our great medieval cathedrals and churches. Clearly such monuments were particularly relevant to the social organization and spiritual ideology of the first farmers. We can speculate that the tombs reflect a need for symbols of stability and group identity, in a sense perhaps conferring ancestral ownership, in a situation of inter-tribal competition and even hostility which was anything but stable.

Whatever the precise explanation for the presence of chambered tombs, archaeologists are at last beginning to understand exactly how they were constructed and used as a result of excavation like those at Hazleton North. The amount of new information recovered there exceeded all expectations, particularly in view of the intact burial deposits, and when this has all been analysed it will place the knowledge of the Cotswold-Severn type of tomb on a new footing. The Gloucestershire Cotswolds are especially fortunate in their heritage of these early prehistoric monuments, which deserve to be far better known by the general public.

More light on the stars

by Patrick Moore

The twinkling effect of stars, particularly when they are low over the horizon, is due entirely to the Earth's unsteady atmosphere. Planets, which appear as small discs, twinkle less than stars which appear as points of light, but the effect is always present.

To an astronomer, the Earth's mantle of air is an unmitigated nuisance. Not only does it cause images to become unsteady, but it also blocks out many of the radiations coming from space—which is why instruments in artificial satellites are so valuable.

Astronomical photography is limited in scope because of the atmosphere. An exposure-time of as much as one second results in blurring of the image and conventional photography cannot provide a resolution of less than about one second of arc. This is a small quantity—about the same as the angular diameter of a 2p piece seen from a distance of 3 miles—but it is too large to satisfy the astronomer. For example, no star shows an apparent diameter of as much as one second of arc and it might therefore seem that there could be no hope of recording surface details on any of them. Until recently this was true but a new technique known as speckle interferometry has now come to the fore and has produced remarkable results.

A conventional photograph of a star shows a symmetrical blob, often with protruding spikes due to the equipment used, and the larger the blob, the brighter the star—it has nothing whatsoever to do with the star's angular diameter. Generally the smaller a star looks, either when photographed or when observed visually, the better you are seeing it. If the exposure of a photograph is longer than about one-fiftieth of a second, the unsteadiness of the atmosphere produces a smeared image.

With a very short exposure this particular problem is solved and to all intents and purposes the atmosphere is "frozen", so that the result is the same as would be obtained if there were no atmosphere at all. Unfortunately a single very short exposure is of little use. Speckle interferometry involves taking a large number of very short-exposure photographs ("snapshots", in fact), enhancing the images electronically and then sorting them out by means of a computer. The end product is a high-resolution picture of the object. The larger the telescope used, the greater the resolution.

The results are surprisingly good, and it has become possible to obtain resolving limits of well below one-tenth of a second of arc. This is enough to record detail on the surface of Betelgeux, which is a very large star; its real diameter is about 250 million miles,

which is big enough to swallow up the whole of the Earth's orbit round the Sun.

The technique is not just confined to distant objects, but is also of use in studies of certain members of our own Solar System. In particular there are the asteroids or minor planets, most of which move in orbits between those of Mars and Jupiter. The largest member of the swarm, Ceres, has a diameter of less than 700 miles; the rest are much smaller and appear as dots of light, so their diameters are very difficult to measure.

Most interesting, perhaps, is the problem of Pluto, which was discovered by Clyde Tombaugh at the Lowell Observatory in Arizona in 1930. Calculations had seemed to indicate that the giant planets Uranus and Neptune were being pulled out of position by some unknown body, presumably a planet. Pluto was found not very far from the position which had been expected, but it was not a giant; rather it was small and moved in a strange orbit which may bring it within the path of Neptune. This is the case now. Pluto takes 248 years to complete one journey round the Sun; it next reaches its perihelion (point of closest approach) in 1989, and from 1979 to 1999 its distance from the Sun is less than that of Neptune.

Conventional attempts to measure Pluto's diameter were not very successful. To check on Pluto's movements, photographs taken at the United States Naval Observatory were carefully studied and James Christy discovered that the planet was either irregular in shape, or was attended by a satellite with a diameter about one-third that of Pluto itself. The satellite was even given a name—Charon—but ordinary techniques could not show it separated from Pluto.

The problem was solved by two French astronomers, D. Bonneau and R. Foy, using the powerful Canada-France-Hawaii reflector at the high-altitude observatory on Mauna Kea. Speckle interferometry showed that Pluto and Charon really were separate bodies. In 1982 further studies with the same technique were made at the European Southern Observatory, and this time there could be no doubt at all; Pluto and Charon showed up as separate bodies split by rather less than one second of arc. It now seems that the diameter of Pluto is no more than 1,800 miles, which means that it is smaller than the Moon. Charon is perhaps 600 miles across. The combined mass of the two is very slight by planetary standards.

Clearly, then, this new technique is proving of immense importance. Speckle interferometry is still in its infancy, but it has already enabled us to show detail on the surface of an object which looks so tiny as a star.

Hospitality bottles

by Peta Fordham

September is a good time to restock the cellar, especially with those sound, relatively inexpensive wines which can be brought out for the unexpected guest, be served as apéritifs or accompany a simple meal; or they can provide for a party later on.

Autumn picnics and winter race-meetings require something robust. New to the English market is a remarkably good "super-plonk". This is Sidi Brahim 1981, a Moroccan *vin rouge*, accurately described by its promoters as a "vigorous and well balanced wine". It is 12.5 per cent alcohol, has its own Moroccan equivalent of French AC, is bottled in France and sold by Mackie & Co, 4 Apothecary Street, EC4 (236 7080), at about £2 a bottle.

The sales of wine-boxes go up and up, despite some press criticisms. I can report only one bad experience which was the obvious result of too long storage before opening. Wine boxes are, of course, usually filled with nothing more exciting than decent *vin de table* and, on price, you do not really save more than heel-taps; but the convenience is enormous. Recently, in addition to Bulls' Blood (which boxes

splendidly) two higher ranking wines from the Loire have been put on the market by Bredon Products, 3 Market Place, Cirencester (0285 68911). These are a Chenin Blanc and a Cépage Gamay and cost about £9.50 for 3 litres. They should be at major outlets such as supermarkets by September.

A recent inquiry from a reader about stockists of Cahors wines led to the discovery of Winefinders, alias Peter Bentley Marketing Services, 33 Dartmouth Road, SE23 (699 0887). They are reasonably priced, at around £3. Caves de la Madeleine, 301 Fulham Road, SW10 (351 5132) is another hunting ground for good and unusual wines. Their Cahors wines, old-style and delicious, should serve well for a small dinner-party.

Widened horizons for wine have produced a number from south-east Europe. The whites, often fermented at too high a temperature, are not always to my taste and are seldom dry; but there are some good ones among reds from Bulgaria at Wines of Westhorpe, 54 Boyne Hill Road, Maidenhead (0628 21385), who do have one cold-vinified white—a Chardonnay which is dry, fruity and cheap. If you like your whites medium sweet, or with just a touch of sweetness, consult Wines of Westhorpe, for their mixed cases are all

inexpensive and interesting. If buying by the bottle, try a reliable Midlands merchant, Wilsons Wines (branches from Banbury to Evesham), which has a lot of interesting wines from south-east Europe and has roused my interest in the somewhat difficult Bulgarian Mavroud, of which they say, "perhaps the closest comparison would be a Cornas from the northern Rhône in a great year".

At the time of writing there appear to be inexplicable hold-ups in south-east European supplies. However wines from Yugoslavia (always well represented at Victoria Wines) and Hungary, of good quality and wonderful value, are easily obtainable. Chief importers of Hungarian wines are Colmans of Norwich, Carrow, Norfolk (0603 60166) who can direct to local stockists. A good buy from Austria is Schluck (Lawlers of Dorking [tel 0306 884412] know local agents), a cheap, light-weight all-purpose white wine.

There are plenty of new French table wines to be found. From Bordeaux, where growers are now fully awake to competition, the new embossed bottle will soon be used for innumerable carefully vinified wines. The quality is indeed good from all regions and the label *vin de table* indicates a sound wine, backed by good

quality control. Côtes de Roussillon in the reds and Côtes du Gard in the whites tend to be leaders outside Bordeaux, and I have recently been delighted with many two- to three-year-old Saumur, of which Peter Dominic have a good share.

I find myself increasingly turning to Spain and Italy. Good Rioja, now available everywhere, is the dinner-party wine for sheer value; but new regional wines are providing some beautiful, unfamiliar reds and whites. Send off to Wines of Spain, Freepost Liverpool 2 2AB for their descriptive catalogue. In Italy, increasing use of new machinery for vinification has caused an upsurge in the production of new wines, many of them gently sparkling and according to reliable authority of high quality and in growing demand. Lambrusco (obtainable in a drier version than before), Asti Spumante, delightful on the right occasion, and other *spumantes*, such as Gancia, are all getting more and more popular.

Wine of the month

The 1976 Monbazillac Château La Brie is a fine, richly sweet wine with good acidity, quite capable of rivalling most Sauternes as dessert or, French fashion, apéritif. Les Amis du Vin, 51 Chiltern Street, W1 (487 3419). £5.25 (£4.95 to members) ●



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More than the butler ever saw

by Ursula Robertshaw

Half way down the steep High Street of Falmouth in Cornwall is a small shop that sells crafts. It is called Cabaret and there is usually a crowd in front of its windows. They will be watching in fascination a moving skeleton with a devils' kitchen in his pelvic region, lost souls for ever rotating on a kind of Rotis-samat under his rib cage, and a choir of smug, hymn-singing Methodists in his cranium. He rolls his eyes and moves his mandible in some unheard warning as the various parts of his anatomy open up to reveal their secrets in turn.

The skeleton, the work of Paul Spooner, acts as barker to an exhibition within Cabaret of automata made by local craftsmen. It costs 50p to enter and is worth every penny; both children and adults were volubly enthusiastic as they came out.

Centrepiece of the exhibition is a Spooner piece which I have called "Progressive Lady". You hold down a start button for a few seconds, and she begins to move. First within her thighs is revealed a scene of bureaucracy, as small figures file past a row of uniformed officials to have documents stamped. Then these same figures are seen toiling up a spiral staircase—only as they ascend, they change: their faces sharpen into a point, until at the top of the staircase they have been transformed into little Anubises. (Anubis is a recurring figure in Paul Spooner's art, partly because of his decorative appearance, partly because of his grim aspects. He was the god of the dead, conductor of souls, and his jackal-head can appear alarming as well as comic. Spooner's work often exhibits a macabre sense of humour that is well personified by Anubis.)

Next, when the spiral staircase has been shut off from view, the Lady's breasts open up to reveal four little Anubises busily mowing the lawns in what Spooner describes as "the gardens of delight" into beautiful stripes of green. Finally the lady's stylized face opens and we see Anubis sitting in his garret, toasting a slice of bread over an electric fire. As we watch him, he turns to give us a supercilious stare, decides we are unworthy of attention and resumes toasting his bread.

Progressive Lady stands about 3 feet tall, including her lowest storey which contains her mechanisms. She is the most recent, and elaborate, of Spooner's works, some of which were seen at an exhibition at the British Crafts Centre earlier this year. He makes exquisitely crafted toys for adults, all of wood even to the cams and gears. He has considerable talent for sculpture—each of his damned souls is different, each a personality, carved one suspect from life, though as Spooner has placed them in a kind of hell he will hardly admit that.

One of his toys, called Olympia as a curtsy to Manet on whom the central figure was based, is among those in the exhibition. Olympia is attended by Anubis, who is bringing her a cup of coffee; but when a handle (the tail of the tiger that forms the bed on which she lies) is turned, Olympia undulates sexily and Anubis gets a violent attack of lecherous shakes. Spooner has the first of these he ever made—not for sale, unfortunately. In fact you cannot buy a Spooner toy at the shop; but you can add your name to the waiting list, which at present numbers 86. Most people on it will buy anything Spooner has made and is prepared to sell. Olympia, who is about 9½ inches long, would be around £40; a really simple toy, such as a sheep that nods his head and baas, around £15. But a wait will be worth while: these are real collectors' pieces.



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Cruising the seas

by David Tennant

When sailing into a great port or through some scenic channel there is no better place to be than on the bridge deck of a liner. In June I was on board the *Sea Princess*, P & O's *de luxe* cruise ship, as she edged her way through the ferries, fishing boats and ships in that busiest of waterways, the Bosphorus, to Istanbul. She docked a few hundred yards from the famous Galata floating bridge at the entrance to the Golden Horn. Around me were many of the 700 or so passengers who had joined the vessel at Piraeus, the port of Athens, two days earlier, having flown there from the UK.

Istanbul was the first stop on a 14-night voyage which went on to Skiatos, one of the most charming of the smaller Greek Aegean islands, Izmir, Turkey's third largest city on the west coast of Asia Minor and Kos, another of the isles of Greece. Then followed a two-and-a-half day voyage west through the Mediterranean to Palma, Majorca and on to Praia da Rocha in Portugal's Algarve, the last call before heading north to Southampton. Although I had to leave at Palma, my nine relaxing days on board were enough to show that the *Sea Princess* is, except for one or two minor points, a very fine cruise liner indeed.

Built on the Clyde for the Swedes in 1966, she was bought by P & O in the late 1970s, given a complete overhaul, had many new amenities installed and started cruising in the Pacific, mainly from Australia. Last year the company brought her back to the UK, and spent a substantial sum on refurbishing. She started sailing from Southampton and on a fly-cruise basis from the Mediterranean ports of Piraeus, Venice and Naples.

Her size—she is 28,000 tons and can carry up to 750 passengers and more than 400 crew—allows such facilities as three swimming pools (two outdoors, one inside), 10 public rooms, a fine theatre-cinema, sauna, gymnasium, three dance floors, a night club, discothèque and, for those who seek quieter pursuits, a good library and card-room. Her deck space is such that even with a nearly full complement there was never a problem in finding room to spread out. Although there is only one large restaurant, which means two sittings for main meals, it is so designed that you feel you are in a much smaller room.

All cabins have either a bathroom or shower and lavatory, two-channel radios (the BBC World Service is available almost continuously) and telephones. The effective air-conditioning can be individually controlled in each cabin. My medium-grade cabin was remarkably spacious. I took a look at about a dozen others and was



The lido pool and sun terrace on P & O's luxury liner, the *Sea Princess*.

impressed with their overall design and furnishing. Not all have windows or portholes but with 18 grades of cabin there is a wider choice than on many other cruise ships.

Cruising is not the type of holiday to choose if you are slimming, as food plays a major role. On the *Sea Princess* it was of a high standard—varied and imaginative—although essentially geared to British tastes. The fish dishes were generally superior to the meat and the only disappointments I had were with the game. The buffet lunches on the lido deck were first-rate.

The entertainment on board ranged from an excellent classical pianist to contemporary disco dancing. The floor shows tried hard but did not always succeed and there were times when the humour was sadly misplaced. However P & O assure me that this is being corrected and to compensate, the three musical ensembles were excellent. First-run films were shown each evening and the traditional ship's "theme" evenings were both popular and efficiently organized. I was sorry for those who did not attend the port lectures as they were very good ➤



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indeed, pitched at just the right level and well illustrated.

Although as on all cruises the shore excursions depend to a great extent on local conditions, these again were well organized and not too exhausting, with moderate prices by today's standards. For those who preferred to make their own way on shore, both the lecturer and the cruise staff were most helpful with suggestions and arrangements.

Not least of the factors which go to make up an enjoyable sea voyage is the service. With a mixed British and Indian crew this was well up to expectations and certainly both my cabin and table stewards could not have been more helpful. Indeed as one lady, a "veteran" of 16 cruises on five shipping lines put it to me, "I like the combination of friendliness and helpfulness that most of the staff radiate, even if they do sometimes get a bit mixed up with requests."

In many respects the *Sea Princess* is a "bridge" vessel between the older-style cruise ships and the ultra-modern vessels which have all but replaced them. Most passengers dressed for dinner although there is no obligation to do so. There were more children on board than I had expected, due to the good-value family rates (40 to 90 per cent off the adult fare according to age).

Cruising on such a ship is by no means a cheap holiday, even though so much is included in the price, not least the entertainment and the almost non-stop eating. The fares for her voyages which are from between 13 and 23 nights (excluding the world cruise) range from £910 to £3,358. They include second-class rail travel (first class from January) to and from Southampton or Gatwick from your home station. For those who can be flexible about arrangements, substantial savings can be made through the company's "Standby Fares" plan which gives reductions of up to 53 per cent off the standard rate. In these cases the cruise and the cabin are allocated by P & O who give up to one month's notice.

From the end of September to mid December the liner will be based in the Mediterranean operating a series of 13- and 15-night cruises from Venice, Naples and Athens, two of which go through the Suez Canal, calling also at Safaga on the Egyptian Red Sea coast and at Elat in Israel. On December 16 she sails from Southampton for her 23-night Christmas and New Year cruise to the West Indies (Puerto Rico, Antigua, Martinique and Barbados) calling at Bermuda on the way out and Madeira on the way home, arriving in Southampton on January 8. The fares are from £1,886 to £3,358.

The second world cruise of the *Sea Princess* departs from Southampton on January 10, arriving back there 90 days later on April 10, having called at 22 ports en route including Nassau, Jamaica, Panama Canal, San Fran-

cisco, Tahiti, Sydney, Hong Kong, Colombo, the Suez Canal and Tangier. The fares for the complete voyage start at £7,380 and rise to £13,590. The cruise is also offered in segments such as flying to Hong Kong and cruising home, 31 nights in all from £2,875.

From the wide ranges of cruises available over the next six months here is a selection:

Queen Elizabeth 2 (Cunard). World cruise. Depart from London by Concorde on January 16 for New York, join ship there arriving back in Southampton April 8 with 30 ports of call including Curaçao, Panama Canal, Los Angeles, Honolulu, Yokohama, Manila, Hong Kong, Madras, Seychelles, Durban, Mombasa, Suez Canal, Haifa and Lisbon. Rates £7,810-£39,700. Also available in a series of shorter segments (eight to 69 days) on a fly-cruise basis e.g. Durban to Southampton £2,710-£5,225 with £300 of the air fare paid by Cunard. *Vistafjord* (Norwegian American Cruises). Fly to Genoa October 9, sail to Crete, Patmos, Kos, Antalya (Turkey), Haifa, Alexandria, Santorini, Piraeus, Genoa, 14 nights £1,330-£4,550 from London.

Black Watch (Fred Olsen). Regular 13-night cruises from Tilbury to Madeira, Lanzarote, Tenerife, Las Palmas, Madeira (again) and Tilbury. Alternate Thursdays from October 13 to April 26 inclusive. £595-£1,760. Stop-over facilities on all voyages.

Norway (Norwegian Caribbean lines). Regular weekly seven-day cruises departing every Saturday from Miami to St Thomas, Nassau, Out Island (private Bahamas island) and Miami. Operates as nine-day fly-cruise from London with night in Miami hotel £775-£1,455 from London.

Royal Viking Star (Royal Viking Line). Fly London to Singapore, overnight stay, then by ship to Kota Kinabalu (Sabah), Zamboanga (Philippines), Sulawesi (formerly Celebes), Bali, Jakarta, Singapore. 17 nights, departures November 21 and December 5. £1,730-£5,183 from London.

Norwegian Coastal Voyages (Fred Olsen agency). Daily departures from Bergen north to Kirkenes and back, 11 days, 35 ports, 10 ships in service £477-£740 including flights from London. Also available flying from Newcastle, Glasgow and Aberdeen.

P & O Cruises, Beaufort House, St Botolph Street, London EC3A 7DX (tel 01-377 2551). Cunard Line, 8 Berkeley Street, London W1X 6NR (tel 01-491 3930). Norwegian American Cruises, 11/12 Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5LU (tel 01-930 1843). Fred Olsen Travel, 11 Conduit Street, London W1R 0LS (tel 01-409 2019). Norwegian Caribbean Lines, Clareville House, 26-27 Oxendon Street, London SW1Y 4EL (tel 01-930 5925). Royal Viking Line, Nuffield House, 41/46 Piccadilly, London W1V 9AJ (tel 01-734 0773).

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Summing up the summer

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

The British, who are good gardeners and great garden visitors, can look back on the past extraordinary spring and summer with mixed emotions. The highest rainfall in April and May for years at least ensured that young plants, trees and shrubs were off to a good start and there were almost miraculous displays on flowering shrubs. In July came the heat-wave when the dedicated toiled as water-carriers and irrigators when not being chased indoors by sudden thunderstorms.

Was there ever such a summer for roses? In the walled garden of Mottisfont Abbey in Hampshire I saw the fine collection of old roses started by Graham Stuart Thomas. The main flush had not begun but the quaintly named climber *Blairii* No 2 clambered over a tree in a glory of great pink-quartered blooms. The rose dates from 1845 and, like the equally lovely and even earlier-flowering rose, *Mme Gregoire Staechelin*, flowers only once but well deserves a place. Yellow is unusual among the old shrub roses so *Rosa harisonii*, or Harison's Yellow, drew the eye; its double flowers are small but effective en masse. This is the oft sung Yellow Rose of Texas, a seedling that

cropped up in the garden of a New York attorney named Harison in 1830 and followed the waggon trails.

At the Chelsea Flower Show two new roses were introduced by David Austin of Bowling Green Lane, Albrighton, Wolverhampton. Both are fragrant and of the beautiful old shape on vigorous, repeat-flowering bushes that will reach 4 feet but can be kept pruned for larger flowers. One is soft yellow and named after Graham Thomas, a charming tribute to one who has done so much for old roses and other garden flowers; the other rose, a delicious fresh pink, is called Mary Rose after Henry VIII's flagship which was raised last October.

Soon after Chelsea I visited Cranborne Manor across the Dorset border but near enough to Mottisfont for both gardens to be seen in one day. It is open from April to October on the first Saturday and Sunday of the month, bank holidays and other days which can be checked by telephoning the garden centre, Cranborne 248. In this famous 16th-century garden the spring biennials were at their best; wall-flowers, violas, pink and white daisies and bright blue forget-me-nots mixed informally with tulips and other plants. There was a border of early blue perennials such as brunnera, omphalodes,

ajuga, the bluish-leaved *Hosta sieboldiana* and enormous bluebells which turned out to be the Spanish squill, *Scilla campanulata*, and a knot garden of bright traditional flowers, all having the unmistakable stamp of that dab hand at gardening, Lady Salisbury.

Tintinhull in Somerset is a National Trust garden with a deceptively simple plan of contained interlocking spaces. Though in area little more than an acre, good architecture, fine trees and topiary give it great style and it is becoming another Mecca for discerning gardeners. I loved the tree paeonies underplanted with Pacific Coast irises, the tall blue spikes of camassias near the pale blue of *Veronica gentianoides*, mauve bearded irises that echoed the colour of *Abutilon vitifolium* and other lovely plant combinations.

Under the guardianship of Penelope Hobhouse the standard of gardening is very high. She has several gardening books to her credit and her most recent is *Gertrude Jekyll on Gardening* (Collins, £12.95). It is a selected anthology of that great gardener's writings which shows us why she is still quoted and followed so long after her death in 1932. An established artist and crafts-woman trained in the Impressionist school, Miss Jekyll turned to gardening and worked with Edwin Lutyens.

Her books are almost complementary to the garden paintings of Monet and she would have loved the buttercups and scarlet tulips of Cranborne. She wrote with an artist's eye but with common sense, and her descriptions of plants are at once practical and poetic. Mrs Hobhouse has updated Latin names and her sensible additions and comments will help all those who see gardening as an art that can be employed in their own gardens.

Finally a word about fuchsias. It is not too late to visit more gardens and to look out for these graceful, pendant flowers from the Americas and to note how useful they are in late summer and how well they balance other plants. They were named after Leonhard Fuchs, a 16th-century botanist, but did not reach our gardens until the late 18th century. All the information you could possibly want about them, the hardy ones as well as the more delicate greenhouse varieties, is to be found in *Growing Fuchsias* by K. Jennings and V. Miller, published at £5.95 by Croom Helm who are producing an excellent series of garden books. Others on their list are *Climbing Plants* by Kenneth A. Beckett, *Waterlilies* by Philip Swindells and *The Rock Gardener's Handbook* by Alan Titchmarsh, all at £8.95. ●

Don't be Vague. It's always been Haig.

Certain things
have always found favour
in high places.

A class of its own

by Stuart Marshall

The last of the Edwardian motor carriages. The best car in the world. An anachronism in a modern society. An ostentatious display of excessive wealth. The ultimate automotive status symbol. Depending on your opinions any of these descriptions may fairly be applied to the Rolls-Royce and its Bentley running mate (they are the same under the skin).

Rolls-Royce themselves put it in another, characteristically understated, way. There are, they say, certain people for whom only the finest of personal possessions will do and they are the natural buyers of Rolls-Royces. Some 2,400 of these people will write cheques for upwards of £50,000 this year and take delivery of a new Rolls-Royce or Bentley.

About 40 per cent of buyers will be American, 30 per cent British. The rest of the cars will go to European countries (mainly Switzerland, Monaco, France, Italy and Germany), Australia, the Middle East, Hong Kong and Japan.

Rolls-Royce cars are assembled at Crewe though the pressed-steel body shells of the standard saloons are stamped and welded elsewhere. The coachbuilt cars—the Corniche and Camargue—are made at the Mulliner Park Ward factory in north-west London. A standard Rolls-Royce is manufactured in 13 weeks; a coachbuilt car takes 21 weeks to produce.

Output reached an all-time peak of 3,200 cars in 1978 and Rolls-Royce were rather caught on the hop when the world went into recession and the market for "money-no-object" cars collapsed. US sales were hit particularly hard by high interest rates, and potential customers' financial advisers said they could not countenance investing a six-figure dollar sum in an automobile. Cars were chasing customers and the unthinkable happened: Rolls-Royces were traded at a discount.

A shake-up at Rolls-Royce with redundancies produced a leaner, fitter organization now conditioned to producing just enough cars to meet demand. US sales have recovered from the 70 a month they fell to in 1982 and are running at a healthy 100 or more a month today. A price cut from \$108,000 to \$93,000 for the Silver Spirit, made possible by the decline of sterling and the rise of the dollar, helped clear the backlog.

Is a Rolls-Royce still the best car in the world, or was it ever? There are faster five-seat saloons (Mercedes-Benz 500, BMW 735, Audi 200 Turbo to name but three) at half the price or less. A Jaguar XJ-12 still combines much higher performance with ride comfort and noise levels at least as

good as those of a Rolls-Royce at 40 per cent of the price. But the Rolls has a status that is unique.

Rolls-Royce is by no means a masterpiece of advanced technology. The Silver Spirit is a development of the 1965 Silver Shadow that brought Rolls-Royce into the post-war era with unitary construction, all-independent, self-leveling suspension and powered disc brakes. The V8 engine of 6.75 litres capacity and undisclosed output (an educated guess puts it at 200 horsepower) is even older. It first appeared in 1960 but has been continuously improved to reduce fuel consumption and exhaust emissions. The most striking advance has been the introduction of a turbocharged version of the V8 for the Bentley Mulsanne.

This £61,743 tycoon's hot-rod has about 50 per cent more power than any other Rolls-Royce or Bentley, rushes from a standstill to 60 mph in 7.4 seconds (faster than a V12 Jaguar saloon) and at its governed 135 mph maximum is quieter than many cars at half that speed, but agility is not its strongest point. It will go round corners very quickly, but with tyres wailing in protest at having to divert 2½ tons of metal, glass, polished wood and finest hides from the straight.

The Mulsanne Turbo achieves a 15.5 mpg average day to day, marginally better than a non-turbocharged Rolls. Thus it points the way future development will go. Rolls-Royce cannot possibly introduce a completely new model before 1990. Meanwhile they will squeeze yet more economy out of the 6.75 litre V8, pare weight from the body where possible and, one hopes, bring the automatic transmission more in line with the current thoughts of companies like Mercedes-Benz and BMW.

Rolls-Royce buy their automatics from General Motors and modify the control mechanism extensively. The basic transmission is quite old. It has three speeds and it lacks the overdriven fourth gear and mechanical lock to eliminate fuel-wasting slip that the German transmissions feature.

Pessimists foresee the demise of Rolls-Royce as a car producer within the next decade. I think they will last longer than that but possibly not beyond the end of this century. As long as the possession of a fine car costing more than a good family house is held to be not only acceptable but desirable, the Rolls-Royce is safe. But if it is ever to be evaluated on a simple value-for-money basis, it is doomed. The main threat to the Rolls-Royce is not fear of terrorist attack upon its owner, nor from the lesser aggravation of vandalism upon its gleaming flanks, but from the volume-produced top-management type of saloon which offers everything a Rolls-Royce does except for that intangible quality of status.

"We are a nation of short memories"

(WINSTON CHURCHILL)



Medallion struck by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company in January 1945 to commemorate the two "Battles of London" in 1940 and 1941. Packed in handsome presentation cases the medallions were sold on behalf of the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund and have since become collectors items.

After 38 years World War II is just a memory for many of us and a whole new generation cannot even remember.

But each one of us, whether we lived through the war or not, owes a debt to the men and women of the RAF. 72,000 died and many thousands more were left disabled—mentally and physically.

The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund still helps those who served, their widows and dependants. Each year we are spending almost £4,000,000 and demands on us are increasing as age and infirmity overtake the survivors. Inflation too, imposes an increasing burden on our resources.

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by Robert Blake

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by Oliver Ransford
John Murray, £12.50

As one who has just returned from his ninth visit to Africa I was particularly fascinated by this book. I was also glad that I did not have that experience a century ago, or I might well not have returned. The history of African illness is horrific, though it now looks as if the worst is over and the major remaining maladies will have been largely eradicated by AD 2000. Dr Oliver Ransford, a distinguished consultant anaesthetist in Bulawayo, has written a number of books about southern Africa, notably accounts of the battles of Majuba Hill and Spion Kop and a life of Livingstone. He joined the Colonial Medical Service in 1938 and spent time in Nyasaland (now Malawi) before and after the war.

What led him to this study, whose title is taken from one of the less well known lines of Kipling's "Take up the white man's burden", was his visit in 1938 to Kachindamoto near Lake Nyasa, an impoverished, emaciated community which harboured almost every African parasitical disease. He describes the scene: children with bloated bellies and legs like dry twigs, "taller human spectres mutely peeling off dirty rags to expose tropical ulcers which were eating away their legs ... feet half destroyed by jigger flies ... dripping eye infections ... deformities like figures out of a Hieronymus Bosch painting". Yet it was perfectly clear from any reading of the memoirs of earlier observers that this was a process of degeneration and a relatively recent development. Eighty years earlier in the 1850s and 60s it would have been a very different scene "thronged with strutting Angoni warriors carrying huge ox-hide shields and the stabbing assegais of Zululand ... These men had been of splendid physique, their black skins shining with health. They were noted for their endurance, each one capable of covering 50 miles on foot every day for a week on end." Dr Ransford concludes: "Clearly then something dreadful had happened to rural Africa during the past 60 years." His book is an attempt to explain just what it was and why.

The truth is that the relative good health of Africans before the last quarter of the 19th century was the result of the static and isolated nature of the communities in which they lived. Dwelling for centuries in villages surrounded by a vast wilderness, seldom willing or able to communicate with others, they acquired over the years immunity from the disease-bearing

organisms of the district. They had an instinctive dislike of meeting outsiders. As in England during the plague of 1665-66 they traded by displaying their goods at some boundary then withdrawing while others came and did exactly the same thing. Prolonged repetition of this process of remote bargaining eventually produced a deal. The static nature of sub-Saharan Africa was made possible by its inaccessibility. Those few European parties which penetrated the interior, enjoying none of the immunities of the inhabitants, died like flies.

But it was the influence of first the Europeans and then the Arabs which began the medical disaster. The Atlantic slave trade caused vast displacements of population in the west, moving huge numbers of Africans away from the places where they had natural immunity. The Arab slavers produced the same effect in East Africa. This process of destabilization was followed by another quite separate one when the adoption of breech loaders in the American Civil War suddenly made the world supply of flint lock and percussion guns obsolete. They were sold to African chiefs who used them for territorial expansion—another cause for displacement of population. Even so Livingstone's observations which go down to 1873 do not suggest a notably sick people. Fifteen years later, however, Sir Harry Johnston could describe Africa's inhabitants as little more than a "hive of gangrenous germs". In 1887 Stanley in the Congo left 260 porters and five Englishmen at a staging camp. Fourteen months later there were only 60 porters and one Englishman alive. The "Grab for Africa" had already begun its lethal course. Population movements on a huge scale made the old immunities useless. Malaria, sleeping sickness, yellow fever and a host of other parasitic diseases devastated the continent. And to these were added European imports almost as deadly. The years 1885-1930 are the most unhealthy in African history.

Once the European conquerors realized what was happening they put a great effort into finding cause and cure. A large part of Dr Ransford's highly readable and extraordinarily interesting book is devoted to the people and the researches which made possible the discovery of how the major diseases spread, and thus how they could be prevented. The story of malaria and sleeping sickness is particularly fascinating. The quarrels among these eminent medical scientists make piquant reading. They show that a love of humanity is quite compatible with a deep hatred of some human beings, especially if they happen to be rival doctors. My favourite character is Aldo Castellani who in 1903 hit on the cause of sleeping sickness but did not believe in it himself. Loaded with years and honours the Marchese Sir Aldo Castellani died in 1971.

Recent fiction

by Sally Emerson

Brilliant Creatures

by Clive James
Jonathan Cape, £7.95

Kate's House

by Harriet Waugh
Weidenfeld, £7.95

Light

by Eva Figes
Hamish Hamilton, £6.95

I thought I was going to hate *Brilliant Creatures*, the first novel by Clive James, the multi-talented television personality, critic, poet and autobiographer. His novel sounded superficial, slick and self-conscious. Listen to the blurb: "Lancelot Windhover was famous once. It was so long ago he felt disappointed as well as consoled that his affair with Samantha Copperglaze would not become a subject for Dick Toole's gossip column. Dick Toole has sent up his novel by supplying it with learned "notes" by "Peter Bartelski, of Sydney, Sussex and Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge". James pretends, in this and other ways, that he does not want his book to be taken at all seriously. I think he does.

Brilliant Creatures begins with the musings of Lancelot Windhover—publishing consultant, poet and adulterer. They are confident and very funny. They also bear a distinct resemblance to the musings of one Clive James. The other characters have less life and their conversation is stilted. The reader is very aware that this is Clive James attempting to write a novel, and feeling embarrassed at doing so. Gradually, however, the two-dimensional figures deepen and all of a sudden a few become proper characters—not Tolstoyan ones certainly but not cardboard caricatures either.

Essentially the story belongs to the daisy-chain school of plots: so and so loves so and so who loves so and so. Although Clive James insists in his endearingly unnecessary and coy introduction that the characters are all figments of himself, most are built round recognizable figures including "Victor, who commissioned books instead of saying hello... a fabulously wealthy, technically broke, hopelessly flamboyant South African Australian Jewish publisher" ... now who could that be? The principal roles include that of a witty, seductive and successful young novelist named Nicholas Crane who has fallen in love with one of the few wholesome creatures who scamper through this old-fashioned society caper. Sally Draycott, however, is not

in love with him but with Victor, and so on. Sally is rather too good to be true; gargoyles like the sadistic, illiterate gossip columnist Dick Toole are too bad to be true. The older characters, such as Victor and Lancelot, are seen with much more understanding.

The settings are all resolutely sophisticated: Hampstead mansions, trendy London bars and restaurants (again enjoyably recognizable), New York apartments, Biarritz, grand parties and balls. But the chief pleasure of *Brilliant Creatures* lies in the writing which sizzles off the page with a rare merriment: "He got the phone back into its cradle with the same air of relief that one feels when a large fly finally uses the open part of the window as an exit instead of the closed part as a sounding board."

Clive James has sent up his novel by supplying it with learned "notes" by "Peter Bartelski, of Sydney, Sussex and Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge". James pretends, in this and other ways, that he does not want his book to be taken at all seriously. I think he does.

Harriet Waugh's third novel *Kate's House* has a powerful central conceit: a temperamental, somewhat malevolent four-year-old is given a huge dolls' house. As she starts to play with it at her home in Wimbledon strange things happen in a seedy lodging house over the other side of London, in Notting Hill. The story of Kate, her middle-class parents, the new baby Nancy and her horrible, loud young nanny Susie, is juxtaposed with that of the inhabitants of the lodging house who are directly influenced by Kate's ideas.

At first, because she has only a little furniture, Kate moves just one couple, the MacDouglas, into a ground-floor room. Later, in response to Kate's interest in princesses, a beautiful African princess turns up to live at the lodging house. Soon, in response to her mother's pregnancy, Kate bestows on the MacDouglas a new baby and later kills it when she begins to hate her infant sister. I especially liked the Pekinese dog who turns gradually into a baby-eating dragon at Kate's whim. Harriet Waugh has handled a comic idea with confidence and style, creating strong characters and atmospheres both in the boarding house and in Kate's own house.

Light by Eva Figes is a very short, beautifully written evocation of one day in the life of Claude Monet and his family. He gets up early, waking his second wife who is grieving for the death of her daughter, in order to catch the exact light he needs for his paintings of water lilies in the garden he has developed and cherishes: "He stood on the verandah and lit his first cigarette, thinking how good it was that the day was just beginning. The house still lay in shadow, the steep slope of its roof just visible against the fading sky, rows of closed shutters lost in the dimness, with only his own window open to the indigo sky."

Paperback choice

Stevie Smith: A Selection
Edited by Hermione Lee
Faber & Faber, £3.50

A good representative selection of poems and prose which help to show that Stevie Smith's growing posthumous reputation is not undeserved. Though not always to be taken seriously, she is certainly more than the eccentric comic versifier that she was judged to be by critics while she lived.

The Essential Mailer
by Norman Mailer
New English Library, £2.95

Norman Mailer uses words like clubs. They bash and crash over his readers' heads with such speed and precision that they almost invariably prove irresistible. This is his own selection from some of his shorter fiction and non-fiction, and should be taken slowly to avoid cerebral concussion.

Castle Gay
by John Buchan
Bulldog Drummond
by Sapper
The Mind of Mr J. G. Reeder
by Edgar Wallace
Blind Corner
by Dornford Yates
J. M. Dent & Sons, £2.50 each

Dent have had the good idea of reissuing some of the most widely read thrillers of the first half of the century, and these are the first four of the bunch. Each is published with a nostalgic introduction by a modern writer, and there will be many in their 40s and over who will share this nostalgia for these gripping yarns of their youth. Others of younger generations, brought up on James Bond, should recognize the genre and may perhaps now join in the excitement.

The Town Gardener's Companion
by Felicity Bryan
Penguin, £4.95

Town gardeners have the toughest time of all—shortage of space, limited sun, poor soil, problems of drainage are only some of their likely difficulties. This well illustrated book is full of good advice, set out in calendar form beginning with March, that most hopeful of gardening months.

Lords of the Atlas
by Gavin Maxwell
Century, £4.95

A study of the Glaoua family in Morocco, first published in 1966. It is a scholarly history stylishly written with the flair for narrative for which this author was rightly celebrated.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Anatomy of a village

From Mr and Mrs Morris Graham
Dear Sir,

In the short time that we have been subscribers to the *ILN* no article has excited our expectation more than "Anatomy of a Village" by Michael Watkins (July, 1983).

We have twice visited Britain briefly and share the anticipation of another stay when we could not only use a village as a base from which to explore the treasures of Britain past and present, but also enjoy discovering how in a small area families have stayed and left and how land has been used far from the madding crowd over a much larger span of time than we can trace here in Australia.

Richard Cooke's delightful photographs of Winsford stirred all our imaginings, but how depressing the apparent reality of the human situation in the village was. The picture of in-fighting, the damaging effects of tourism, and a future for Winsford of "retired and rootless gentility" was the opposite of what we had been expecting.

Is Winsford's experience shared by village England generally and has a village history of change with abiding continuity really ended? Have we been looking forward to a romanticized village that is an illusion?

Morris and Laurel Graham
Georgetown
Australia

A tsunami

From Mr Terry Jones

Dear Sir,

I would refer you to a caption appearing on page 14 of the July issue: "Earthquake aftermath: A tidal wave following an earthquake . . ." The use of the term "tidal wave" is erroneous in this context. The damage shown was caused by a *tsunami* which, though originally a Japanese word (from *tsu*, harbour, and *nami*, waves), has been recognized in the English language since around the turn of the century. The Oxford dictionary defines it as "A series of very long, high undulations on the surface of the sea that results from an underwater earthquake or similar disturbance and may be sufficiently great to inundate coastal regions; freq. misnamed a tidal wave."

That I bring this to your attention is not to be cantankerous nor hair-splitting but to remind you of the existence of the only word which specifies the nature of this phenomenon quite precisely. A tidal wave is not at all the same thing, being caused by the movement of the tides.

Terry Jones
Tokyo
Japan



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CHESS

The cream of Europe

by John Nunn

The two major team tournaments in the chess world are the biennial Olympiads and the triennial European Team Championships. Although the Olympiads have the prestige of the world title, the European event is in many ways more interesting. The weaker teams are eliminated in a series of preliminary events so the eight countries qualifying for the finals represent the cream of European chess. In the Olympiads uninteresting matches between teams of widely different strengths are common in the early rounds, but in the European finals every match is hard-fought and a clear victory reflects true credit on the winning team.

The 1983 European Team Championship finals were held at Plovdiv in Bulgaria and since the English team had surprisingly captured the bronze medals at the last final in 1980, the other teams were less likely to make the mistake of underestimating us this time. As usual the Soviet side coasted home to an easy victory, but the fight for the remaining positions turned out to be close and in many cases hinged on the results of the last round. The final scores were USSR 38 (from 56), Yugoslavia 33, Hungary 31, England 30, Netherlands 29½, Bulgaria 25, Denmark 20 and West Germany 17½. The English team was again given financial support by merchant bankers Duncan Lawrie, but although we scored more points than in 1980 the East European sides were in good form and made a clean sweep of the medals. There was some consolation in that England headed the Western representatives, but this event reinforced the impression created at the last Olympiad that after a few upsets the Eastern countries have re-established their chess supremacy.

The English team performed well on the top four boards and Jonathan Mestel's effort on board 4 was quite exceptional. He is Britain's most recent grandmaster and his score of 6 from 7, including victories against four other grandmasters, shows how much he deserved the title. This month's game is from the England-Netherlands match and is one of three wins by Mestel using the King's Indian Defence.

| H. Ree | J. Mestel |
|-----------------------|-----------|
| White | Black |
| King's Indian Defence | |
| 1 P-Q4 | N-KB3 |
| 2 P-QB4 | P-KN3 |
| 3 N-QB3 | B-N2 |
| 4 P-K4 | P-Q3 |
| 5 P-B3 | O-O |
| 6 B-K3 | N-B3 |
| 7 KN-K2 | P-QR3 |
| 8 Q-Q2 | R-N1 |
| 9 P-KR4 | P-KR4 |
| 10 O-O-O | P-QN4 |

Readers may remember the game Rivas-Mestel, won by White, which was published here last year. Rivas played 11 B-R6, but Ree adopts a different move which allows Mestel to spring a surprise prepared in advance by the English team.

11 N-B4 PxP?

11... B-Q2 is the accepted continuation.

12 BxP

Confronted by a new move, Ree reacts cautiously and avoids the enterprising 12 P-KN4.

12 ...P-K4

13 PxP

The tactical justification of 11... PxP lies in the variation 13 NxNP PxP 14 BxQP R-N5! 15 NxR RxP 16 BxN QxB trapping the knight.

13 ...QNxP

14 B-N3 Q-K1!

A fine move avoiding B-KN5 pin.

15 KN-Q5 NxN

16 NxN B-K3

17 Q-R5?

This move loses time, but even after the correct 17 K-N1 Black has a good position.

17 ...BxN

18 QxB

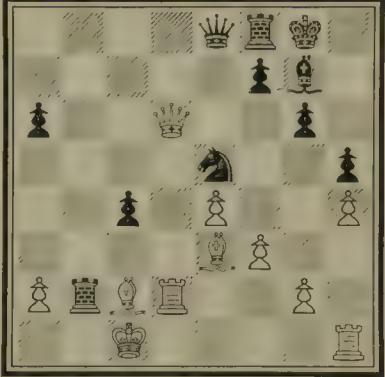
18 RxP loses to 18... Q-B3ch 19 K-N1 N-B5.

18 ...P-QB4!

19 R-Q2 P-B5

20 B-QB2 R-N4

21 QxP RxP!



When White mishandles this line of the King's Indian the result is usually just such a holocaust at QN2. 22 KxR leads to a spectacular mate after 22... P-B6ch 23 KxP N-B5ch 24 KxN Q-N4.

22 QxP R-B1 Q-N1

23 Q-R3 P-B6

24 R-Q4

24 QxP R-B1 25 QxR N-Q6ch is hopeless.

24 ...NxP

If now 25 PxN, then 25... BxR 26 BxP Q-B5ch mates.

25 R-Q5 N-Q7

26 BxN PxBch

27 KxP

27 RxP R-B1 28 K-Q1 R-N8ch 29 BxR QxPch 30 K-K2 QxR wins a piece.

27 ...R-B1

28 Resigns

Severed communications

by Jack Marx

For many years an ingenious manoeuvre in dummy-play bore the undistinguished title of the "coup without a name". Then some time around the Second World War it was rechristened more picturesquely and became known as the scissors coup, thus identifying itself as a form of loser-on-loser play, designed to snip defenders' lifelines of communications. Declarer may recognize his danger from leaving these communications open, but it has not always seemed to occur to him that anything can be done about it.

| | |
|---------------------|-----------|
| ♠ AJ 10 2 | ♦ 5 4 3 |
| West ♥ K J 10 9 6 3 | ♥ Q 8 7 5 |
| ♦ 7 | ♦ Q 10 6 |
| ♣ J 4 | ♣ A K 10 |

North has doubled West's contract of Four Hearts after South as dealer had opened One Spade. The lead of Spade Six from North is clearly a singleton and if, as seems likely, he holds the Ace of trumps, he can only gain access to South's hand for a spade ruff through the diamond suit. West might seek to dispose of his sole diamond by taking a club finesse, but if this should lose he will go down one more than necessary. Since North must be placed with the Club Queen for there to be any hope of success, a safer plan lies in cashing the top clubs, then throwing the diamond on dummy's Club Ten.

On the hand below, South bid boldly to a vulnerable game against non-vulnerable and, in a match-pointed pairs contest, his chief concern was to avoid going two down for a loss of 500, more than the value of an opposing game.

| | |
|-----------|------------------|
| ♠ 10 8 2 | Dealer West |
| ♥ J 9 7 2 | North-South Game |
| ♦ 8 3 | |
| ♣ A Q 6 4 | |

| | |
|--------------|---------------|
| ♠ J 5 | ♦ A Q 9 7 6 4 |
| ♥ A Q 8 | ♦ K 10 6 5 3 |
| ♦ J 10 9 6 5 | ♦ K 4 |
| ♣ J 9 7 | ♣ void |

| | |
|----------------|--|
| ♠ K 3 | |
| ♥ 4 | |
| ♦ A Q 7 2 | |
| ♣ K 10 8 5 3 2 | |

| | | | |
|---------|----------|----------|-----------|
| West No | North No | East 1 ♠ | South 2 ♣ |
| No | 3 ♣ | 3 ♥ | 5 ♦ |
| DBL | No | No | No |

West's lead of spade Jack was won by the Ace from East, who returned a low spade to South's King. The bad break came to light with a trump lead to the Ace. South did not take the diamond finesse at once, since if it lost East would be put in with a heart to lead a third spade and promote a trump trick for West.

Declarer therefore led dummy's remaining spade, the Ten, and allowed East's Queen to win, pitching his singleton heart. West threw a diamond and, when East led a heart, South

ruffed. He entered dummy with Club Queen, finessed the diamond for two tricks, ruffed two diamonds in dummy, returning to his hand as needed with two more heart ruffs. Eleven tricks thus rolled in.

It passed unremarked at the time but West in fact erred in not throwing a heart on the scissors trick, since declarer would not then be able to return to his hand often enough without being overruffed. But even one down for a loss of 200 compares favourably with the 420 that is the value of East-West's achievable game in spades.

The scissors coup was featured at one table on a dangerous swing hand in a practice match between two ambitious young teams.

| | |
|-------------|-------------|
| ♠ Q 9 | Game All |
| ♦ K J 8 5 | Dealer West |
| ♦ 6 5 | |
| ♣ K J 9 8 7 | |

| | |
|--------------|-------------|
| ♠ A 10 3 | ♦ 6 |
| ♥ A 10 4 3 | ♦ Q 9 7 6 2 |
| ♦ K J 10 9 3 | ♦ A Q 8 4 2 |
| ♣ 10 | ♣ 5 3 |

| | | | |
|-----------------|----------|----------|-----------|
| ♠ K J 8 7 5 4 2 | | | |
| ♦ void | | | |
| ♦ 7 | | | |
| ♣ A Q 6 4 2 | | | |
| West 1 ♦ | North No | East 1 ♥ | South 2 ♪ |
| 3 ♥ | 4 ♠ | 5 ♦ | 5 ♪ |
| DBL | No | No | No |

North-South did well to press on to Five Spades because, in spite of North's heart holding, Five Diamonds is quite likely to be made. To defeat it North will have to play on one of two hunches, either to lead a small heart or first to cash the King of Clubs and then to switch to a heart.

As it went against Five Spades, West found the less difficult lead of the Club Ten, which as viewed by South must almost certainly be a singleton. The danger to declarer is glaringly obvious: West can be trusted to hold the Ace of trumps and, when he takes it at trick two, the sight of dummy's hearts will cause him to seek an entry to his partner's hand in diamonds. East would have to be exceedingly dim to fail to recognize the lead of an unbid suit as a singleton on this auction.

However, East did not have to face this insultingly easy test, since declarer was bright enough to prevent East from ever obtaining the lead. He won the first trick in dummy and at the second led, not a trump, but the King of Hearts on which he parked his lone diamond. Defenders' communications were now fatally severed and the looming disaster of the club ruff never took shape.

The same team scored well at the other table also. Their East-West pair were permitted to play at Five Hearts Doubled, which their opponents did not succeed in beating. The bidding had been revealing enough for East to know exactly how to handle things.

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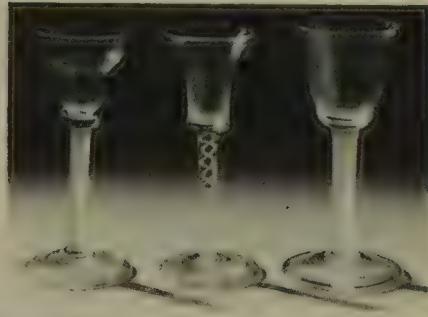
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SEPTEMBER BRIEFING

The curtain-raiser to the month is Christopher Hampton's *Tales from Hollywood* with Michael Gambon and Billie Whitelaw. There are also new plays from Howard Brenton and David Mamet and first nights for Antony Sher as Molière and Derek Jacobi as Prospero. Screen premières include Franc Roddam's *The Lords of Discipline*, Andrzej Wajda's *Danton* and Richard Franklin's sequel to Hitchcock's chilling *Psycho*. There's sport to suit all tastes with the NatWest Trophy final at Lord's, a Wembley football international, the Bob Hope British golf Classic, the Burghley Horse Trials and the America's Cup Challenge. Russian *avant-garde* art goes on show at the RA as does children's art at The Mall Galleries and a Sir Matthew Smith retrospective at the Barbican. Among musical events at the Albert Hall are an all-night concert of Indian music, the last night of the Proms and two evenings with Tom Jones. There is an exhibition documenting the *Brighton Belle*, a rock and roll memorabilia auction and the Chelsea Antiques Fair.

CALENDAR

Thursday, September 1

First night of Hampton's *Tales from Hollywood* at the Olivier (pp74, 75)
Screen version of *The Pirates of Penzance & Twilight Zone* open in the West End (p76)
Sale of rock & roll memorabilia at Sotheby's (p81)

Friday, September 2

Exhibition of rugs & throws opens at the British Crafts Centre (p83)
Welsh National Opera season opens in Cardiff (p86)

Saturday, September 3

NatWest Trophy final at Lord's (p78)
Royal Highland Gathering at Braemar (p90)
First day of the 9th English Vineyard Wine Festival at Alfriston (p90)
Perils & Calamities: the start of a season of films with heroines for children at the NFT (p81)
All-night concert of Indian music at the Albert Hall (p79)

Sunday, September 4

Nash Ensemble play Messiaen's Quartet for the End of Time in a morning coffee concert at the Wigmore Hall (p80)
Lecture on Elizabethan fasts & feasts at the V & A (p81)

Monday, September 5

First night of *The Shelter* by Caryl Phillips at the Lyric Studio (p75)
Concertgebouw Orchestra under Haitink at the Albert Hall (p79)
First episode of *Reilly—Ace of Spies* on ITV (p78)



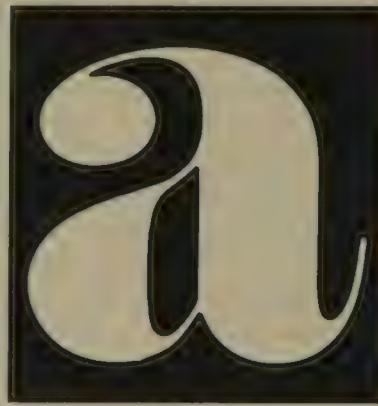
The real Reilly: born Sigmund Rosenblum in Russia in 1874.

Tuesday, September 6

Toussaint opens at the Coliseum (p86)
Stravinsky/Weill concert at the Albert Hall (p79)
City of London Flower Show (p81)
Contemporary dolls' houses auctioned

at Sotheby's (p81)

Exhibition documenting the *Brighton Belle* opens at Brighton Museum (p84)
Wednesday, September 7
First night of *Crime & Punishment* at the Lyric Hammersmith (p75)
Burghley Horse Trials start (p78)
Whitechapel Art Gallery puts work by Georg Baselitz on show & the Crafts Council takes a closer look at lettering.



rugs & wood (pp82, 83)
Peter Gabriel gives the first of three concerts at Hammersmith Odeon (p80)
□ New moon

Thursday, September 8

Franc Roddam's film *The Lords of Discipline* opens (p76)
First night of *Molière* at The Pit with Antony Sher in the title role (p75)
Franz Liszt Chamber Orchestra at the Albert Hall (p79)

Friday, September 9

Athletics: International Coca Cola Meeting at Crystal Palace (p78)
Furniture designed by R. D. Russell & rugs by Marian Pepler go on show at the Geffrye Museum (p84)
Series on *The Making of London* starts on ITV (p78)
The Royal Opera opens in Manchester (p86)

Saturday, September 10

Gymnastics: British National Championships at Wembley Arena;
Horse racing: St Leger at Doncaster;
Canoeing: National Sprint Championships at Nottingham (p78)
Thamesday on the South Bank (p81)
Last night of *Small Change* at the Cottesloe (p75)

Sunday, September 11

First episode of *Winds of War* on ITV (p78)

Monday, September 12

First night of *The Genius* by Howard Brenton at the Royal Court (pp74, 75)
Exhibition of work by Graham Dean opens at the Nicholas Treadwell Gallery (p82)
Israel Philharmonic under Mehta play Mahler's Symphony No 3 at the Albert Hall (p79)

Tuesday, September 13

First night of *The Tempest* with Derek

Jacobi at the Barbican (p75)
Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet starts a season which includes the première of *Chorus* by David Bintley (p85)
The America's Cup Challenge gets under way (p78)
Chelsea Antiques Fair opens (p81)
Lulu opens at Covent Garden (p86)
Brigitte Fassbaender recital at the Wigmore Hall (p80)

Wednesday, September 14

An analysis of Taste opens at the Boilerhouse (p84)
First day of New Art at the Tate Gallery (p82)

Thursday, September 15

Three new films open: *Psycho II*, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, & *Danton* directed by Andrzej Wajda (p76)
Ariadne on Naxos opens at the Coliseum (p86)
British Craft Show at Syon Park until Sept 18 (p81)
Windsor Festival starts (p90)
Bargain night at the National Theatre: all seats for *You Can't Take It With You & Tales from Hollywood* at £2 from 8.30am (p75)

Friday, September 16

Equestrianism: Famous Grouse Scotch Whisky National Driving Championships at Windsor; Taylor Woodrow National Dressage Championships at Goodwood Park (p78)
Beethoven's Choral Symphony at the Albert Hall (p79)

Saturday, September 17

Last night of the Proms at the Albert Hall (p79)
Russian *avant-garde* art from the



Collection of George Costakis (above) goes on exhibition at the RA (p82)
Southampton International Boat Show opens (p90)
First day of the Great Home Entertainment Spectacular (p81)

Sunday, September 18

Ileana Cotrubas recital at the Barbican; Philharmonia under Giulini play Bruckner's Symphony No 8 at the Festival Hall in a concert repeated on September 21 (pp79, 80)

Last chance to see Cycladic Art at the British Museum (p84) & Tristram Hillier at the Royal Academy (p83)

Monday, September 19



opens at the British Crafts Centre (p83)
John Williams with the English Chamber Orchestra at the Festival Hall (p80)

Saturday, September 24

Canoeing: Premier Slalom at Llangollen (p78)
RSC's *Nicholas Nickleby* screened at the National Film Theatre (p81)
Last night of *The Dillen* at The Other Place (p75)

Sunday, September 25

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus under Abbado perform Brahms's German Requiem at the Festival Hall (p80)

Monday, September 26

Tom Jones gives the first of two concerts at the Albert Hall (p80)

Tuesday, September 27

Ice Skating: St Ivel International at Richmond (p78)

Wednesday, September 28

Paintings by Sir Matthew Smith go on show at the Barbican (p82)
Carlo Curley organ recital at the Festival Hall (p80)
La clemenza di Tito opens at Covent Garden (p86)

Thursday, September 29

Exhibition of work by Michael Leonard opens at Fischer Fine Art (p82)
Rienzi opens at the Coliseum (p86)

Friday, September 30

Pollini piano recital at the Festival Hall (p80)
Last night of *As You Like It* at Chichester (p74)

Information correct at time of going to press. See listings for telephone numbers and further details. Add 01- in front of seven-digit numbers when calling from outside London.

Cadbury's National Exhibition of Children's Art opens at the Mall Galleries (p81)

The Nightingale & L'Enfant et les sortilèges open at Covent Garden (p86)

Tuesday, September 20

Wren Orchestra & John Lill give a programme of Mozart, Beethoven & Schumann at St John's (p79)

Wednesday, September 21

First night of David Mamet's *Glengarry Glen Ross* at the Cottesloe (pp74,75)

Football: England v Denmark at Wembley Stadium (p78)

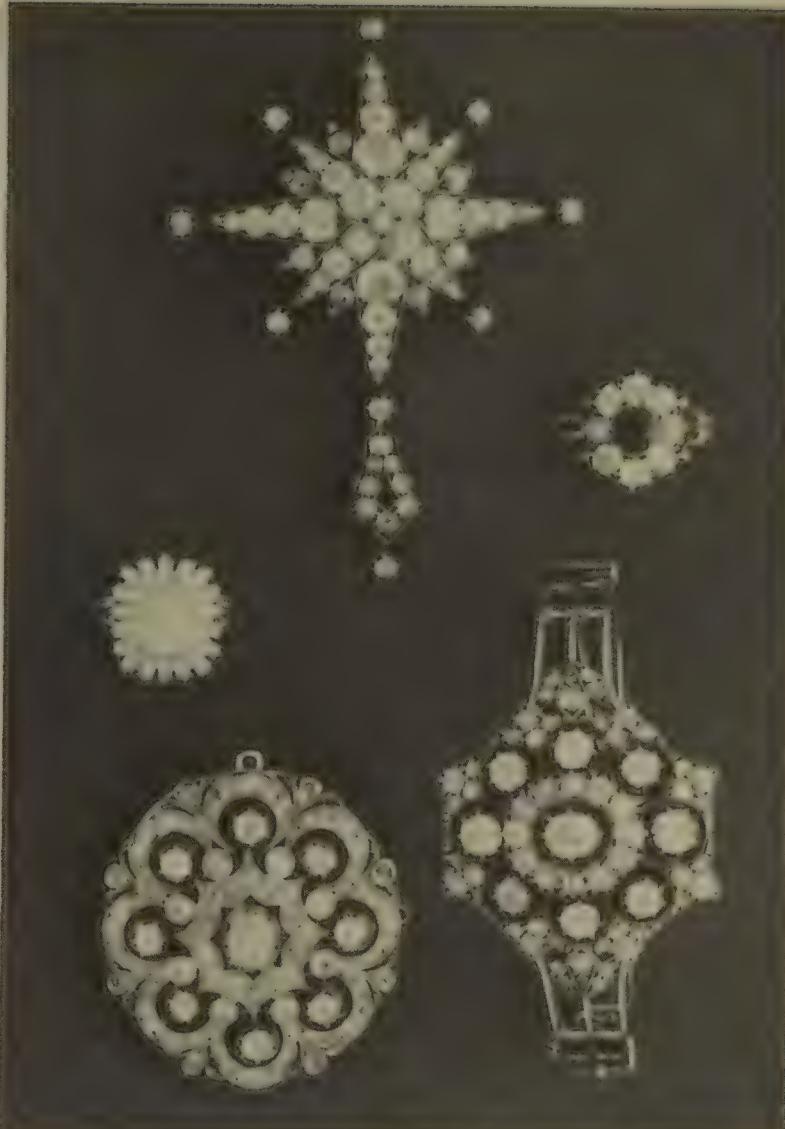
Thursday, September 22

Film openings: *Come Back to the 5 & Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean*; *Staying Alive*; Royal charity première of *We of the Never Never* (p76)

Golf: Bob Hope British Classic (p78)
Full moon

Friday, September 23

An exhibition of objects made of wood



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Norman Del Mar conducts: last night of the Proms on September 17.

Briefing edited by Alex Finer

Researched by Angela Bird and Miranda Madge

THEATRE
J C TREWIN

Christopher Hampton (left) & Michael Gambon: author & actor of *Tales from Hollywood*.

CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON, one of the surest of the younger British dramatists, author of *The Philanthropist* and *Savages*, has written *Tales from Hollywood* which the National is to present at the Olivier Theatre on September 1. The play is about a colony of German writers exiled in Hollywood during the 1940s, as seen through the eyes of the novelist, von Horvath. He is played by Michael Gambon, fresh from his Stratford/Barbican King Lear and Mark Antony; and Billie Whitelaw is also in a cast that Peter Gill directs. Alison Chitty is the designer.

□ Ben Kingsley, who has recently been Edmund Kean at the Haymarket, takes his one-man show to Broadway this month. Another famous 19th-century actor, more consistent than Kean, was William Charles Macready. His name has just been given to the Macready Theatre at his old school, Rugby, on the suggestion of Frank Barrie who has now acted his own Macready programme across the world.

□ New plays are due at the Royal Court and the Cottesloe. Howard Brenton's *The Genius* (Court, September 12) is about a mathematician who retreats to an English university in an attempt to suppress his solution to the final enigma of nuclear physics. *Glengarry Glen Ross* (Cottesloe, September 21) is the world première of a work by David Mamet, author of *American Buffalo*.

□ Birmingham Repertory Theatre begins its autumn season on September 12 with a new musical, *Dear Anyone*, due to be seen in the West End next month. Jane Lapotaire leads a plot about an "agony aunt" columnist; music is by Geoff Stephens. Information from 021-236 4455.

NEW REVIEWS

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section.

As You Like It

This Chichester revival has been directed by Patrick Garland in a style so resolved to be pictorially fresh that we are several light-years from the Forest of Arden. The difficulty is that there is no real contrast between Duke Frederick's court & the forest; certainly the Banished Duke appears to be extremely comfortable while he is speaking his lines about the "icy fang" & the uses of adversity. Even so, some good playing emerges from the sophisticated 18th-century pomp, particularly Peter Eyre's Jaques who does create Shakespeare's Arden as he moves & who, incidentally, in the Seven Ages makes that often overlooked pause between "bubble" and "reputation." Patricia Hodge, an unusually direct Watteau-Rosalind, manages to extricate herself from a last burst of chamber opera

to deliver the Epilogue with precise point. Sound playing also by Ronnie Stevens (Touchstone) & Lucy Fleming (Celia); & I liked Simon Williams's Oliver as soon as he had reformed & was telling his lioness-story in the forest, aware of Celia but amusingly forgetful of the "bloody napkin". Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex (0243 781312). Until Sept 30.

Cyrano de Bergerac

The first thing is to compliment Derek Jacobi on his transformation into the boldly chivalrous hero of Rostand's romantic narrative. He has become one of our finest & subtlest actors; to watch him, in Terry Hands's production, taking charge of the Barbican stage is the kind of excitement we do not often meet in the contemporary theatre. He loses none of the great challenges, & they are challenges indeed—the fantasia on the nose, the ballades of the duel & the Gascon grenadiers, the wooing of Roxane as Christian's proxy, & the intensely difficult last act (with Monsieur de Bergerac's "gazette") before Cyrano's death.

in the garden of the convent.

Jacobi's performance has a boldness of outline & a feeling for the word that could not be bettered. My sole regret is that the translation does not give him full rein. Though I have much respect for Anthony Burgess, his text—even if a great improvement on Brian Hooker's—lacks the high eloquence of those by Christopher Fry & Humbert Wolfe. Mr Hands's production in the Ralph Koltai sets uses the great stage to advantage. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

The Fawn

John Marston's satirical comedy, dating from the early Jacobean theatre, contains a pair of Dukes who are what some strangers to the play are likely to remember. Dukes in disguise were part of the stage properties of the day but I have never met one less troubled by his aspect than the Duke of Ferrara: even his son cannot recognize him face to face, something that demands suspension of disbelief. After all, without the device, there would be no play. The core of the plot ought to be the marriage of Ferrara's heir, Tiberio, to the 15-year-old Dulcimel, daughter of the Duke of Urbino; yet Marston is far more concerned with the disguised Duke's enjoyment in uncovering the follies of a pack of courtiers as one can imagine. The Duke of Urbino, who is a complacent ass, is among the accused, not that it appears to bother him. Basil Henson acts with fluent pleasure what might have been Marston's comment on King James I. Bernard Lloyd copes easily with the visitor from Ferrara, & there is pleasure in observing the various stupidities of the Court, though it is a play that has to develop in the mind & does not express itself immediately, for all Giles Block's careful treatment. Cottesloe, National Theatre, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Fiddler on the Roof

Splendidly unlike any other musical, this narrative of the doomed Russian village of Anatevka not much more than a decade before the Revolution, returns to the London stage after a gap of what seems to be only a few years. It is, in fact, 16 years since Topol acted Tevye, the milkman, at Her Majesty's. The present theatre, the Apollo Victoria, is an enormous place that reminds one of stories of the old Drury Lane when it was said to be a day's march from the stage to the back of the auditorium. The *Fiddler* cast deals with this without the slightest awkwardness as the night moves on towards the final abandonment of the village, one of those unforgettable events that, as saddening as ever in the context, is now beautifully acted & sung. The other scene that sticks in the memory is the country railway station, just a seat of a signal-box, with a rolling landscape behind, where one of Tevye's five daughters waits, her father by her side, for the train that will take her for ever from the village. Andrea Levine sings enchantingly, "Far from the Home I Love".

The whole night, with Topol at its heart, has an absolute sincerity that honours the work of Joseph Stein, the librettist, & Jerry Bock, the composer, as well as of the cast from which it is probably wrong to pick anyone. Here, though, I have to name Thelma Ruby, Maria Charles, David Jackson & Brian de Salvo. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (834 6177, cc 834 0253). Until Oct 29.

Happy Family

No sign here of Mr Grits the Grocer & Mr

Bung the Brewer. The happy family in Giles Cooper's black comedy is anything but happy, but it does offer an enthralling evening in the theatre once we have accepted the idea that none of the three people, two sisters & a brother, has really grown up.

The younger sister, well into her 20s, still believes in Santa Claus; her bullying elder brother is afraid of the dark; they still use private baby-talk & read *Squirrel Nutkin* in bed. There is no reason why this retarded family life should not go on without change; but the elder sister has met a young man in Bath who she says will be her fiancé & who, in any event, pines for the family life he has never had. His impact upon the Solstices, as they are called, makes a searching & sometimes frightening play. Its first London revival in 16 years is acted with uncompromising truth by Stephanie Beacham, Ian Ogilvy, Angela Thorne & James Laurenson, under Maria Aitken's direction. Duke of York's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 5122, cc 836 0641).

Little Lies

What defeats me, though I do realize that one or two characters can be saved if economy is the problem, is why anyone should wish to adapt *The Magistrate*. Among the most famous of English farces, it is nearly a century old. Ben Travers, who ought to have known, said he would never have altered a line. I wrote once, & reiterate, that the piece comes to us as a frenzy by gaslight, a play that has gambolled down the years like a spring lamb & refuses to age. Within a few decades we have had three superb Possets, the magistrate of Mulberry Street, in Denys Blakelock, Michael Hordern &



Alastair Sim. I wish John Mills (pictured above) had decided to follow these in the accepted text instead of in a version that, well-meaning though it is, remains oddly tepid. It refuses to come to the boil even in the celebrated morning-after speech when Posket remembers the night escape.

Joseph George Caruso, the present American adapter, who does honestly admire Pinero, must have felt he had to make deletions & alterations for the sake of playgoers off-Broadway. Naturally, there is a good deal of Pinero; but we lose old friends. Bullamy, Posket's fellow-magistrate, is now an Inspector Bullamy—a composite of Messiter & Wormington—and Achille, of the Hôtel des Princes, is a Madame Blond. I am sure it will go down well with people who do not know the original; but it strikes me as a needless intrusion. Sir John Mills, grand actor though he can be, is not a fully impressive Posket—I had the sense of an extended charade. The best of the other players are Anthony Bate &

Malcolm Sinclair in the unblurred duo of Colonel Lukyn & Captain Vale. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

Tartuffe

Sadly, I must confess that for me, Molière's play has always been something of an acquired taste—until the end when the most rancid hypocrite in the drama is stifled by the coming of the King's officer & the panegyric to Louis XIV. Bill Alexander, in an incisive text by Christopher Hampton, has sought to refresh the piece, & there is certainly some excellent playing by, for example, Alison Steadman, Stephanie Fayerman, Sylvia Coleridge &—as the gullible Orgon—Nigel Hawthorne. But Antony Sher, I think, goes unfortunately over the top as a Tartuffe who looks like an eccentric Red Indian, & who surely could not have deceived his victims for 10 minutes. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

FIRST NIGHTS

Sept 1. Tales from Hollywood

Christopher Hampton's new play, set in Hollywood in the 1940s (see intro). Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933). Bargain night Sept 15; all seats £2 from 8.30am.

Sept 5. The Shelter

Caryl Phillips's play concerns a black man & a white woman stranded on a desert island towards the end of the 18th century. Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Oct 1.

Sept 7. Crime & Punishment

New production, based on Dostoevsky's novel, by Russian director Yuri Lyubimov. With Boris Isarov, Michael Pennington, Sheila Reid & Elizabeth Romilly. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc). Until Oct 15.

Sept 8. Molière

Mikhail Bulgakov's play in a version by Dusty Hughes is ostensibly a portrait of the French playwright. Antony Sher is in the title role. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

Sept 12. The Genius

Play by Howard Brenton (see intro). Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

Sept 13. The Tempest

Derek Jacobi plays Prospero in last year's Stratford production. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

Sept 15. Birds of Passage

New play by Hanif Kureishi. Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301).

Sept 21. Glengarry Glen Ross

New play by David Mamet (see intro). Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

ALSO PLAYING

Agnes of God

British première of John Pielmeier's recent Broadway success. Susannah York, Honor Blackman & Hilary Reynolds in a play about a postulant nun's talks with a psychiatrist about her claims to know Jesus. Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc). Until Sept 3.

Another Country

Julian Mitchell's play, set in a public school, reflects the changes taking place in English society in the 1930s. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc). Until Oct 15.

Arden of Faversham

Jenny Agutter & Christopher Benjamin in Terry Hands's production from The Other Place. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891).

Bad Language

Comedy by Dusty Hughes, set in present-day Cambridge where academic disputes & romantic battles keep the outside world at bay. With Prunella Gee. Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301). Until Sept 3.

The Beggar's Opera

In a near-Dickensian set, & with a cast led by Paul Jones's Macheath in full voice & a Clydeside accent, Gay's operetta gets the liveliest of recreations. Richard Eyre directs. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Blood Brothers

Willy Russell's glum narrative is tiresomely class-conscious, just redeemed by some atmospheric music & the singing of Barbara Dickson. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc).

Bugsy Malone

An unfortunate attempt at a stage version of the film of the same name. This anecdote of gang warfare in New York during 1929 is presented by children between 10 & 16. Scott Sherrin, aged 10, does make an admirable impression as a dancer. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (930 6606, cc).

The Business of Murder

Richard Harris has written a taut thriller that does its duty with Eric Lander & Richard Todd. May Fair, Stratton St, W1 (629 3036, cc).

Cats

Trevor Nunn uses stage & auditorium boldly for Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical version of T. S. Eliot's cheerfully minor poems about cats. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc).

Charley's Aunt

No one in recent years has poured the tea into the topper with more cheerful abandon than Griff Rhys Jones as Lord Fancourt Babberley in this immensely enjoyable revival of the Brandon Thomas farce. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc). Until Sept 24.

Children of a Lesser God

Jean St Clair & Peter Caffrey play student & teacher in Mark Medoff's play about the hidden world of deafness. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

The Comedy of Errors

Shakespeare's comedy about two sets of twins who are constantly mistaken for one another. With Peter McEnery, Richard O'Callaghan & Zoë Wanamaker. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire (0789 295623, cc).

Cowardice

First play by Sean Mathias, about an obsessive relationship between an actress & a writer. With Ian McKellen, Janet Suzman & Nigel Davenport. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 1171, cc).

Daisy Pulls It Off

Denise Deegan's pastiche of the Angela Brazil world of school is top-hole, & Alexandra Mathie the most delightful heroine that ever wore a gym-slip. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

The Dillen

Ron Hutchinson's play about the life of George Hewins, a real turn-of-the-century Stratford character. With Peggy Mount & Carolyn Pickles. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire (0789 295623, cc). Until Sept 24.

Evita

No weariness yet in Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber's emotional music drama. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

Great & Small

New play, by Botha Strauss. With Glenda Jackson, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9988, cc).

Guys & Dolls

It is refreshing to get a chance to rave about this production by Richard Eyre which brings Damon Runyon's characters to the National's stage. An uncommon night, now with Paul Jones, Trevor Peacock, Imelda Staunton & Fiona Hendley. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Henry VIII

This strangely bleak production, if redeemed by some of Howard Davies's ingenuities, is fortunate in the Katharine of Gemma Jones; less fortunate in the treatment of Buckingham, whose farewell to the world is hampered by surprisingly unimaginative production. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Inner Voices

Though it is not always easy to come to terms with Ediardo de Filippo's self-indulgent comedy, we



Derek Jacobi plays Cyrano de Bergerac at the Barbican: see new reviews.

are grateful for N. F. Simpson's translation & for such a performance as Ralph Richardson's eccentric neighbour. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc 928 5933).

Jukebox

Pop show of commercial music from the past three decades. Astoria, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (437 6564, cc 930 9232).

Julius Caesar

Peter McEnery's quietly truthful Brutus stands out from a competent production by Ron Daniels. It could do without the employment of a television screen in the Senate House & Forum. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Lear

Edward Bond's violent modernization of the Lear theme, with Bob Peck in the title role. The Pit.

Macbeth

Howard Davies's production, transferred from Stratford with Bob Peck & Sara Kestelman in the name parts. Barbican.

The Mousetrap

Though now in its 31st year, many people cannot yet know Agatha Christie's solution of her puzzle; it is worth investigating. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc).

Mr Cinders

An endearing musical comedy, with a score largely by Vivian Ellis, returns—in the words of its best song—to spread a little happiness. Denis Lawson is, engagingly, a male Cinderella. Fortune, Russell St, WC2 (836 2238, cc).

Much Ado About Nothing

Derek Jacobi & Sinead Cusack are splendidly at ease as Benedick & Beatrice in the patrician comedy which retains its flavour in the Terry Hands production. Barbican.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts

Philip Massinger's famous Jacobean comedy about an arrogant knight (played by Emrys James) who swindles his nephew (Miles Anderson) out of an inheritance. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Noises Off

Everything that happens in Michael Frayn's enjoyable farce is during the performance of another farce, *Nothing On*, a wild helter-skelter touring business & the kind of thing that can breed catastrophe. Benjamin Whitrow plays its director. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 930 9232).

No Sex Please—We're British

Good farces do not wane, & this one, directed by Allan Davis, does not after 12 years, more than 5,000 performances & innumerable cast changes. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 4601, cc).

A Patriot for Me

Ronald Eyre's elaborate Chichester production of John Osborne's play. Alan Bates plays an officer in the Austro-Hungarian army who is blackmailed into becoming a spy for the Russians. Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). Until Oct 15.

The Pirates of Penzance

Oliver Tobias, Ronald Fraser & Annie Ross head the cast in this vigorous version of the Gilbert-& Sullivan operetta. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc).

The Real Thing

Tom Stoppard's comedy now with Susan Penhaligon, Paul Shelley & Judy Geeson. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc).

The Rivals

Peter Wood's fine revival has Geraldine McEwan as the best Malaprop I can remember, matched by Michael Hordern as Sir Anthony in a joyful appreciation of Sheridan's text. Olivier.

Run For Your Wife

Ray Cooney has written & directed the fastest-moving farce for years in his portrait of a London taxi-driver who maintains two households, each unknown to the other. Now with Eric Sykes, Terry Scott & Anna Dawson. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (836 6596, cc 930 0731).

Singin' in the Rain

Don't compare the stage version with the Gene Kelly film. This is a gentle joy in its own right, with Tommy Steele to take us through the worries of a Hollywood when the screen began to speak. Palladium, Argyl St, W1 (437 7373, cc).

The Sleeping Prince

The Grand Duchess in Terence Rattigan's still durable "occasional fairy tale" is so overwhelming—and so amusing—as acted by Judy Campbell that Omar Sharif & Debbie Arnold as the Prince Regent & his chorus-girl mistress can only seem a trifle laboured by comparison. Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex (0243 781312). Until Oct 1.

Small Change

Though the narrative of life on the east side of Cardiff is not particularly stimulating in Peter Gill's play, there is an understanding performance by James Hazeldine. Cottesloe. Until Sept 10.

Song & Dance

Lulu, in song, & Graham Fletcher, in dance, lead Andrew Lloyd Webber's "concert for the theatre". Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

Steaming

Good-tempered piece by Nell Dunn about the patrons of a municipal Turkish bath united in a hopeless effort to keep the place going. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc). Until Sept 3.

The Time of Your Life

American comedy of the 1930s, with Daniel Massey, John Thaw & Zoë Wanamaker. Howard Davies directs. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.

The Trojan War Will Not Take Place

This, in Christopher Fry's grand translation and Harold Pinter's exact production, is the Giraudoux play in which Trojans & Greeks are powerless to stem the inescapable force of destiny. Staging intelligently performances by Nicola Pagett, Barry Foster & Martin Jarvis. Lyttelton.

Twelfth Night

The second title, *What You Will*, is a perilous invitation to any director; but John Caird never pulls the bitter-sweet comedy out of shape, & among some thoroughly sure Shakespearian playing I shall remember Emrys James's Malvolio. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Woza Albert!

Percy Mtwa & Mbongeni Ngema in two expertly calculated pieces of protean acting that survey troubled South Africa. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565).

Y

A "musical spectacular" that is, in effect, a cabaret-revue. Dull patches aside, it should not be condescendingly undervalued. Arturo Brachetti is good fun. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565).

You Can't Take it With You

American comedy by Kaufmann & Hart about a family who remain cheerfully oblivious of the Depression. Lyttelton. Bargain night Sept 15; all tickets £2 from 8.30am.

Cheap tickets

Half price ticket booth, west side of Leicester Square. Unsold tickets for that day's performances on sale for half price plus 75p service charge. Personal callers only, no cheques or credit cards. Mon-Sat 2.30-6.30pm, matinée days noon-2pm.

CINEMA

GEORGE PERRY



Anthony Perkins returns as Norman Bates: *Psycho II* opens on September 15.

FOR MANY YEARS now the grim-looking American Gothic house built for Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* in 1959 has stood on a knoll on the backlot of Universal, where it has been a tourist landmark for millions of people who have taken the Universal City tour. Filming *Psycho II* in such a busy place would have been difficult, so director Richard Franklin had it moved to a less populous site. But set dresser Jennifer Polito had the most difficult task: she had to comb the junkshops of Los Angeles to retrieve some of the artifacts which decorated the bedroom of Norman Bates's mother. The resulting sequel is an uncanny re-creation of the original.

At last the NFT has Dolby sound and also, thanks to the generosity of Rank, a superb Hi-Beam video projector which can fill the NFT2 screen with television images. Coincidental improvements along the river front outside the theatre include a performance area for clowns, musicians, dancers and a row of excellent bookstalls.

Nick Roddick's excellent *A New Deal in Entertainment* (BFI Publishing, £11.95) tells the 1930s Warner Brothers story and corrects some of the accepted myths. It is a fascinating studio account.

NEW REVIEWS AND PREMIERES

Films selected for review are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact locations & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon, ABC & Classic chains from 200 0200.

Breathless (18)

A re-working of Godard's *A bout de souffle* about a young man on the run after he has killed a policeman. Directed by Jim McBride; with Richard Gere & Valerie Kaprisky. Opens Sept 22.

Come Back to the 5 and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean (18)

When I saw the Robert Altman-directed play on Broadway last year I thought that it was the most cinematic of productions, using an interesting mirror set to separate two strands of events 20 years apart. Oddly, the film has a theatrical air, possibly because it was shot very rapidly, using video techniques & the stage cast (although not the same set). The place is a Woolworth's store in a small Texan town where, in 1955, filmmakers are working near by on James Dean's last film, *Giant*. Five women, who were devoted fans, then reunite 20 years later. One claims to have had Dean's child, another has had a sex-change operation, another's full bust turns out to have been a deception, & so on. The ensemble acting is superb, with Cher, Sandy Dennis & Karen Black particularly good. The play itself is a slight thing by Ed Graczyk, in which a dull,

dusty store stays that way for two decades, & the fates of the characters, who are seen in their former guises behind the mirror, are of little consequence, but Altman smothers it with brilliant technique, & lifts the piece beyond its desserts. Opens Sept 22.

Danton (PG)

Gérard Depardieu plays Danton & Wojciech Pszoniak is Robespierre in Andrzej Wajda's film set during the French Revolution. Opens Sept 15.

The Lords of Discipline (15)

The gifts of British director Franc Roddam are manifold, & there is a fire in his work which overrides shortcomings in the screenplay of his first American film. It is set in a horrific military academy in South Carolina & takes us through the predictable catalogue of cruelty meted out in the name of honour. One senior cadet, played by David Keith, assigned to protect the school's first black entrant, uncovers a secret society that is prepared to drive unsatisfactory students to kill themselves if it will keep the institution pure. How he & his classmates reached the point of graduation before learning of its existence is not explained. Robert Prosky portrays a sympathetic colonel who gives a constant impression of playing both ends against the middle, & G.D. Spradlin the hypocritical commandant of the academy.

Based on a novel by Thomas Conroy who trained at such a place, the film turns, in Roddam's hands, into criticism of American society's authoritarianism & taste for violence. The background of Charleston

in the early 60s is skilfully drawn, all the more so since the academy itself is a composite of Sandhurst & Wellington, the Berkshire public school, who were willing to allow the film-makers access after rejection by every suitable institution in the United States. Opens Sept 8.

The Pirates of Penzance (U)

Screen version of Gilbert & Sullivan's operetta, with Angela Lansbury & Kevin Kline. Opens Sept 1.

Psycho II (15)

It is 22 years later & Norman Bates is home, legally declared sane & ready to resume his place in society, in spite of the petitioning & campaigning of Lila Loomis, the sister of the girl who died so hideously while taking a shower. Both Anthony Perkins & Vera Miles play their old parts, & the Bates Motel stands much as it used to, except that the manager has been running the place down, letting it be used for cheap assignments & drugtaking. Norman fires him & sets about fixing the place up, moving back into his mother's gingerbread-style house which, when the dust sheets have been removed, looks as though it has been preserved by the California Historic Buildings Commission. A kind soul, he offers shelter to a girl who has been having boyfriend trouble; but he is becoming disturbed because someone keeps playing tricks to suggest that his mother is still alive.

Richard Franklin has a Hitchcockian taste &, while this sequel lacks the audacity & surprise of the original, as well as its fluid pacing, he has at least had the perspicacity to realize that, grim as it was, the first *Psycho* was rich in wit & irony. Franklin keeps a sense of humour going in spite of the flash of shiny knives & the horror in the fruit cellar. And echoing his master, Franklin saves the most startling of the shocks until last. Opens Sept 15.

Runners (15)

The fruit of a teaming between writer Stephen Poliakoff & director Charles Sturridge, *Runners* marks the return to the screen, after a 13-year absence, of James Fox. Here he plays a Midlands father whose 11-year-old daughter goes missing for two years, obsessing him to the detriment of his job & his marriage. After joining an organization which brings together parents of lost children, he meets Jane Asher, playing a mother whose son disappeared at around the same time. The two go to London to conduct their search, & have a vague, defensive affair. His wife is resigned & sceptical.

While the problem illustrated is all too common, the film offers few insights for parents in a similar position. The motivation for the girl's running away is insufficiently established. Is it an inability to communicate with her father? A fear of not finding a job on leaving school?

The girl is played by Kate Hardie, who delivers an affecting performance as an alienated teenager. But James Fox is given an awkward role, losing sympathy in his pig-headed obstinacy & failure to do or say the right thing. Although shot in a realistic manner, using genuine locations such as the gloomy Grosvenor Hotel at Victoria, the film has an odd, ethereal quality at times, as though deliberately defying plausibility.

Something Wicked This Way Comes (PG)

There is something immensely daunting about putting Ray Bradbury's stories on the screen. Neither *The Illustrated Man* nor *Fahrenheit 451* really worked, in spite of able direction by Jack Smight & François

Truffaut. Now Jack Clayton has attempted Bradbury's horror fantasy, set in a distant American small town where a carnival arrives in the dead of night & absorbs some of the local eccentrics as its freaks. A satanic carnival owner (Jonathan Pryce making his American film début) does battle with an elderly librarian father (Jason Robards) for the soul of his son. Somehow, Spielberg has spoiled the story already—we know about the thick clouds racing across a night sky, the magnetic draw of bright lights for an imaginative child. Instead of an alien mother ship we have a cluster of carousels whirling to a mournful calliope, its mission transformed from benign investigation of humankind into the snatching of souls for dedication to evil. It is a grim piece, ably done, but the chill of Bradbury's original book has not quite been captured. The unlikely producers are Disney who, while playing down their contribution for obvious reasons, have nevertheless provided a small town suspiciously like their Main Street, USA, at Disneyland. Opens Sept 15.

Staying Alive (PG)

Sylvester Stallone has but one plot in his head yet it has brought him a fortune. Having made *Rocky* three times, in which the hero overcomes his inner difficulties, trains hard & fanatically, then goes out to meet *The Challenger*, this time he has shifted the storyline from the boxing ring to the Broadway musical. Mercifully he does not attempt this time to star in his own film.



Instead the role goes to John Travolta, playing the same character (see above) we met a few years back in *Saturday Night Fever*, where he was the king of a Brooklyn disco. He has moved into Manhattan now, living in a seedy hotel that is almost a flophouse, earning a bare living as a waiter & an instructor in a dance school, & attending every audition he can.

The theory is that he is too good, too individualistic to be submerged in a chorus line, whereas his girl friend, played by Cynthia Rhodes as an able but ordinary dancer, stays employed. At the closing night of a show she is in he meets & becomes infatuated with the rich, spiky star whose arrogance leaves him in the minor league. She is played by the British actress Finola Hughes, who suffers from unappealing characterization. Inevitably he graduates to the lead in her new show & ends up a bigger star than she is, able to return to his first love & strut along Broadway to the title song, the only musical hangover from the first film.

Stallone wrote, directed & incorporated a number of his brother's unmemorable

songs into the film. He lifted the title sequence from Bob Fosse's *All That Jazz* & much else besides, including the unpleasant dance director played by Steve Inwood. The show, which in the film is meant to be a major hit, would, if the lengthy excerpt is any indication, never have made it beyond New Haven. But we are not discussing reality, only Stallone's fairy-tale approach, which for him has worked. This film, too, in spite of palpable flaws, has something—the electric presence of John Travolta who by sheer dynamism overcomes his weak material. Opens Sept 22.

Twilight Zone (15)

Four short stories, each made by a different director: Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, John Landis & George Miller. Opens Sept 1.

We of the Never Never (U)

Another classic Australian tale of a woman's struggle in the outback, filmed with that singular integrity which has distinguished so many films from that country in recent years. Angela Punch McGregor has the plum role of Jeannie Gunn, the wife of a pioneer stockbreeder in Northern Territory country where white women were previously unknown. Her simple account, published in 1908, is a moving story of triumph against dreadful odds & of how she came to love a hard land, even though it made her a widow.

The film was made around the original remote bush area south of Darwin which is still difficult of access, making the logistics formidable. Director Igor Auzins, with his screenwriter Peter Schreck & cinematographer Gary Hansen, were anxious to give the film an authentic atmosphere & refused to consider a more comfortable location. Consequently the landscape is breathtaking in the camera lens, & it is a superb realization of the indomitable woman's story. Tommy Lewis, the Aboriginal actor in *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*, makes a welcome reappearance, & there is an excellent supporting cast playing the stockmen, Chinese cooks & traders, including Arthur Dignam as Aeneas Gunn & Lewis Fitz-Gerald as one of the men on the station. Opens Sept 23. Royal charity première in the presence of Princess Alexandra in aid of the Sir Malcolm Sargent Cancer Fund for Children in Australia. Odeon Kensington, W8. Sept 22.

ALSO SHOWING

Another Time, Another Place (15)

Though overlong, Michael Radford's film is an excellent first feature. Phyllis Logan plays a young married woman living in a remote corner of Scotland during the Second World War, who has an affair with an Italian prisoner-of-war. Magnificent scenery & beautifully modulated performances.

Blue Thunder (15)

In John Badham's film, Roy Scheider plays a Los Angeles cop chosen to evaluate an advanced new military helicopter. To foil the fascist-military takeover plans of a mad colonel, Scheider hijacks the helicopter while his girlfriend (Candy Clark) tries to expose the scheme to a TV reporter.

Flashdance (15)

Adrian Lyne's film has been a huge sleeper hit in the United States. Jennifer Beals plays, with considerable verve, a young female steelworker in Pittsburgh, who transforms herself at night into a dancer. Though a formula piece, it has lively contemporary music & some stylish camerawork.

Frien& Husbands (15)

New film by Margarethe von Trotta, with Hanna Schygulla & Angela Winkler as two women whose friendship puts a strain on their husbands.

The Hunger (18)

Catherine Deneuve plays a humanoid alien being who has survived, eternally youthful, since 4000 BC

& currently lives in 20th-century America. Desperate to prolong the life of her aging English lover (David Bowie), she enlists the aid of Susan Sarandon as a doctor who specializes in rejuvenating techniques.

The King of Comedy (PG)

The versatile Robert de Niro plays an aspirant chat-show comedian who kidnaps a television celebrity (Jerry Lewis) in an attempt to get his break & deliver a monologue before the viewing millions. Martin Scorsese's film is the best comment on the creation of a media ogre since Kazan's *A Face in the Crowd*.

Koyaanisqatsi (U)

Godfrey Reggio's film uses such images as clouds, buildings & people to interpret, with the aid of music, the Indian word meaning "life out of balance".

The Leopard (U)

Re-release of Visconti's film about the family life of an Italian nobleman. With Burt Lancaster, Claudia Cardinale & Alain Delon.

Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence (18)

Nagisa Oshima's film sets out to show that in a prisoner-of-war camp both sides are caught. Tom Conti gives a good performance as a Japanese-speaking British officer, though David Bowie is less successful as an enigmatic new arrival at the camp. Compelling performances from Ryuichi Sakamoto as the camp's commandant, & Beat Takeshi as his sergeant.

Monty Python's The Meaning of Life (18)

Something to offend everyone in a return to the sketch format conducting us briskly in a series of vignettes from birth to death. John Cleese in hilarious form as a public school master teaching the sex act, & a smarmy head waiter.

Octopussy (PG)

Roger Moore has superb control of his material in this, his sixth Bond film; the stunts are as absurd as ever, & Maud Adams & Kristina Wayborn are the obligatory bedmates.

Outsiders (PG)

Rivalry between two gangs in Oklahoma, in a film by Francis Ford Coppola. With Matt Dillon.

Pauline at the Beach (15)

Erich Rohmer's film is a well paced, clearly structured work. Arielle Dombasle plays a divorcee who takes a Normandy holiday with her 15-year-old cousin. There they meet her former lover & a cynical ethnologist & the air becomes ripe with intrigue. Though wordy, the film achieves a fascinating & logical symmetry.

Return of the Jedi (U)

The most spectacular & satisfying of the *Star Wars* saga so far, with all the old favourite characters in a simple fable of good triumphing over evil. A tremendous treat.

Smash Palace (18)

New Zealand film directed by Roger Donaldson, about a racing driver whose wife leaves him, taking their child with her.

The Sting II (PG)

This sequel has little in common with the first film. The period is now 1940; Jackie Gleason & Mac Davies are an amiable pair of tricksters who are joined by Teri Garr to put it across an underworld racketeer (Oliver Reed).

WarGames (PG)

A teenage computer buff (Matthew Broderick) accidentally finds his way into the top secret early warning system &, believing he is merely playing an advanced computer game in his bedroom, starts the countdown to global thermonuclear war. John Badham's thriller was inspired by a real incident in 1980 when a wayward computer put America on full nuclear alert for eight minutes.

The Year of Living Dangerously (PG)

In Peter Weir's new work, Mel Gibson plays an Australian television journalist posted to Jakarta in 1965 where he embarks on an affair with a British Embassy girl (played by Sigourney Weaver). The atmosphere of Indonesia facing civil war works well, but the story keeps switching its point of view, presenting indigestible ambiguities.

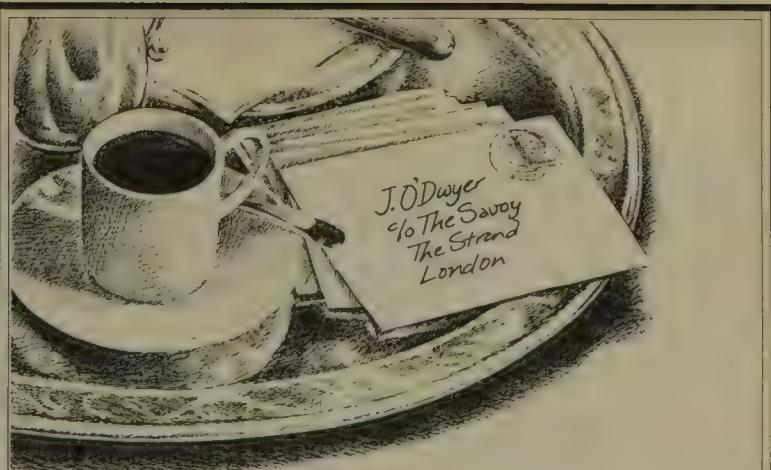
Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition, but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.



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SPORT

FRANK KEATING

TWO FOOTBALL MANAGERS, with club records second to none in Britain, will be under intense scrutiny as the new season gets into its stride. In an effort to halt its recent sad decline, the once proud Manchester City, relegated to the Second Division at the end of last season, has signed the successful Scottish manager, McNeill. His credentials are outstanding. As a player he was the first British captain to receive the European Cup for Celtic. Not the least of his tasks this autumn will be to convince long-suffering City supporters that they should not yet cast envious glances across the city to United's Old Trafford, where the senior club is in a major European competition once more. The other manager under the microscope this month is England's Robson. His first-year honeymoon is over now, and on September 21 at Wembley all England will be expecting... It would be another national calamity if England fails to qualify for the European Nations' Championship finals.

□ Cricket's gala final at Lord's sponsored by the NatWest is on September 3, but the Lord's season continues into the month and includes Middlesex's final Championship match against Northamptonshire (September 7-9). When Brearley, their longtime and inspiring leader, retired in 1982 many thought Middlesex would flounder for a bit, but the new captain, the estimable Gatting, responded with flair and the champions have been front-runners to retain their title all summer.

HIGHLIGHTS

ATHLETICS

Sept 9. International Coca Cola Meeting, Crystal Palace, SE19.

Sept 10, 11. European Cup for combined events: women, Sofia, Bulgaria; men, Montargis, France.

CANOING

Sept 10, 11. National Sprint Championships, Holme Pierrepont, Nottingham.

Sept 24, 25. Premier Slalom, Llangollen, Clwyd.

September is traditionally the month for the canoeists. The sprint Championship on the flat, calm regatta course near Nottingham, will test strength & timing; the thrills & spills are reserved for a fortnight later, when the canoeists brave the Dee rapids in Llangollen's beautiful & dramatic setting.

CRICKET

Sept 3. NatWest Trophy final, Lord's.

Sept 6. ASDA Cricket Challenge final, Scarborough.

(SC) = Schweppes Championship. (JP) = John Player League.

Lord's: Middx v Northants (SC), Sept 7-9.

The Oval: Surrey v Derbyshire (SC), Sept 10, 12, 13; v Derby (JP), Sept 11.

CROQUET

Sept 6-10. President's Cup, Hurlingham, SW6.

Sept 25. Inter Club Championship final, venue to be arranged.

EQUESTRIANISM

Sept 7-11. Burghley Horse Trials, nr Stamford, Lincs.

Sept 16, 17. Taylor Woodrow National Dressage Championships, Goodwood Park, nr Chichester, W Sussex.

Sept 16-18. Famous Grouse Scotch Whisky National Carriage Driving Championships, Windsor, Berks.

Sept 23-25. Osberton Horse Trials, nr Worksop, Notts.

Sept 29-Oct 2. Wyley Horse Trials, Wyley, Wilts.

FOOTBALL

Sept 21. England v Denmark, Wembley Stadium, Middx.

GOLF

Sept 1-4. Panasonic European Open, Sunningdale, Berks.

Sept 20, 21. Ladies' Vagliano Matches, Woodhall Spa, Lincs.

Sept 22-25. Bob Hope British Classic, Moor Park, Rickmansworth, Herts.

Sept 30-Oct 2. English County finals, Ganton, nr Scarborough, N Yorks.

GYMNASIACS

Sept 10, 11. British National Championships, Wembley Arena, Middx.

HORSE RACING

Sept 3. Vernons Sprint Cup, Haydock Park.

Sept 7. Park Hill Stakes, Doncaster.

Sept 8. Doncaster Cup, Doncaster.

Sept 9. Laurent Perrier Champagne Stakes.

Doncaster.

Sept 10. St Leger, Doncaster.

Sept 16. Ladbrokes (Ayr) Gold Cup, Ayr.

Sept 24. Queen Elizabeth II Stakes, Ascot.

Sept 28. William Hill Cheveley Park Stakes, Newmarket.

Sept 29. William Hill Middle Park Stakes, Newmarket.

Sept 30. Sun Chariot Stakes, Newmarket.

ICE SKATING

Sept 26-30. St Ivel International, Richmond Ice Rink, Twickenham, Middx.

Sept 30. St Ivel Ice Gala, Queen's Ice Skating Club, Queensway, W2.

SAILING

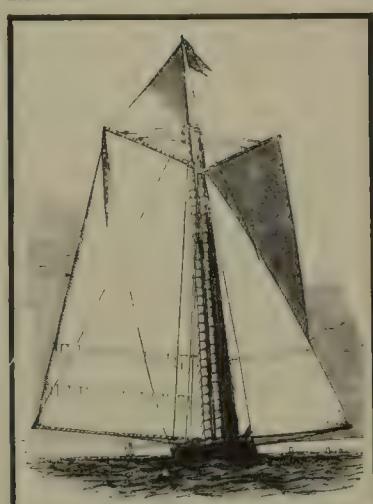


ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES STOKES

The yacht *America* at Cowes: her victory was reported in the ILN, August 30, 1851.

Sept 13-24. America's Cup Challenge, off Newport, Rhode Island, USA.

The climax of the historic & very expensive America's Cup challenge takes place off Rhode Island. All summer crews of various nationalities have been vying intensely to qualify to race against the US holders. The event is named after the yacht *America*, which won the race in 1851 around the Isle of Wight. In 1857 the owners of *America* presented the cup, a ewer-shaped trophy, to the New York Yacht Club. The millionaires from the rest of the world have been trying to win it back ever since.

TENNIS

Sept 17, 18. Silk Cut Inter Club Championship final, Queen's Club, Palliser Rd, W14.

WATERSKIING

Sept 3, 4. Peter Stuyvesant International, Thorpe Park, nr Chertsey, Surrey.

TELEVISION

JOHN HOWKINS

A PROGRAMME on *The Making of London* (ITV) that ends in 1914 says something about the last 70 years that many Londoners might resent. The city has not really stood still, has it? But the 100 years covered by LWT's six-part series, between 1815 and 1914, are probably the most crucial in shaping what we see around us; and how we live. The first programme (September 9) looks at the City and the changing fortunes of the clerk. Programmes on subsequent Fridays look at the social season (with the help of Lady Charlotte Bonham-Carter, born in 1893); the decline of the East End and the rise and fall of suburbia.

□ Historians of espionage speak of Sidney Reilly with special feeling. This White Russian adventurer played a key role in many events at the turn of the century. Without him, it is said, the Japanese fleet could never have invaded Manchuria in the Russia-Japan war; and he "saved" the British fleet in the First World War by getting the plans of the devastating Krupp guns. Finally, he got too ambitious. He wanted to rule Russia; but Lenin proved the stronger. Thames's 12-part series *Reilly—Ace of Spies*, starting on September 5, is exciting "faction", with New Zealander Sam Neill as Reilly and good performances by Leo McKern, Peter Egan, Norman Rodway and Tom Bell.

THE MONTH IN VIEW



Sam Neill as Reilly: See intro.

Sept 11. Winds of War (ITV)

The autumn's blockbuster: this American story about two families in the Second World War caught the imagination of the American audience & attained the second highest ratings ever (after *Roots*). The key characters are Pug Henry, US naval attaché in Berlin in 1939 (played by Robert Mitchum) & a young American girl living in Siena (Ali McGraw).

Sept 11. Terra Hawks (ITV)

Gerry Anderson, who invented the classic story of *Thunderbirds*, is back with a new cartoon series embellished with more technology; including, I am told, characters that actually smile. Now, that's progress.

Sept 12. Youth Trilogy (ITV)

Newspaper reports about the increasing amount of heroin addiction in Britain tend to pass unnoticed. This three-part documentary, screened on Monday, Tuesday & Wednesday, should shock a few people into realizing the extent of the problem, the large sums of money involved, the corruption, & the illness.

Sept 14. Accidental Death of an Anarchist (C4)

A TV version of Dario Fo's scintillating farce about the dubious circumstances surrounding the death of a political activist in a Milan police station. With Gavin Richards, John Surman, Jim Bywater & Gavin Muir.

Sept 15. A Frame with Davis (ITV)

Steve Davis, the world snooker champion, plays & talks about snooker with two guests in each programme of Anglia's new six-week series. This week the guests are Jimmy Greaves & Kenny Lynch; future guests include Willie Carson & Jeffrey Archer.

Sept 21. A Dybbuk for Two People (C4)

Peter Brook's version of the Hebrew classic, screened at the beginning of the Jewish New Year. Bruce Myers plays the 30 "male" characters against the girl possessed by the Dybbuk (Josianne Stolter). *The Times* called the stage performance "chilling & amusing".

Sept 25. Costakis the Collector (C4)

A sort of "retrospective" programme about the Russian art connoisseur who managed to find thousands of pieces (at amazing prices) when, to put it mildly, the Russians did not admire modern art. The programme shows him talking about his life & collection & coincides with the exhibition at the Royal Academy (see p82).

Sept 28. An Evening with Quentin Crisp (C4)

I first saw Quentin Crisp's 90-minute stage show at Bury St Edmunds—and everyone loved it. Crisp, forever famous through John Hurt's portrayal in *The Naked Civil Servant*, talks about his life as a *bon poseur*, & gives some hints on how to cope when one is at odds with the world, sexually & in most other ways.

Sept 30. The Dinosaur Trail (ITV)

Everyone loves a dinosaur (& feels nicely superior to the stupid creatures). This children's series tells how dinosaurs lived, & why they evolved in the wrong direction.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

MARGARET DAVIES

THE WIGMORE HALL reopens on September 3 with a French series which runs until the end of the year. The first concert, to be given by the Songmakers' Almanac, is a song biography of Reynaldo Hahn. Also taking part in the series are the Nash, Koenig and Endymion Ensembles, the Pasquier Trio and the pianist Cécile Ousset.

Starting on September 20, Howard Shelley will play the complete cycle of works for solo piano by Rachmaninov in five concerts, spread over five weeks. On September 11 the Nash Ensemble is embarking on a series of five concerts of Czech chamber music. Each programme will combine one of the masterpieces of the Czech repertoire with less familiar works and will include a work by a young British composer. Nicholas Maw's *Night Thoughts* for solo flute will be played at the first concert. On three successive Wednesdays the violinist Manoug Parikian and the pianist Bernard Roberts are giving three recitals entitled "12 Composers—12 Masterpieces", ranging from Bach and Mozart to Schönberg and Prokofiev.

Subscribers will benefit from discount rates for any of these series.

□ The RPO, who on September 10 and 11 at the Festival Hall play selections from their chart-topping LPs "Hooked on Classics", move to the Barbican on September 24 for the first concert in a Beethoven Festival sponsored by Laskys during which they will play the complete cycle of piano and violin concertos and the symphonies in six concerts spread over four weeks. The conductor will be Sir Charles Groves.

□ The last 17 days of the Proms include an all-night concert of Indian music and visits from the Concertgebouw under Haitink, the Franz Liszt Chamber Orchestra under Rolla and the Israel Philharmonic under Mehta. The BBC Symphony Orchestra, Singers and Symphony Chorus all take part in the last night under the baton of Norman Del Mar.



Howard Shelley: complete cycle of Rachmaninov's piano works at Wigmore Hall.

CONCERT AND RECITAL GUIDE

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212).

89th Season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts:

Sept 1, 7.30pm. London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Abbado; Emanuel Ax, piano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 5 (Emperor); Berlioz, Symphonie fantastique.

Sept 2, 7.30pm. BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Singers, Tiffin School Boys' Choir, conductor Atherton; György Pauk, violin; Philip Langridge, tenor; Claude Mathieu, narrator. Mussorgsky, Night on a Bare Mountain; Prokofiev, Violin Concerto No 1; Stravinsky, Perséphone.

Sept 3, 7.30pm. Concertgebouw Orchestra, conductor Haitink. Mozart, Symphony No 35 (Haffner); Bruckner, Symphony No 9.

Sept 3, 11pm-sunrise. Ram Narayan, sarangi; Brij Narayan, sarod; Hariprasad Chaurasia, flute; Zia Fariduddin Dagar, Ritwik Sanyal, dhrupad singers. Music from India.

Sept 5, 7.30pm. Concertgebouw Orchestra, conductor Haitink. Wagner, Siegfried Idyll; Shostakovich, Symphony No 8.

Sept 6, 7.30pm. London Sinfonietta, conductor Zagrosek; Nona Liddell, violin; Elizabeth Gale, Felicity Palmer, sopranos; Marta Szirmay, contralto; Ian Caley, tenor. Stravinsky, Agon, Mavra (staged); Weill, Concerto for violin & wind instruments. Kleine Dreigroschenmusik.

Sept 7, 7.30pm. BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor Leinsdorf; Heather Harper, soprano; Nobuko Imai, viola. Mozart, Symphony No 39; Berg, Der Wein; Bartók, Viola Concerto; Ravel, La Valse.

Sept 8, 7.30pm. Franz Liszt Chamber Orchestra, director Rolla; Zoltán Kocsis, piano. Bartók, Divertimento; Mozart, Piano Concerto No 12, Serenade in D major K239; Tchaikovsky, Serenade in C major for strings.

Sept 9, 7.30pm. Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conductors Atherton, Williams; György Pauk, violin; Ralph Kirshbaum, cello. Elgar, Cockaigne; Holst, Egdon Heath; Cowie, Concerto for Orchestra; Brahms, Concerto for violin, cello & orchestra. (Pre-Prom talk by Howard Williams. 6.15pm. Victoria Room, Albert Hall.)

Sept 10, 7.30pm. City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, conductor Rattle; Peter Donohoe, piano. Fauré, Pelléas et Mélisande; Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 3; Stravinsky, Petrushka.

Sept 11, 7.30pm. Israel Philharmonic Orchestra,

conductor Mehta; Daniel Barenboim, piano. Berg, Three Pieces for Orchestra Op 6; Schumann, Symphony No 2; Brahms, Piano Concerto No 1.

Sept 12, 7.30pm. Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, BBC Symphony Chorus, Tiffin School Boys' Choir, conductor Mehta; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano. Mahler, Symphony No 3.

Sept 13, 7.30pm. BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, conductor Hurst; John Ogdon, piano. Hindemith, Symphony: Mathis der Maler; Liszt, Piano Concerto No 1; Beethoven, Symphony No 6 (Pastoral).

Sept 14, 7.30pm. BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductors Del Mar, Panufnik; Philip Fowke, piano. Tchaikovsky, Fantasy-overture Hamlet; Panufnik, Sinfonia Voivoda; Chopin, Piano Concerto No 1; Scriabin, Le poème de l'extase. (Pre-Prom talk by Andrzej Panufnik. 6.15pm, Victoria Room.)

Sept 15, 7.30pm. BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestra, conductor Bergel; Janis Vakarelis, piano. Enesco, Prélude à l'unisson et menuet lent; Liszt, Piano Concerto No 2; Rimsky-Korsakov, Sheherazade.

Sept 16, 7.30pm. London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Leitner; Linda Esther Gray, soprano; Cynthia Buchan, mezzo-soprano; Graham Clark, tenor; Gwynne Howell, bass. Haydn, Symphony No 98; Beethoven, Symphony No 9 (Choral).

Sept 17, 7.30pm. BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, BBC Singers, conductor Del Mar; Philip Langridge, tenor. Bax, Overture to a Picaresque Comedy; Elgar, Falstaff; Szymanowski, Symphony No 3; Elgar, Pomp & Circumstance March No 1; Walton, Façade; Wood, Fantasia on British Sea-Songs; Parry/Elgar, Jerusalem.

BARBICAN

Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, CC 638 8891). Sept 5, 7.45pm. Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Wildbrandt; Ralph Wallfisch, cello. Weber, Overture Der Freischütz; Dvořák, Cello Concerto; Beethoven, Symphony No 3 (Eroica).

Sept 6, 7.45pm. Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Paita; Daniel Varsano, piano. Weber, Overture Oberon; Mozart, Piano Concerto No 20; Beethoven, Symphony No 7.

Sept 7, 7.45pm. Philharmonia Orchestra, Choir of King's College School Wimbledon, conductor Joo; Philip Fowke, piano. Beethoven, Overture Leonore No 3; Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No 1;

Mendelssohn, A Midsummer Night's Dream incidental music.

Sept 8, 7.45pm. Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Carl Davis; Erich Gruenberg, violin. Beethoven, Overture Coriolan, Violin Concerto; Bernstein, West Side Story; Davis, themes from *World at War*, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, *Hollywood, Napoleon*.

Sept 11, 8pm. City of London Sinfonia, conductor Friend; Jack Brymer, clarinet; Duke Dohing, Julian Cowards, flutes. Handel, Water Music; Mozart, Clarinet Concerto, Symphony No 40; Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No 4.

Sept 13, 7.30pm. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Litton; Howard Shelley, piano. Mussorgsky, A Night on the Bare Mountain; Rachmaninov, Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini; Schubert, Symphony No 9.

Sept 15, 7.45pm. English Chamber Orchestra, director/violin José-Luis García; Mary Eade, violin. Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No 3, Concerto for two violins; Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik; Vivaldi, The Four Seasons.

Sept 17, 8pm. London Concert Orchestra, Trumpeters from the Band of the Welsh Guards, London Chorale, conductor Dods; Alberto Remedios, tenor; Malcolm Rivers, baritone. Opera gala



Illeana Cotrubas: Barbican, September 18.

night, includes pieces from *The Mastersingers*, Carmen, Aida, Tosca, Nabucco.

Sept 18, 7.30pm. Illeana Cotrubas, soprano; Geoffrey Parsons, piano. Brahms, Songs; Berg, Seven Early Songs; Wolf, 12 Songs from the Italian Songbook.

Sept 20, 7.45pm. London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Hickox; Michael Roll, piano. Brahms, Variations on a theme by Haydn Op 56a; Grieg, Piano Concerto; Vaughan Williams, Symphony No 5.

Sept 22, 1pm. London Concert Orchestra, conductor Dods; Stephen Hough, piano. Mendelssohn, Overture The Hebrides; Symphony No 4 (Italian); Mozart, Piano Concerto No 21.

Sept 24, 8pm. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Groves; Cristina Ortiz, piano. Beethoven, Overture Leonore No 3, Piano Concerto No 4. Symphony No 5.

Sept 25, 7.30pm. Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Hughes; Leland Chen, violin. Rossini, Overture The Barber of Seville; Grieg, Peer Gynt Suite No 1; Bruch, Violin Concerto No 1; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 6 (Pathétique).

Sept 26, 7.45pm. Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Kasprzyk; Christopher Warren-Green, violin. Mozart, Symphony No 29; Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto; Tchaikovsky, Fantasy Overture Romeo & Juliet; Ravel, La Valse.

Sept 29, 1pm. London Concert Orchestra, conductor Dods; David Russell, guitar. Mozart, Overture The Marriage of Figaro, Symphony No 40; Rodrigo, Concierto de Aranjuez.

Sept 29, 7.30pm. Alexandra Choir, Southern Sinfonia; David Hill, conductor & harpsichord; Penelope Warrsley Clark, soprano; Christopher Robson, alto; Gareth Roberts, tenor; Jonathan Best, bass; John Scott, organ & harpsichord. Haydn, Nelson Mass; Bach, Double Harpsichord Concerto; Pergolesi, Magnificat, Salve Regina.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Sept 12, 7.30pm. Musicians of London, conductor Nelson; Susan Drake, harp. Haydn, Symphony No 44 (Trauer); Handel, Harp Concerto in B flat; Debussy, Danse sacrée et profane; Elgar, Serenade for Strings; Mozart, Symphony No 29.

Sept 14, 7.30pm. Ankara Chamber Orchestra, conductor Aykut; Suna Kan, violin. Mozart, Divertimento in D; Erkin, Sinfonietta; Vivaldi, The Four Seasons.

CLASSICAL MUSIC CONTINUED

Sept 20, 7.30pm. **Wren Orchestra of London**, conductor Kasprzyk; John Lill, piano. Mozart, Symphony No 35 (Haffner); Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 4; Schumann, Symphony No 1 (Spring). Sept 22, 1.15pm. **Nancy Rutter, Ingrid Culliford**, flutes. Haydn, W. F. Bach, Telemann, Takemitsu. Sept 22, 7.30pm. **Pro Musica Sacra**, director Turner. Ockeghem, Salve Regina, Intemerata Dei Mater; Josquin, Illibata Dei Virgo; Palestrina, Oratio Jeremie Prophetae; Morales, Missa Mille Regretz.

SOUTH BANK

SE1 (928 3191, cc 6544). (FH = Festival Hall, EH = Queen Elizabeth Hall, PR = Purcell Room)

Sept 2, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Temirkanov; Cristina Ortiz, piano; Barry Griffiths, violin. Smetana, Overture The Bartered Bride; Vaughan Williams, The Lark Ascending; Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 2; Rimsky-Korsakov, Sheherazade. FH.

Sept 18, 7pm: Sept 22, 28, 7.30pm. **Baritone & String Quartet**: Sept 18, **Coull String Quartet**; Ian Caddy, baritone; Jennifer Coulter, piano. Faure, La bonne chanson, String Quartet in E minor; Bliss, String Quartet No 1; Gurney, The Western Playland; Sept 22, **Coull String Quartet**; Ian Caddy, baritone. Barber, Dover Beach; Butterworth, Love Blows as the Wind Blows; Delius, String Quartet; W. Davies, Prospice; Britten, String Quartet No 3; Sept 28, **Locran String Quartet**; Ian Caddy, baritone. Finzi, By Footpath & Stile; Ravel, String Quartet in F; Schoeck, Notturno. PR.

Sept 18, 7.15pm. **Jorge Bolet**, piano. Brahms, Three Intermezzi Op 117, Sonata in F minor Op 5; Rachmaninov, Variations on a theme of Chopin; Liszt, Gondoliera, Tarantella. EH.

Sept 18, 21, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra**, conductor Giulini, Bruckner, Symphony No 8. FH.

Sept 19, 20, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir**, conductor Tennstedt; Linda Esther Gray, soprano; Anne Sofie von Otter, mezzo-soprano; Eberhard Buchner, tenor; Robert Lloyd, bass. Beethoven, Symphonies Nos 8 & 9. FH.

Sept 21, 7.45pm. **The Fires of London**, conductor Cleobury; Brian Rayner Cook, baritone; Jonny James, juggler. Maxwell Davies, The Bairns of Brugh, Runes from a Holy Island. Le jongleur de Notre Dame; Kyr, Maelstrom. EH.

Sept 22, 7.45pm. **Michael Ponti**, piano. Schumann, Presto Passionato in G minor, Sonata in G minor Op 22; Rachmaninov, Sonata No 2; Chopin, Three Mazurkas, Variations on La ci darem la mano; Liszt, Reminiscences de Don Juan. EH.

Sept 23, 7.30pm. **English Chamber Orchestra**, conductor Tate; John Williams, guitar. Wagner, Siegfried Idyll; Rodrigo, Concierto de Aranjuez; Gowers, Stevie, concerto for guitar; Schubert, Symphony No 2. FH.

Sept 24, 7.45pm. **Vivaldi Concertante**, conductor Pilbury; Christopher Warren-Green, violin; Mary Pilbury, oboe. Vivaldi, Oboe Concerto, The Four Seasons; Albinoni, Adagio in G minor for organ & strings; Rossini, Sonata No 3; Pasculli, Oboe Concerto. EH.

Sept 25, 3pm. **John Bingham**, piano. Chopin, The Four Ballades, Fantaisie in F minor; Chopin, Liszt, Six Polish Songs. EH.

Sept 25, 7.15pm. **New Concert Orchestra, London Savoyards' Chorus**; Sandra Dugdale, soprano; Gillian Knight, mezzo-soprano; Terry Jenkins, tenor; Alistair Donkin, Kenneth Sandford, baritones. Gilbert & Sullivan, selections from Savoy operas. EH.

Sept 25, 7.30pm. **London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus**, conductor Abbado; Cécile Licad, piano; Margaret Marshall, soprano; Hermann Prey, baritone. Schumann, Piano Concerto; Brahms, A German Requiem. FH.

Sept 27, 7.30pm. **London Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Tennstedt; Ivo Pogorelich, piano. Mussorgsky/Rimsky-Korsakov, Night on a Bare Mountain; Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No 1; Strauss, Also sprach Zarathustra. FH.

Sept 27, 7.45pm. **Allegri String Quartet**; Patrick Ireland, viola. Mozart, Quintets in C K515, in G minor K516; Haydn, Quartet in F Op 77 No 2. EH.

Sept 28, 5.45pm. **Carlo Curley**, organ. Bach,

Sonata No 6, Toccata & Fugue in D minor; Saint-Saëns, Fantaisie in E flat; Franck, Grande pièce symphonique. FH.

Sept 28, 7.30pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**, conductor Dorati; Salvatore Accardo, violin. Dvořák, Slavonic Dances Op 72 Nos 1, 2 & 7; Beethoven, Violin Concerto; Brahms, Symphony No 4. FH.

Sept 29, 7.30pm. **Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus (section), Choir of King's College School Wimbledon**; conductor Tilson Thomas; Linda Finnie, mezzo-soprano. Mahler, Symphony No 3. FH.

Sept 29, 7.45pm. **London Vivaldi Orchestra**; Monica Huggett, violin; Crispian Steele-Perkins, Stephen Keay, trumpets; Richard Harvey, recorder. Vivaldi, Concerto alla rustica for strings. Recorder Concerto in F, Concerto in E Op 8 No 5, Concerto in C for two trumpets; Bonporti, Violin Concerto in F; Scarlatti, Sinfonia di Concerto Grosso for recorder & trumpet; Sammartini, Concerto in F for descant recorder. EH.

Sept 30, 7.30pm. **Maurizio Pollini**, piano. Beethoven, 33 Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli; Schubert, Fantasia in C (Wanderer). FH.

Sept 30, 7.30pm. **Lontano**, conductor de la Martinez, Messiaen, Thème et variations, Le merle noir; Powers, Another Side of the Island; Webern/Schönberg, Kammermusik. PR.

Sept 30, 7.45pm. **New Mozart Orchestra**, conductor Fairbairn; Ian Cuthill, bassoon. Mozart, Symphony No 16, Divertimento in D K136; Vivaldi, Bassoon Concerto; Pachelbel, Canon & Gigue; Handel, Water Music Suite No 1. EH.

WIGMORE HALL

Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141).

Sept 3, 7.30pm. **Songmakers' Almanac**; Patricia Rozario, soprano; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Martyn Hill, tenors; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, piano. If My Verses Had Wings: song biography of Reynaldo Hahn & his circle. Fauré, Saint-Saëns, Messager, Hahn, songs.

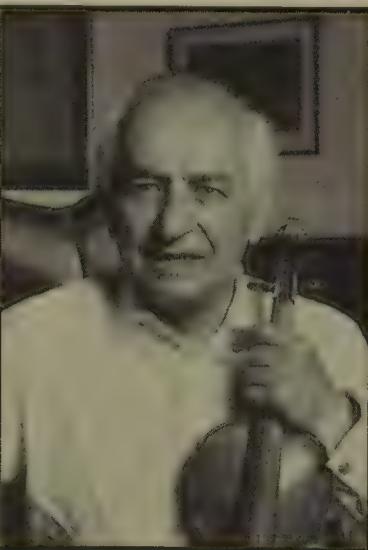
Sept 4, 11.30pm. **Nash Ensemble**, Messiaen, Quartet for the End of Time.

Sept 8, 7.30pm. **Kathryn Stott**, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in C minor Op 13; Rachmaninov, Variations on a theme by Corelli Op 42; Debussy, Pour le piano; Franck, Prélude, Choral et Fugue; Albéniz, Evocation; Granados, Los requiebros, The maiden & the nightingale.

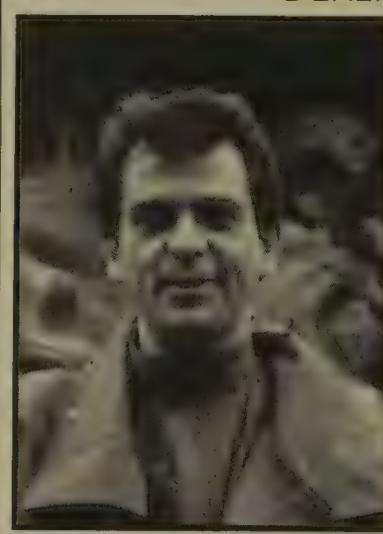
Sept 10, 7.30pm. **Zoltán Kocsis**, piano. Wagner/Kocsis, Flowermaiden scene from Parsifal; Debussy, Images oubliées, 1894, Estampes; Brahms, Sonata in F minor Op 5.

Sept 11, 11.30am. **Koenig Ensemble**; Judith Hall, flute; Gustav Clarkson, viola; Frances Kelly, harp; Jan Latham-Koenig, piano. Hahn, Soliloque et Forlane; Satie, Trois gymnopédies, Embryons desséchés; Poulenc, Flute Sonata; Debussy, Sonata for flute, viola & harp.

Sept 11, 7.30pm. **Nash Ensemble**; Jill Gomez, soprano. Fibich, Piano Trio in F minor; Maw, Night Thoughts for solo flute; Dvořák, Four Folk Songs Op 73; Piano Quintet in A Op 81; Foerster,



Manoug Parikian: Wigmore, September 14.



Peter Gabriel: at Hammersmith & on tour.

The popular music club and concert roster has some notable highlights this month. At the head of it all, for those who enjoy their rock with a touch of wit, intelligence and social observation, is the first British tour in three years for the Charterhouse alumnus and Genesis refugee **Peter Gabriel**.

"Games Without Frontiers", the sombre "Biko" (after the black South African symbol), "Not One Of Us" and many other songs have become his classics, and doubtless they will be heard as he scoots from St Austell to Edinburgh between September 4 and 18. London gets its three-day share at the Hammersmith Odeon (748 4081) from September 7 to 9.

Tom Jones is reappearing, too, after long absence from his homeland, at the Albert Hall (589 8212) on September 26 & 27. How durable he has proved.

There is also news of **The Police**, whose latest album, "Synchronicity" (A and M) was recently at No 1 in the charts. Their single, "Every Breath You Take", is in the same position in the American charts. They now plan to tour at small club venues. Apparently they want to have some fun and will solve the obvious problems by appearing without much publicity, probably under a pseudonym. Sadly, as we go to press, I have no inside information—but keep your ears and eyes open.

Culture Club will be touring from September 24 (Brighton), the closest they will be to London, except for the Oxford Apollo (September 26). Some advance notice for you: **Elvis Costello and the Attractions** will be out on the road in October. Their dates include the Hammersmith Palais (October 17), Streatham Cat's

Three Songs Op 85.

Sept 14, 21, 28, 7.30pm. **Manoug Parikian**, violin; **Bernard Roberts**, piano. 12 Masterpieces by 12 composers: Sept 14, Bach, Sonata in B minor BWV1014; Stravinsky, Duo Concertant; Rawsthorne, Sonata; Franck, Sonata in A; Sept 21, Mozart, Sonata in A K526; Prokofiev, Sonata in F minor Op 80; Schönberg, Phantasy Op 47; Schubert, Fantasy in C D934; Sept 28, Beethoven, Sonata in G Op 96; Brahms, Sonata in D minor Op 108; Bartók, Sonata No 2; Debussy, Sonata (1917).

Sept 15, 7.30pm. **Brigitte Fassbaender**, mezzo-soprano; **Irwin Gage**, piano. Mahler, Songs from Des Knaben Wunderhorn & Songs of Youth, Two Rückert Lieder, Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen; Milhaud, Chansons de Négresse; Liszt, Oh! quand j' dors, Ihr Glocken von Marling.

Sept 17, 7.30pm. **Pasquier Trio**; Jean-Philippe Collard, piano. Fauré, Piano Quartets Nos 1 & 2; Ravel, Sonata for Violin & Cello; Roussel, String

POPULAR MUSIC

DEREK JEWELL

Whiskers (October 18) and Tottenham Mayfair (October 19). It will be standing room only.

No such problem with the jazzmen and women who will be arriving this month. Ronnie Scott's Club (439 0747) has its usual share: the alto and tenor saxist **George Coleman**, once with Miles Davis, from August 29 to September 9; then drummer **Elvin Jones** with his quintet (alias The Jazz Machine, September 12-24); and, to round off the month, singer-pianist **Shirley Horn** (September 26-October 8).

The Canteen (405 6598) is to be relaunched this month as Canteen II, still having major jazz, but concentrated in the popular Thursday to Saturday nights. From Monday to Wednesday they will try to appeal to a wider audience by holding nostalgic, Roaring Twenties nights and so on. Precise news of acts and dates is hard to come by.

Among other jazz, cornetist **Wild Bill Davison** is fronting his "75th Anniversary Band" on tour, including Jake Hanna on drums—at Southampton (September 28) and, it is rumoured, at The Canteen next month (October 5-8)—while trumpet-flügelhorn master **Art Farmer** is over from America and on the road this month.

A good new album is Andrew Powell's "The Best of the Alan Parsons Project" (EMI), which he has arranged, conducted and produced with the Philharmonia Orchestra. He is a bright lad—producer of, among other things, the earlier (and better) Kate Bush records—and he has made a superlative job of this symphonic rock venture.

Similarly, Mike Oldfield will delight his followers with "Crises", (Virgin), with notable contributions from Jon Anderson, once of Yes, and the ex-Family leader, Roger Chapman. Is it really eight years and almost 20 million albums since "Tubular Bells" and "Hergest Ridge" made history by being the only albums from any artist ever to be simultaneously at No 1 and No 2 in the UK charts? Jon Anderson, too, has a delightful album out in company with Van-gelis ("Private Collection", Polydor).

Honourable mentions also for Miles Davis's "Star People" (CBS), the great trumpeter in relaxed modern mood; for the scintillating flamenco-jazz-rock of John McLaughlin, Al Di Meola and Paco de Lucia on "Passion, Grace and Fire" (Philips), whose title sums up the music perfectly; for Electric Light Orchestra's "Secret Messages" (Jet); for Tony Banks's brave "The Fugitive" (Charisma), and finally for a marvellous Mel Tormé reissue, "That's All" (CBS), which costs only £2.99.

Trio.

Sept 18, 11.30am. **Coull String Quartet**; David Smith, cello, Mozart, Quartet in G K156; Schubert, String Quintet in C D956.

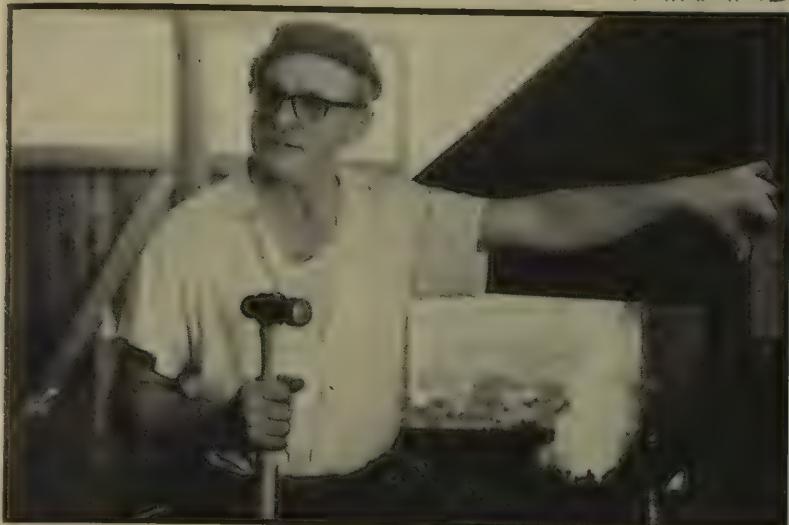
Sept 20, 27, 7.30pm. **Howard Shelley**, piano. Sept 20, Rachmaninov, Five Morceaux de Fantaisie Op 3, Eight Etudes-tableaux Op 33, Fragments (1917), Variations on a theme of Chopin; Sept 27, Preludes in F (1891), in D minor (1917), Sonata No 1, Six moments musicaux Op 16.

Sept 24, 7.30pm. **Cécile Ousset**, piano. Mozart, Sonata in C K330; Liszt, Paganini Studies Nos 3-5; Ravel, Miroirs: Noctuelles, Oiseaux tristes, Une barque sur l'océan, Alborada del gracioso, La vallée des cloches; Saint-Saëns, Allegro appassionato.

Sept 25, 7.30pm. **Timothy West**, reader; **Meriel Dickinson**, mezzo-soprano; **Peter Dickinson**, piano. Lord Berners, a centenary tribute: music & readings from the works of Lord Berners (1883-1950).

LONDON MISCELLANY

MIRANDA MADGE



Blacksmith Ron Carter at work: British Craft Show September 15 to 18.

THE CAPABILITY BROWN LANDSCAPE of Syon Park is the setting for one of the liveliest of all the craft shows. From September 15 to 18 you can watch craftsmen dressing flies for anglers, making early instruments such as the hammered dulcimer, constructing dry stone walls or bending cricket bat willow and sweet chestnut to form Sussex trugs. Look out for Theo Fossel, who carves elegant sticks and crooks from unusual woods including rhododendron and elder, and for blacksmith Ron Carter. The British Craft Show is open 10am to 6pm, admission £2, OAPs and children £1. Also at Syon are the London Butterfly House, the BL Heritage Motor Museum, a garden centre and Syon House itself, which has sumptuous Adam décor.

□ Two grey-haired, weather-beaten brothers sit just below Richmond Bridge and will hire you an old, stately skiff for £1 an hour for each person, Sundays after noon £1.25, children half price. It is particularly soothing to survey Richmond from the water and to row round the wooded islands of the Thames with their communities of swans. Weather permitting the Thames Skiff Hire operates daily 9am-6pm until the end of the month.

□ Avid Christmas shoppers can send for Liberty's new catalogue, available from September 1. It costs £1, post free, and you can order most of the items shown by mail. For those visiting the store royal tea is being served in the restaurant from September 15 to 29. Recipes come from The Royal Cookery Book by Mrs McKee who was cook for the Queen (then Princess Elizabeth) and the Queen Mother from 1951 to 56. The book includes anecdotes about royal domestic life and is published by Arlington Books on September 15, price £12.95.

EVENTS

Until Sept 10. **World Music Village**. Musicians from Bali, Nigeria, Serbia, Japan, Rajasthan, Northumbria etc converge on the Commonwealth Institute & Holland Park for a season of concerts, films, lectures & demonstrations. On Sept 4 folk musicians provide entertainment on a boat which leaves from Tower Pier at 6pm & chugs its way (tides permitting) to the Thames Barrier. Tickets £4, children £1.50 bookable from 836 6226. Full information about the Village from the Press Office, Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St, W8 (602 0702).

Sept 3. 3pm. **Cromwell's Day Service**. An address, hymns & rendition of the last post in honour of the 17th-century Puritan leader. Cromwell's statue, outside Westminster Hall, SW1.

Sept 6, 7. **City of London Flower Show**. See home-grown damsons, quinces, grapes, figs, dahlias, gladioli & sweet corn in the heart of the City. Also flower arrangements, honey, home-made bread, cakes & wine. Guildhall, EC2. Sept 6, noon-7pm, Sept 7, 9am-4pm. 50p.

Sept 7, 8, 30, 6pm. **Players**. A tribute by Harold Pinter to his friends Anew McMaster, the last of the great actor managers, & Arthur Wellard, a renowned cricketer. Performed by Edward de Souza, Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank.

SE1 (928 2252). £1.50.

Sept 10. **Thamesday**. The annual GLC fair on the South Bank is usually crammed with people jostling to see crafts stalls, ride on the big wheel & watch the barge races & water skiing which take place on the river. At 8.30pm there is firework display between Westminster & Waterloo Bridges.

Sept 13-24. **57th Chelsea Antiques Fair**. 40 stands offering items made before 1830—the date line is stretched to 1875 for carpets & jewelry. Novelist Mary Lutyens has lent her collection of Edwardian pig fairings for exhibition. Chelsea Old Town Hall, King's Rd, SW3. Mon-Sat 11am-7.30pm, Sept 24 until 6.30pm. £1.50 including catalogue.

Sept 16, 27, 29, 6pm. **Let's Have Another Cup O' Coffee**. A compilation of the sayings of George S. Kaufman & Moss Hart. With songs by Gershwin, Cole Porter & Irving Berlin. Cottesloe, National Theatre. £1.50.

Sept 17-25. **The Great Home Entertainment Spectacular**. A chance to try out the latest electronic games & gadgets: everything from home computers to cordless telephones to robots. Olympia, W14. 11.30am-9pm (Sept 19, 5-9pm only). £3, children under 12 £2.

Sept 24-30, 10am-7pm. **Greater London Craft &**

Design Fair. A vast array of crafts by professionals, amateurs & college leavers. Kensington Town Hall, Hornton St, W8. £1, OAPs & children 50p.

Sept 24, 10am-8.30pm. **Nicholas Nickleby**, as dramatized by the RSC & filmed by Primetime Television. National Film Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 3232). £7.

Sept 25, 10am-4.30pm. **Sunday Times National Fun Run**. Classes for all ages, male & female, from the under-10s to the over-70s, with the mass jog for everyone at 4.30pm. Closing date for entries is Sept 2, application forms from National Fun Run, PO Box 2014, SE1 with sae. Hyde Park, W1. Sept 25, 2-5pm. **Gardens open** in The Grove, Highgate, N6. No 7, where there is a ½ acre garden designed for maximum all-year interest & minimum upkeep; No 5, a newly designed garden on two levels. Combined charge 50p, children 25p.

Sept 26, 7.45pm. **That Certain Spring**. Songs, sounds & pictures depicting the changing moods of the English countryside, presented by Hazel Andrea. Music by Purcell, Elgar & Quilter; poetry by Hardy, Betjeman & others. Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 6544). £2-£4.

Sept 27, 7.30pm. **Alan Brownjohn** reads his own poetry. Poetry Society, 21 Earls Court Sq, SW5 (373 7861). £1.80, students & unemployed £1.

FOR CHILDREN

Sept 3-end of Nov. **Perils & Calamities**. This new season of films for children puts the spotlight on heroines. Each programme is at 4pm & includes an episode from *Perils of Nyoka* with Kay Aldridge as the Jungle Girl; Sept 3, 4, *The Perils of Pauline*. Betty Hutton plays Pearl White, a film star of the 1910s; Sept 11, *Exit Smiling*. Beatrice Lillie in a silent comedy of 1926 about a down-at-heel repertory company. With organ accompaniment; Sept 17, 18, *Calamity Jane*. Musical Western with Doris Day & Howard Keel; Sept 25, *Bringing Up Baby*. 1938 comedy with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant & a leopard sharing domestic life. National Film Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 3232). £2.20, children £1.10. Includes free programme notes, a folder to keep them in, a badge & a poster to colour.

Sept 10. **Start of the autumn season at the Little Angel Marionette Theatre**: Sept 10, 11, 17, 18; Sat 11am & 3pm, Sun 3pm. *The Giant's Hairs*, presented by Paul Hansard. Sept 24 until the end of October; Sat & Sun 3pm. *Rapunzel*, performed by the resident company. 14 Dagmar Passage, Cross St, N1 (226 1787).

Sept 19-Oct 15. **Cadbury's National Exhibition of Children's Art**. The whole gamut from a butterfly on wheels by Anne-Marie McConnon aged 3 years 10 months to a sombre scene of the north-east coast etched on copper by John Close, aged 17, one of the six children to win a place on the Italian art tour. Poetry is included for the first time this year & a selection is published by Hamlyn Beaver Books. The Mall Galleries, The Mall, SW1. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

Sept 20-24. **The Snatch: or the cruel engineer**. A Molecule Club melodrama featuring basic mechanics. Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568). Sept 20, 2pm; Sept 21-23, 10.30am & 2pm; Sept 24, 11am. £1.

Sept 24-Oct 9, Sat & Sun 2.30pm. **If Only . . .** A play for deaf & hearing children taking a humorous look at an actor's dreams. Unicorn Theatre, Gt Newport St, WC2 (836 3334). £1.60. Suitable for children aged 5-7, 6½-9 if they have hearing difficulties.

LECTURES

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Sept 2, 1pm. **Paintings of London**, Gerry Lord. Sept 4-25, 3pm. **Lectures by Lawrence Bradbury** in connexion with the exhibition of New Art: Sept 4, **Contemporary inheritance**; Sept 11, **Contemporary British art**; Sept 18, **Contemporary European art**; Sept 25, **Contemporary American art**.

Sept 27, 1pm. **Turner & the Thames**, Menna Wynn-Jones.

Films. Also to complement New Art, a selection of films reflecting recent cultural trends. These include: Sept 14, 6.30pm. *Lola*; Sept 15, 6.30pm.

Ludwig: Requiem for A Virgin King; Sept 16, 2.30pm. **The German Sisters**; Sept 21, 6.30pm. **The Tin Drum**; Sept 30, 2.30pm. **La Città delle Donne**. Admission free; use Atterbury St entrance for evening films.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Sept 3-28. **A series devoted to textiles & dress**: Tues, Wed & Sat at noon & 3pm. Some of the most interesting are: Sept 7, noon. **Japanese costume**, Verity Wilson; Sept 13, noon. **Development of lace—16th-20th centuries**, Pat Earnshaw; Sept 17, 3pm. **20th-century dress**, Frances Musker; Sept 28, noon. **The Devonshire hunting tapestries**, Rosemary Lambert.

Sept 4-25, 3.30pm. **A series in connexion with the exhibition of Tudor miniatures** (see p82) given by distinguished writers & scholars; Sept 4, **Elizabethan feasts & feasts**, Maggie Black; Sept 11, **Elizabethan tomb sculpture**, John Buxton; Sept 18, **The new Elizabethans**, A. S. Byatt; Sept 25, **Art & iconoclasm in Tudor & Stuart England**, Keith Thomas.

SALE ROOMS

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month.

BONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Sept 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 11am. **European oil paintings** (includes watercolours on Sept 8 & 22).

Sept 8, 2pm. **English & Continental furniture**.

Sept 13, 27, 11am. **Silver & plate**.

Sept 15, 2pm. **Oriental rugs & carpets**.

Sept 21, 11am. **Prints & books**.

Sept 22, 11am. **Blue-&-white transfer printed earthenware**.

Sept 23, 11am. **Clocks, watches, barometers & scientific instruments**.

Sept 30, 11am. **European ceramics & works of art**.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, SW1 (839 9060).

Sept 21, 11am. **Modern guns**.

Sept 22, 11am. **Wine**.

Sept 28, 11am. **Jewels**.

At Luttrellstown Castle, Clonsilla, Co Dublin: Sept 26-28. **French furniture**, including Louis XV chairs commissioned for the Château Maintenon & a commode from the king's bedroom at Fontainebleau.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).

Sept 2, 2pm. **Postcards, cigarette cards & printed ephemera**, including a collection of First World War recruiting papers.

Sept 12, 6pm. **End of bin & wines for everyday drinking**.

Sept 13, 2pm. **Costume & textiles**.

Sept 15, 2pm. **Mechanical music**.

Sept 16, 2pm. **Dolls**.

Sept 22, 2pm. **Toys, trains & games**, including a pair of clockwork racing sculls 14½ inches long, each with eight oarsmen & cox.

Sept 27, 2pm. **Motoring art & literature**.

Sept 29, 2pm. **Scientific instruments, domestic & other machines**.

Sept 30, 2pm. **Art Nouveau & Art Deco**.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, New Bond St, W1 (629 6602).

Sept 7, noon. **Lead soldiers & figures**.

Sept 22, 23, 11am. **The Harold Fisher Collection of 19th-century Great Britain stamps**.

Sept 28, 11am. **English & Continental ceramics & glass**.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Sept 1, 10.30am. **Rock & Roll memorabilia**, including John Lennon's handwritten lyrics for *Imagine*, estimated at £6,000-£8,000, original Lennon drawings, a design for the first Beatles suit, & material relating to Hendrix, Presley, The Who, & the Rolling Stones.

Sept 6, 6pm. **Contemporary dolls' houses**. Over 60 houses made by architects from all over the world, in a wide range of styles. Estimates range from £50 to £1,000.

Sept 15, 2.30pm. **Icons**. 16th-century Cretan icons depicting the death of St Ephrem are estimated at £8,000-£12,000; others include the Glykophilousa Mother of God & the Hodegetria Mother of God. Sept 28, 10am & 2.30pm. **Fine & rare wines**, spirits, vintage port, cigars & collectors' items.



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Detail from *Henry Green (the Hon Henry Yorke): Matthew Smith at the Barbican*.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY from September 17, there is a selection from the extraordinary collection of Russian *avant-garde* art, 1910-30, formed by George Costakis. Costakis was born in Moscow of Greek parentage and spent most of his career working for the Canadian Embassy in that city. After the Second World War he began to bring together a vast collection of Russian *avant-garde* art, until then neglected and suppressed. In 1977 he decided to emigrate—and presented the major portion of his collection to the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow. What he took with him includes massive groups of work by artists and indeed whole movements which are still scarcely known here in the West.

□ Michael Leonard, one of the most gifted of contemporary English figure painters, has a one-man show at Fischer Fine Art at the end of the month. There are portraits, paintings of scaffolders and male nudes. The drawings include a notable series which the artist describes as Transpositions—portraits of contemporaries as the great artists of the past might have seen them. Included are Sir Roy Strong (as an Ingres), John Russell Taylor, art-critic of *The Times* (as a Samuel Cooper miniature), and a fellow-painter of Leonard's, R. B. Kitaj (as an American Civil War general, photographed by Mathew Brady).

□ Sir Roy Strong's dazzling Artists of the Tudor Court: The Portrait Miniature at the V&A is one of a select handful of exhibitions which deserves to be described as a revelation. The show tends to knock Hilliard's reputation and exalt Isaac Oliver's. It would be difficult to better the display—simple, sensible and eloquent. (Details on p84.)

□ Opening at the Tate on September 14 is a show to bewilder, fascinate and perhaps horrify. Demurely entitled New Art at the Tate Gallery, it promises an unprejudiced survey of *avant-garde* activity in the last five years—that is, from the period when Conceptual Art ceased to be hot news. The Tate claim they "have tried to represent diversity by diversity", but recent purchasing policy indicates that we may probably expect a good dose of the ultra-fashionable Neo-Expressionism which has swept the board in Germany and in America, and which received its first airing here in the RA's A New Spirit in Painting at the end of 1981.

□ The long-awaited retrospective of work by Sir Matthew Smith opens at the Barbican Art Gallery. It contains about 90 works and is centred on the Corporation of London's own collection. Matthew Smith is one of the few British artists who was primarily a colourist. His work shows heavy debts to the Ecole de Paris, particularly to Matisse and to Bonnard.

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GALLERY GUIDE

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141). Tues-Sat 11am-7pm. Sun noon-6pm. *That's Shell—That Is*. Original artwork for posters, advertisements & postcards commissioned by Shell from artists including Sutherland, Paul Nash, Rex Whistler & others. **Peter Phillips Retrospective.** Retrospective is an apt description for these sleekly accomplished paintings which somehow seem stuck fast in the aesthetic climate of two decades ago. Both until Sept 4. £1.50, OAPs, students, unemployed, disabled & children 70p. **Sir Matthew Smith** (see intro). Sept 28-Oct 30. £1.50 & 70p.

BROWSE & DARBY

19 Cork St, W1 (734 7984). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm. **Sir Matthew Smith**, an exhibition to complement the major show at the Barbican. Sept 21-Oct 22.

BUSINESS ART GALLERIES

Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1 (734 1448). Tues-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm. **Derek Mynott**. Oils, watercolours, drawings, pastels & lithographs including many views of London, Venice & Paris. Sept 22-Oct 8.

FINE ART SOCIETY

148 New Bond St, W1 (629 5116). Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **The New Sculpture**. A survey of late-Victorian sculpture which reflects the influence of Rodin. Sept 15-Oct 14.

FISCHER FINE ART

30 King St, SW1 (839 3942). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm. **Michael Leonard** (see intro). Sept 29-Oct 21.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144). Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun noon-6pm. **Sculpture '83: changing shape**. Three of the sculptors—Richard Harris, John Maine & Anne Nicholson—are at work on the South Bank during the exhibition. Until Oct 9.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Manet**. An exhibition to mark the centenary of the artist's death. Until Oct 9.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

Romney Rd, SE10 (858 4422). Tues-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. **On Many Waters**. A fine selection of maritime watercolours, ranging in date from 1650 to 1950, & including work by the Vari de Veldes, Thomas Rowlandson, William Alexander, Edward Lear & other British specialists in marine painting. Until Nov.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552). Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Harry Furniss 1854-1925**: confessions of a caricaturist. 50 examples of the work of this former *ILN* special artist & political cartoonist. Until Sept 25.

NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (633 0880). Mon-Sat 10am-11pm. **Cartoons from the New Yorker magazine**. Sept 19-Oct 26.

QUEEN'S GALLERY

Buckingham Palace, SW1 (930 4832). Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Kings & Queens**. Paintings, drawings, miniatures, sculpture & portrait medallions from the Royal Collection. Until 1984. £1, OAPs, students & children 40p.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). Daily 10am-6pm. **Tristan Hillier RA**. A retrospective offering a chance to reassess a painter whose craftsmanship was beyond question, & whose work distils a strange sense of tension & unease. Until Sept 18. £1.20, OAPs, students, children & everybody up to 1.45pm on Sunday 80p. **The George Costakis Collection** (see intro). Sept 17-Nov 13. £2, OAPs & students £1.40, children 70p.

SERPENTINE GALLERY

Kensington Gdns, W2 (402 6075). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat & Sun 10am-7pm. **Sculpture '83: changing shape**. New work in & around the gallery. Until Oct 9.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **New Art at the Tate Gallery** (see intro). Sept 14-Oct 23.

THUMB GALLERY

20/21 D'Arblay St, W1 (434 2931). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sat 11am-4pm. **Rod**

JUDKINS. First one-man show by an extremely gifted young artist who graduated this year from the Illustration School of the Royal College of Art. The images are memorable, full of disturbing melancholy. Sept 13-30.

NICHOLAS TREADWELL.

36 Chiltern St, W1 (935 6739). Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **Graham Dean.** A show called Stages—shrewdly observed comments on the pleasures & pains of growing up in the artist's native Birkenhead, and a short film called *Any Special Peculiarities*, a tongue-in-cheek examination of our attitudes towards stereotypes. Sept 12-Oct 8.

WARWICK ARTS TRUST

33 Warwick Sq, SW1 (834 7856). Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. **Contemporary painting.** a mixed exhibition organized in association with the Contemporary Art Society. Sept 28-Oct 29.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107). Sun-Fri 11am-5.50pm. **Georg Baselitz, 1960-83.** The Whitechapel's last show before its long closure for refurbishment is a retrospective devoted to this leading German Neo-Expressionist celebrated chiefly because all his work since 1969 is painted upside down—and shown that way. Sept 7-Oct 30.

Out of town

BIRMINGHAM MUSEUM & ART GALLERY

Chamberlain Sq, Birmingham (021-235 2834). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **David Cox 1783-1859: a bicentenary exhibition.** Oils, watercolours & engravings by this landscape artist who was born in Birmingham. Until Oct 14.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

30 Pembroke St, Oxford (0865 722 733). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Paul Klee.** A substantial selection of work from the collection of the artist's son, Felix Klee, which charts the full range of Klee's development. **Julio González.** The first major show of González's work to be held in Britain since the Tate retrospective of 1970; & the first major show here of his drawings, which shed a revealing light on the whole of his œuvre. **Tolly Cobbold Eastern Arts Fourth National Exhibition. Homage to Joan Miró.** All until Sept 18.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND
The Mound, Edinburgh (031-556 8921). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Robert Scott Lauder's Master Class—McTaggart, Orchardson, Pettie & their Edinburgh contemporaries.** Work by some of the Scottish artists of the second half of the 19th century, all trained by Lauder. Until Oct 2.

CRAFTS

BRITISH CRAFTS CENTRE

43 Earlham St, WC2 (836 6993). Tues-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-4pm. **Lustreware.** Ceramics with lustre glazes. Until Sept 10. **Rugs & Throws.** An exhibition to show the scope & variety of contemporary rug-making with work by Ann Sutton, Peter Collingwood, Lesley Millar & others. Sept 2-Oct 8. **Wood.** Everything from kitchen utensils to jewelry. Sept 23-Oct 29.

CRAFTS COUNCIL

12 Waterloo Pl, Lower Regent St, SW1 (930 4811). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **A Closer Look at Lettering, Rugs & Wood.** A group of exhibitions which show the work behind a finished object—drawings, models, sources of inspiration—and relate workshop products to those of the factory. Sept 7-Oct 30.

KATHARINE HOUSE GALLERY

The Parade, Marlborough, Wilts (0672 54397). **Colin Reid,** glass boxes & perfume vessels; **Anthony Stern,** bowls & vases of blown glass with swirls of colour; **Penny Fowler,** bone china, often carved & inlaid with coloured slips; **Nicole Johns,** porcelain pinched into flower-shaped dishes; **Vivian Pare,** jewelry; **Sarah van Niekerk,** wood engravings commissioned to illustrate a book of extracts from *Kilvert's Diary* published this month. Sept 4-Oct 8.

OXFORD GALLERY

23 High St, Oxford (0865 42731). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. **Theo Moorman,** hangings; **Nicholas Homoky,** ceramics; **Nick Andrew,** pastels; **Pauline Fowler,** ceramic legendary animals. Sept 19-Oct 19.

PHOTOGRAPHY

HAMILTON'S

13 Carlos Pl, W1 (499 9493). Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs until 8pm. **Norman Parkinson.** 20 new photographs & 40 from the collection *Life-work*, published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson on Sept 1. Until Sept 3.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' GALLERY

5 & 8 Gt Newport St, WC2 (240 5511). Tues-Sat 11am-7pm. **Cornel Lucas.** A retrospective of this photographer who began his career taking portraits of film actors in the 1940s. Sept 2-Oct 8. **British Polaroid Open Exhibition.** An attempt to assess the use of instant photography includes work by Andy Warhol, Ansel Adams & Walker Evans. Sept 9-Oct 15.

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BRIEFING

MUSEUMS

KENNETH HUDSON

THERE ARE several out-of-the-mainstream attractions this month which I can confidently recommend. Watford, always enterprising, tells us about Sir Hubert von Herkomer's Art School at Bushey, which this local celebrity ran from 1883 to 1904. At the People's Palace in Glasgow there is an excellent bicentenary exhibition to pay tribute to the *Glasgow Herald*. Brighton Museum commemorates one of Britain's greatest trains, the *Brighton Belle*, which came into service 50 years ago and is, alas, no more.

MUSEUM GUIDE

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 2415). Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Penny Dreadfuls & Comics.** The exhibition revives memories of *The Boy's Own Paper*, *Gem*, *Magnet*, *Tiny Tots*, *Beano* & less respectable & more lurid publications. Until Oct 2.

BOILERHOUSE PROJECT

V & A, Cromwell Rd, SW7 (581 5273). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2.50-5pm. **Taste.** An ambitious attempt to analyse best-selling products in the context of the history of taste & contrast them with less popular, more consciously designed objects. Sept 14-Nov 24.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Gt Russell St, WC1 (636 1555). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Sporting Life.** Prints, drawings, watercolours & posters illustrating the British at play during the past 250 years. Until Sept 18. **Industry & Idleness: Hogarth & the Moral Print.** Some of Hogarth's preparatory studies for this celebrated series, published in 1747. Until Sept 18. **Cycladic Art: Ancient Pottery & Sculpture from the N. P. Goulandris Collection.** Very early Greek sculptures from an incomparable collection. Until Sept 18. **The Japanese Print since 1900: old dreams & new visions.** Until Sept 11. **Lachish: a Canaanite & Hebrew City.** Material recovered from a pre-war excavation in Palestine. Throughout Sept.

British Library exhibitions:

The English Provincial Printer, 1700-1800. An exhibition illustrating the 18th-century renaissance of the provincial printer. Tradesmen's cards, election posters, playbills & notices of robberies. Sept 30-Jan 31, 1984.

GEFFRYE MUSEUM

Kingsland Rd, E2 (739 8368). Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **R. D. Russell & Marian Pepler.** Furniture designed by R. D. Russell, including his famous cabinets for Murphy Radio. Russell, younger brother of Sir Gordon, was Professor of Furniture Design at the Royal College of Art & one of Britain's leading designers. The exhibition also includes rugs by his wife, Marian Pepler. Sept 9-Oct 23.

HORNIMAN MUSEUM

London Rd, Forest Hill, SE23 (699 1872). Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Beehive Paintings from Slovenia.** This area of Yugoslavia was famous for its honey-production in the 18th century & for the remarkable peasant paintings on the beehives. Until Feb 1, 1984.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Bomber.** Photographs illustrating the role of bomber aircraft in 20th-century warfare. Until April 1984. **Animals in Warfare.** Until Feb 25, 1984. £1 adults, OAPs, students & children 60p. **Hong Kong & the New Territories.** Paintings & drawings of the British forces in these areas by Anthony Eyton. Until Sept 25.

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM

39 Wellington St, Covent Gdn, WC2 (379 6344). Daily 10am-6pm. **Forging Ahead.** Models, drawings & working exhibits showing new transport developments planned for London. Until Nov 27. £1.80, children 90p, family ticket £4.40.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699). Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. **Masquerade.** The Museum's summer look at the 18th-century custom of attending balls masked & in fancy dress. Illustrated by scenes, costumes, portraits, music & original tickets, tokens & souvenirs. Until Oct 2. **Portraits of Highgate Cemetery.** Evocative photographs by John Gay of one of London's more distinguished burial places. Until Nov 6.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. The Museum's rich

variety of exhibitions continues with: **Vasna: Inside an Indian village; Hawaii; Turquoise Mosaics from Mexico; Thunderbird & Lightning** (the life of the north-east American Indians 1600-1900); & **Bemba, Raiders of the Central African Plateau** (a presentation of tribal life in Zambia in the mid 19th century when the Bemba controlled a huge area between what is now Zaire & Lakes Tanganyika & Malawi).

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Krakatoa: a Centenary Exhibition.** The eruption of a volcano on Krakatoa, between Java & Sumatra, in August, 1883 killed 36,000 people & the explosion was heard 3,000 miles away. The exhibition tells the story of the catastrophe & shows what has happened to the island since the disaster. Until Oct 25.

SCIENCE MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3456). Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. **Beads of Glass: Leeuwenhoek & the early microscope.** An exhibition, including Leeuwenhoek's own microscopes, to commemorate the achievements of the 17th-century discoverer of blood cells & bacteria. Until Oct 2. **Franck & Born: Science & Conscience.** An exhibition telling the story of the work of the two atomic scientists, James Franck (1882-1964) & Max Born (1882-1970). Until Jan 13, 1984.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371). Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. **The Common Chronicle.** Documents preserved in English & Welsh County Record Offices, illustrating the life of ordinary people from Anglo-Saxon times onwards. Until Sept 11. **Oliver Messel.** A retrospective of the work, 1925-76, of the celebrated theatre & film designer. Until Oct 30. **Artists of the Tudor Court: the portrait miniature rediscovered, 1520-1620.** See p82. Until Nov 6. £2, OAPs, students & children £1. Sat & Sun everybody £1. **Joseph Beuys.** Drawings & watercolours, 1940-80. Until Oct 2. Two photographic exhibitions can also be seen at the Museum this month. Works by William Egglestone. Until Sept 18; & Black & White Memories by David Bailey. Sept 28-Nov 27. Two exhibitions of popular Victorian crafts—Fairings (porcelain figurines) from the Florence Dagg Collection, & pressed glass. Until Sept 11.

Out of town

BIRMINGHAM MUSEUM & ART GALLERY

Chamberlain Sq, Birmingham (021-235 2834). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **Peruvian Textiles.** A selection of items from the Museum's large collection. Until Oct 31.

BRIGHTON MUSEUM

Church St, Brighton, E Sussex (0723 603005). Tues-Sat 10am-5.45pm, Sun 2-5pm. **The Brighton Belle: Pullman & Perfection.** To commemorate the combined 50th anniversaries of the electrification of the railway line from London to Brighton & of the town's own train, the luxurious & famous *Brighton Belle*. The exhibits include a reconstruction of part of a first-class Pullman car. Sept 6-Nov 6.

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Glasgow Green, Glasgow (041-554 0223). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. **From Quill Pen to Microchip.** The *Glasgow Herald* was established in 1783. This exhibition tells the story of the paper & of the part it has played in reflecting the history of Scotland & in improving social conditions. The People's Palace is Glasgow's museum of social history, with its splendid Victorian conservatory, a mini-Kew. Until Dec 31.

WATFORD MUSEUM

194 High St, Watford, Herts (092 26803). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. **The Herkomer Art School** (see intro). Sept 17-Nov 12.

BRIEFING

BALLET

URSULA ROBERTSHAW



A grand jeté from David Yow: in *The Winter Play*.

A WORLD PREMIERE and two London premières are included in the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet's season at the Wells from September 13 to 24. The world première is *Choros* by David Bintley, danced to a specially commissioned score by Aubrey Meyer and with designs by Terry Bartlett. It is a small-cast, plotless work and dancers include Marion Tait, Michael Batchelor and Roland Price. Michael Corder's *St Anthony Variations*—set to Brahms—is one of the London premières, first performed at the Exeter season in the Big Top. It is another plotless work. The second London première, however, Jonathan Burrows's *The Winter Play*, is a working of the death-and-resurrection theme of the traditional mummers' play; the score is drawn from or inspired by English folk tunes, the designs are by Ian Spurling and the ballet was enthusiastically received at its first performances in Birmingham in April.

□ The Hungarian State Ballet bring their company to the third week of the Edinburgh Festival, with a full-length ballet, *Proba*, danced to a combination of rock music and synthesized Bach. It uses elements from Kazantzakis's *Christ Recrucified* within the framework of a dance class. The Hungarian title means both a trial and a rehearsal.

KOREAN NATIONAL DANCE COMPANY

Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 6544).

40 dancers accompanied by musicians playing traditional instruments. Aug 29-Sept 3.

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066, cc 836 6903).

Mozartiana, *Piano Pieces*, *The Gershwin Concerto*, *Divertimento No 15*, *Davidsbündnerstanz*, *Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No 2*, *Chamber Works*, *Balade*, *Pas de deux*, *Symphony in three movements*, *Souvenir de Florence*, *Agon*, *Symphony in C*. Until Sept 3.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916).

Night Moves, *The Invitation*, *St Anthony Variations*, *La Fille Mal Gardée*, *Choros*, *The Winter Play*, *Checkmate*, *The Taming of the Shrew* (see intro). Sept 13-24.

SALENO

Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 6544).

Flamenco dancers and singers. Sept 20.

RAMON VILLAR'S FESTIVAL OF SPANISH DANCING

Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, cc 638 8891). Spanish classical & flamenco dancing. Sept 23.

Out of town

BALLET RAMBERT

King's Theatre, Leven St, Edinburgh (031-225 5756).

Priabotki/new work by Bruce/Mörder Hoffnung der Frauen; *Fielding Sixes*/Chicago Brass/new work by North. Aug 29-Sept 3.

HUNGARIAN STATE BALLET

Playhouse, Greenside Place, Edinburgh (031-225 5756).

Proba (see intro). Sept 5-10.

Both part of the Edinburgh Festival.

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE

Octet, new work by Dean/The Dancing Department/Cell; new work by Jobe/Nymphæus/Songs, Lamentations & Praises.

Haymarket, Leicester (0533 539797). Sept 20-24.

Review

The enthusiasm with which Ashton's *Vari Capricci* was greeted when it was premièreed in New York in April was echoed when it was seen at Covent Garden. This is an example of a ballet in which all the elements—music, décor, costumes & choreography—combine to produce a sum far greater than the number of its parts.

The score is by Walton, revised & augmented for his old friend Ashton. The vibrantly coloured set depicting a swimming poolside scene is by Hockney. Ossie Clark is responsible for the androgynous costumes which appear to be constructed of fluttering fragments precariously held together by a frill or two. To these ingredients Ashton adds, with his brilliant & witty choreography, a slight story about a group of well-heeled young people being entertained by a sophisticated hostess. Enter in dark glasses Lo Straniero (the alien or foreigner), narcissistic but available, who makes a successful play for the hostess. Mission completed (off-stage), he departs leaving his sun-specs behind. Musingly she dons them, but he returns to reclaim them & she is left again, with a "So what?" expression which assures us that there is no heart-break here: that this has been, like the ballet, a thoroughly enjoyable episode.

Antoinette Sibley & Anthony Dowell headed the performances, supported by four pairs of the Royal Ballet's younger luminaries, most noticeably Stephen Sheriff, for whom Ashton devised steps designed to exploit his particular talents of speed & *ballon*. Sibley, La Capricciosa, cool, elegant, her line superb as ever, made us realize just how much we have missed her; & Dowell had enormous fun as Lo Straniero, never forgetting his own desirability even when in determined pursuit.



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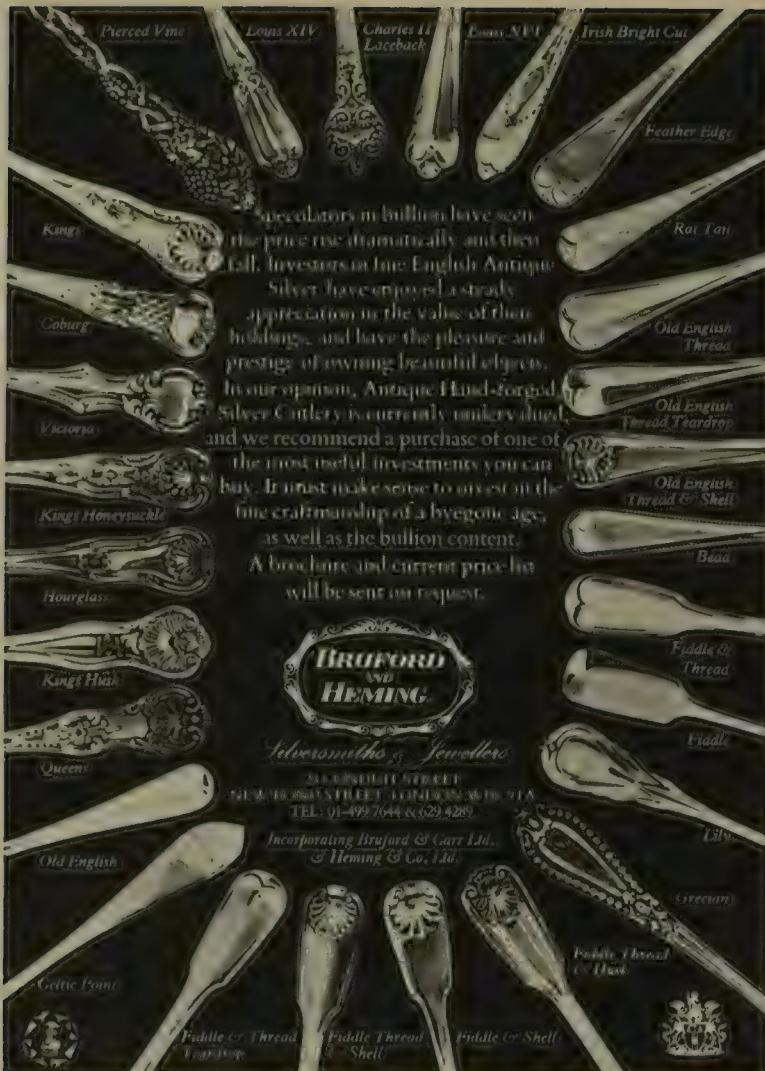


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BRIEFING

OPERA MARGARET DAVIES

WHATEVER EFFECTS the cuts in government expenditure on the arts may have later in the season, both the Royal Opera and English National Opera are offering enticing rarities this month. At Covent Garden *The Nightingale* by Stravinsky and Ravel's *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* will be given as a double bill produced by John Dexter and designed by David Hockney. The principal roles of Nightingale and Fisherman in the Stravinsky work, which is based on a story by Hans Anderson, are each shared by a singer and a dancer.

At the Coliseum the first new production of the season is *Ariadne on Naxos*, produced by Graham Vick and designed by Russell Craig. Jan Blinkhof of the Netherlands Opera makes his débüt with the company in the role of Bacchus. Two weeks later ENO stage Wagner's rarely performed, early opera *Rienzi*, which the composer based on literary works by Mary Russell Mitford and Bulwer Lytton, in a production by Nicholas Hytner, designed by David Fielding. There will be a run of ten performances and no further revival.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc240 5258).

Rigoletto, conductor N. Davies, with John Rawsley/Malcolm Donnelly as Rigoletto, Arthur Davies as the Duke, Helen Field as Gilda. Sept 1, 7, 10, 13, 16.

Don Giovanni, conductor Robinson, with Richard van Allan as Giovanni, Norman Bailey at Leporello, Suzanne Murphy as Anna, Marie Slorach as Elvira, Adrian Martin as Ottavio. Sept 3, 8.

Toussaint, conductor Friend, with Neil Howlett as Toussaint, Anne-Marie Owens as Suzanne, John Gibbs as Dessalines, Alan Opie as Napoleon. Sept 6, 9, 14, 17, 23.

Ariadne on Naxos, conductor Weller, with Janice Cairns as Ariadne, Jan Blinkhof as Bacchus, Sally Burgess as the Composer, Marilyn Hill Smith as Zerbinetta. Sept 15, 22, 24, 28, 30.

Rienzi, conductor Esser, with Kenneth Woollam as Rienzi, Felicity Palmer as Adriano, Kathryn Harries as Irene, Dennis Wicks as Colonna, Malcolm Donnelly as Paolo Orsini. Sept 29.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066, cc240 1911).

Lulu, conductor C. Davis, with Karan Armstrong as Lulu, Jonathan Summers as the Animal Trainer, Günter Reich as Dr Schön/Jack the Ripper, Ryszard Karczynski as Alwa. Sept 13, 17, 21, 27, 30.



The Nightingale: design by David Hockney.

The Nightingale, conductor Atherton, with Philip Langridge/Anthony Dowell as the Fishermen, Phyllis Bryn-Julson/Natalia Makarova as the Nightingale. *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*, conductor Atherton, with Ann Murray as the Child. Sept 19, 20, 22-24.

La clemenza di Tito, conductor Fischer, with Stuart Burrows as Titus, Stafford Dean as Publius, Diana Montague as Annus, Makvala Kasrashvili as Vitellia, Doris Soffel as Sextus, Yvonne Kenny as Servilia. Sept 28.

Out of town

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

St Louis Opera Theatre

King's Theatre (031-225 5756).

The Postman Always Rings Twice. Sept 6, 9.

Fennimore & Gerda. Sept 8, 10.

ROYAL OPERA

Palace Theatre, Manchester (061-236 9922, cc

061-236 8012).

Il trovatore, *Madama Butterfly*, *La clemenza di Tito*. Sept 9-24.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Peter Grimes, *The Magic Flute*, *Carmen*.

New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 32446, cc0222 396130). Sept 2-17.

Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486, cc) Sept 20-24.

Hippodrome, Bristol (0272 299444, cc0272 213362). Sept 27-Oct 1.

Reviews

In his designs for the new Glyndebourne production of *La Cenerentola* Allen Charles Klein was inspired by the Perrault version of the Cinderella story on which Ferretti based his libretto. On entering the theatre we were confronted by models of the prince's palace & the baron's crumbling castle on either side of the stage, resembling pop-up illustrations in a child's book of fairy tales. There was a model horse on which the disguised Dandini entered, a miniature maze in which he was pursued by the ugly sisters & a toy theatre to simulate the storm scene—all of which delighted the eye but sometimes also fogged the action. Had the producer, John Cox, put his trust firmly in Rossini & in his singers he could have relied on the artistry & timing of Alberto Rinaldi & Claudio Desderi in the roles of Dandini & Baron Magnifico to provide the foundations of what is after all a comic opera & has little to do with the pantomime fairy story. Kathleen Kuhlmann, a cool, self-possessed Cenerentola, crowned the performance with the accurate agility of her florid final aria; Laurence Dale surmounted the hurdles of Ramiro's high-lying music; Marta Taddei & Laura Zannini made a suitably hideous pair of sisters & Roderick Kennedy endowed Alidoro with an imposing air of mystery. Donato Renzetti drew polished playing from the LPO.

The festival ended with Frank Corsaro's fizzing revival of his exuberantly extravagant production of *L'Amour des Trois Oranges*, with its acrobats & jugglers, its grotesque & unruly characters, derived by the composer from a satire by Gozzi, plunged by the designer, Maurice Sendak, into post-revolutionary France & zestfully sung & portrayed, in the main by last year's experienced cast. Simon Rattle's vivid direction of Prokofiev's angular score underlined its wit, colour & energy, & it was a measure of the music's strength that it could support a production of such relentless, anarchic invention. Both productions will be seen next month on the Glyndebourne tour when audiences will have the benefit of Tom Stoppard's new English translation of Prokofiev's libretto.

BRIEFING

HOTELS

HILARY RUBINSTEIN



IN PICTURES LIBRARY

Bath is an enchanting city, a pleasure to visit for a day, but also rewarding for a long weekend or as a base for touring. The area abounds in cathedrals, great houses, famous gardens, museums (the American Museum at Claverton Manor, 2½ miles south of Bath has become a magnet for many US visitors) as well as showplace villages; and the Cotswolds lie within easy motoring distance.

The hotel for the *beau monde* in Bath is, without question, the elegant and inevitably expensive Royal Crescent Hotel, housed in the centre of the lovely crescent, with its 18th-century interior impeccably restored, and a large, well-kept garden. Gourmets, however, may prefer The Hole in the Wall, a famous restaurant with eight bedrooms, centrally situated in bustling George Street (parking can be a problem). The bedrooms are on the third and fourth floors and there is no lift (ask for a back room to ensure quietness). All are freshly and charmingly decorated. Sue and Tim Cumming are outstanding cooks and excellent hoteliers as well.

Three-quarters of a mile from the city centre is another famous hotel, The Priory, an 1835 Gothic house with large, comfortable public rooms. Its special attraction, after a long day's sightseeing, is a tranquil 2 acre garden (a rarity in a city hotel) with a heated swimming pool.

These three establishments are all in the upper-price bracket. By way of contrast, Somerset House, run by Jean and Malcolm Seymour, is a modest guest house, part of a listed Georgian terrace in a quiet residential area of Bath. It has only three bedrooms, mealtimes are fixed (breakfast at 8.30am, dinner at 7pm). In the dining room emphasis is on English traditional dishes and most of the produce, including Mendip snails, is home-grown. In addition to being well situated for the sights of Bath, the hotel is two minutes' walk from the Kennet and Avon Canal and arranges temporary membership of the Bathampton Angling Club for its guests.

To the south, at Hinton Charterhouse, is Homewood Park, a lovely house, mostly Victorian, set in 10 acres of grounds with a tennis court. All of the eight spacious bedrooms are beautifully appointed. Food is excellent (the owners, Stephen and Penny Ross are former restaurateurs of repute), with wine reasonably priced, and service of a high quality.

A few miles farther south is Woolverton

House, a solid stone-built early Victorian rectory with eight bedrooms and 2 acres of garden, where John and Jean Fairfax-Ross provide substantial meals. There are plenty of things to see near by—the Rode Tropical Bird Garden is just two fields away.

South-west of Bath is Hunstrete House, a beautiful 18th-century manor in 90 acres of parkland with walled garden, heated outdoor swimming pool, tennis and croquet. Bedrooms are large and comfortable, some have separate dressing rooms, and many comforts, such as hair-driers, are supplied. Among the lovely paintings are many by the hotel's owner, Thea Dupays. Her design flair makes Hunstrete one of the most visually attractive hotels in England.

A pleasure of a quite different kind is to be had at Lacock, east of Bath, once a prosperous medieval wool town and now, owned by the National Trust, preserved as part of our heritage. To say that At the Sign of the Angel is olde-world makes it sound phoney, but in fact this family-owned, 14th-century half-timbered building does represent a kind of prototype of the pure old-English inn. A few miles farther east at Calne is Chilvester Lodge, a small elegant Georgian building in a garden with a lily pond, agreeably furnished with antiques, paintings and original Hiroshige prints in the four bedrooms. The owners, Mr and Mrs Reiss, discuss the menu with their guests in advance and dine with them at one long table.

- The Royal Crescent Hotel, Royal Crescent, Bath (0225 319090). Single rooms £45, double £55-£100; Continental breakfast from £3.50, English breakfast from £6.50; dinner £17.50.
- The Hole in the Wall, 16 George Street, Bath (0225 25242). Single room £25-£35, double £38-£50. Table d'hôte dinner £12 (two courses) or £14 (three courses).
- The Priory Hotel, Weston Road, Bath (0225 331922). Single room £36.50-£38.50, double £68-£75. A la carte dinner from £14.50.
- Somerset House, 10 Dunsford Place, Bathwick Hill, Bath (0225 66451). Dinner, bed and breakfast £15.50 per person.
- Homewood Park, Hinton Charterhouse, Bath (022 122 2643). Double room £37.50-£54. A la carte dinner about £15.
- Woolverton House, Woolverton, nr Bath (0373 830415). Double room £31-£34. A la carte dinner about £8.50.
- Hunstrete House, Hunstrete, Chelwood, nr Bath (076 18 578). Double room £50-£90. A la carte dinner about £20.
- At the Sign of the Angel, 6 Church Street, Lacock, nr Chippenham, Wilts (024 973 230). Single room £30, double £40. Dinner from £13.50.
- Chilvester Lodge, Calne, Wilts (0249 812950). Dinner, bed and breakfast £27.50 for each person.

The above room tariffs include breakfast except where otherwise stated. The meal prices are per person. The tariffs include VAT except for Somerset House, which is not VAT-rated and service except for Woolverton Manor where it is optional.

Hilary Rubinstein is the editor of the *Good Hotel Guide*, which is published annually by the Consumers' Association/Hodder, price £7.50. The *Guide* would be glad to hear from readers who have recent first-hand experience of any unusually good hotels. Reports to *Good Hotel Guide*, Freepost, London W11 4BR.

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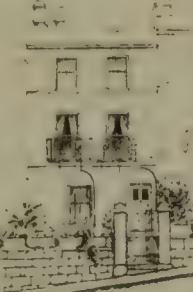
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BRIEFING
RESTAURANTS
ALEX FINER

ANTHELME BRILLAT-SAVARIN coined the epigram, "You are what you eat." The restaurants at which you eat presumably provide another set of clues to gastronomic make-up. I can detect little from the discovery that my chosen restaurants of the month have a highly alliterative ring to them—Bubb's, Brinkley's and The Berkeley Butterly. My preference for fish at all three establishments could have something to do, I suppose, with my Piscean palate anticipating the start of the oyster season.

Bubb's serves highly serious cuisine in a funny triangular building round the corner from Smithfield. There is white linen on the table, a pin-striped clientele from the City and yet an atmosphere of informality prevails enhanced by the need to squeeze up a narrow Victorian circular staircase to reach the second floor. If gourmand rather than gourmet, remember to book your table downstairs.

Food is classically French and first courses tease tastebuds to life while also providing a visual treat. I have enjoyed the *aspic de crabe au concombre* and *légumes niçois* on separate occasions and approved of my companion's crab bisque and a startlingly coloured *terrine de poissons safranée*. The short-ish menu is particularly strong on fish despite the restaurant's proximity to the meat market. The langoustines served on a bed of carrot with boiled potatoes and a light cream sauce were only marginally less memorable than a *marinière* of lightly poached salmon and turbot. First courses range from £1.95 to £2.60; main courses fall between £7 and £8. Desserts at £1.60 to £2.15 included *indulgence au chocolat*, fresh fruit salad and a selection of sorbets. House wine is £4.50 and a 1980 Sauvignon proved good value at £5.80. Be prepared for a £35 bill for two. Such is the restaurant's popularity that it is now able to open in the evening in a part of town often restricted to a lunch-only trade.

Brinkley's, just off Fulham Road, is in a dinner-only part of town. It has plenty of competition but John Brinkley achieves a high culinary standard in his small, pretty but unpretentious restaurant. There are flowers on a table laid with white and pink linen. There are ceiling fans

and a skylight indoors and *trompe l'œil* flowers on the back wall of the outdoor patio where you can dine seated on white garden furniture under trellis and awning if the weather permits. I commend the eminently sensible decision to stock half-bottles of champagne at £7 and £9. Indeed the wine-list demonstrates the sure touch of a connoisseur, proves a joy to study and provided fine half-bottles of 1972 Mercurey at £5.

The Mediterranean fish soup was served with *rouille* and cheese. The lobster and crab pastry parcels with fresh limes and lobster sauce met with strong approval. I chose fish again as a main course and was rewarded with poached turbot, finished with butter but served, somewhat incongruously, with a small bowl of creamed horseradish which, after a brief taste, I ignored. Prices are from £30 for two upwards depending on how carried away you get by the wine-list.

The Berkeley Butterly, I am led to understand, was the precursor of the modern coffee shop and took more money per square foot than any other restaurant in the 1930s. It has now reappeared with a Venetian theme as the second restaurant at the Berkeley Hotel, with an emphasis on fish. There is a hot and cold buffet at lunch and a short *à la carte* menu in the evening. Starters, named after Venetian hotels, require explanation. The selection of fresh pasta dishes proved a better bet than mysteries such as Sorpresa Gritti Palace or San Daniele with melon. The display of fresh fish on ice looks stunning but my grilled sea-bass lacked distinction on the plate. A meal costs about the same as at my other fishy haunts but the luxuriously appointed surroundings, attentive waiters and well spaced tables are no substitute for culinary success.

□ **Bubb's**, 329 Central Markets, Smithfield, EC1 (236 2435). Mon-Sat 12.15-2pm, 6.45-9.30pm. CC None. □ **Brinkley's**, 47 Hollywood Rd, SW10 (351 1683). Mon-Sat 7.30-11.30pm. CC All. □ **The Berkeley Butterly**, Wilton Pl, SW1 (235 6000). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30pm, 7.30-11.30pm. CC A, Bc.

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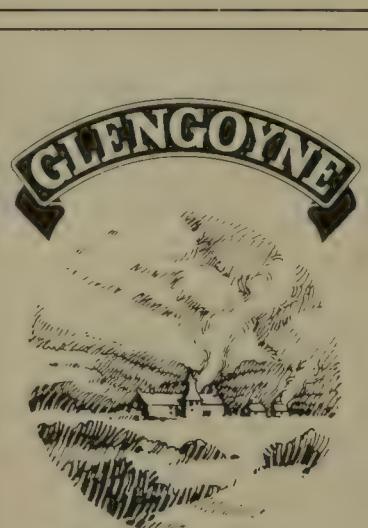
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Information about the time of last orders and credit cards has been provided by the restaurants. AmEx = American Express; DC = Diner's Club; A = Access (Master Charge); and Bc = Barclaycard (Visa). Where all four main cards are accepted this is indicated as CC All.

Les Années Folles

232 Old Brompton Rd, SW5 (370 2788). Mon-Sat 6.30-11.30pm. Aznavour on tape, roses on the table & a good cheese soufflé at this basement French bistro. CC A, AmEx, DC ££

Bumbles

16 Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1 (828 2903). Mon-Fri noon-2.15pm, Mon-Sat 6-10.30pm. Large bistro with some inventive starters, some vegetarian main courses, an extensive selection of English wines & a competitively priced French list. Book an upstairs booth for greater comfort. CC All ££

Camden Brasserie

216 Camden High St, NW1 (482 2114). Tues-Sun noon-3pm (Sat, Sun until 3.30pm for brunch), 6.30-11.30pm.

Merits a rave review because of the charcoal grill & the quality of the fresh ingredients. A short menu in informal surroundings. Rib of beef for two recommended. CC None ££

Cuddeford's

20 Duke St Hill, SE1 (403 1681). Mon-Fri 11.30am-3pm, 5.30-7.30pm.

This new wine bar under the false-ceilinged arches at London Bridge offers a choice of 14 wines by the glass & a short menu with special dishes of the day. CC All £

Cunard Hotel Bristol

Berkeley St, W1 (493 8282). Daily 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-10.30pm.

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Green's Champagne Bar

36 Duke St, St James's, SW1 (930 1383). Mon-Fri 11.30am-3pm, 5.30-7.30pm.

Floquet et Fils house champagne at £10 goes well with the West Mersea No 1 oysters, smoked salmon, lobsters, crab or quail's eggs. A quick & expensive treat. CC None £££

Langan's Brasserie

Stratton St, W1 (493 6437). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 7-11.30pm, Sat 8pm-12.15am.

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Mr Chow

151 Knightsbridge, SW1 (589 7347). Daily 12.30-2.45pm, 7-11.45pm.

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Mon Plaisir

21 Monmouth St, WC2 (836 7243). Mon-Fri noon-2pm, 6-11pm.

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National Theatre Restaurant

South Bank, SE1 (928 2033). Mon-Sat 5.30-11.30pm.

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Odin's

27 Devonshire St, W1 (935 7296). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.15pm, Mon-Sat 7-11.15pm.

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Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W1 (499 6363). Mon-Fri 12.30-3pm, Mon-Sat 7.30pm-midnight.

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2 Highgate High St, N6 (340 5823). Tues-Sun 12.30-3pm, 7pm-midnight.

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Sheeky's

29 St Martin's Ct, WC2 (836 4118). Mon-Sat 12.30-3pm, 5.30-11.30pm.

A theatrical ambience for a wide range of fish dishes—from scallops to turbot & salmon—along with an oyster bar for the single-minded in search of an expensive mollusc snack. CC All £££

Simpson's-in-the-Strand

100 Strand, WC2 (836 9112). Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 6-10pm.

Old England lives on in this celebrated mutton & beef house. Women are still discouraged from eating in the main dining room. CC A, Bc ££

Le Suquet

104 Draycott Ave, SW3 (581 1785). Wed-Sun 12.30-3pm. Tues-Sun 7.30-11pm.

Indulge yourself in the sumptuous *plateau de fruits*

de mer when your party feels pangs for seafood. Meat is available but fish is the reason to come. CC AmEx £££

Tourment d'Amour

19 New Row, WC2 (240 5348). Mon-Fri 12.30-2pm, Mon-Sat 6.30-11.30pm.

Former Rank Xerox boardroom butlers have made a great success with this attractive restaurant offering classically French three-course menus which are changed monthly. CC All ££

Tuttons

11 Russell St, WC2 (836 1167). Daily noon-11.30pm.

A handy place to recuperate in Covent Garden, serving a wide range of brasserie food in & out of doors. CC All ££

Wheeler's

19 Old Compton St, W1 (437 2706). Mon-Sat 12.30-3pm, 6-11pm.

Three floors of fish, starched tablecloths & attentive service. Good value but not cheap. If living it up, try Wheeler's Number One oysters & lobster. CC All ££

The White House Restaurant

Albany St, NW1 (387 1200). Mon-Fri 12.30-3pm, Mon-Sat 6.30-11.30pm.

Under the Regent's Park hotel of the same name. Comfortable, good service & a broad French menu. CC All £££

White Tower

1 Percy St, W1 (636 8141). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-10.30pm.

London's original, plush & upmarket Greek restaurant, renowned for Aylesbury duckling & traditional ethnic specialities. Retsina available, also good French list. CC All £££

Zen

Chelsea Cloisters, Sloane Ave, SW3 (589 1781). Mon-Fri noon-3pm, 6-11.30pm, Sat 11.30am-11.30pm, Sun noon-11pm.

Air-conditioned Chinese with an extensive, well-prepared menu, & a grotto & waterfall near the entrance. CC All ££

Diners means Business at Wheelers

WHEELER'S MENU

Wheeler's Oysters (when in season)
Natural in the half shell, fried or grilled.

Fine Dover Soles

Florentine

Poached; lying on leaf spinach with a covering of cheese sauce.

Maryland

Poached; white wine sauce with tomato, asparagus and truffle.

Cooked in a further 19 ways.

Other Fish

Scampi Provencal
Cooked in butter, covered with garlic flavoured tomato. Served with rice.

Plaice Meuniere

Floured, sprinkled with fine herbes, and cooked in butter.

Lobster Newburg

Taken from the shell, sliced, cooked in lobster stock, brandy and cream. Served with rice.

Wheelers restaurants enjoy an enviable reputation for the variety and quality of their fish cuisine; and during 1983 they are making their Diners Club patrons, who settle with their card a particularly tempting wine offer.

Simply by purchasing a case of Wheeler's exclusive house wine with your Diners Club card, you'll receive a voucher entitling you to a complimentary bottle of the same French bottled wine, when you next dine at a Wheeler's restaurant.

The cost, including delivery in the U.K., is £35.95.

For full details, including other wines in the offer and how to order, simply phone Wheelers on 01-437 8968 and ask for Mr. Sozzi, quoting your Diners Club card number.



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20 Dover St., W1. 01-629 5417
4. Carafe Est. 1953
15 Lowndes St., S.W.1. 01-235 2525
5. Antoine Est. 1955

40 Charlotte St., W1. 01-636 2817
6. Braganza Est. 1959
56 Frith Street, W1. 01-437 5412
7. Alcove Est. 1967
17 Kensington High St., W.8. 01-937 1443
8. Sovereign Est. 1968

17 Hertford St., W1. 01-499 4679
9. Wheeler's City Est. 1971
19 Great Tower St., E.C.3. 01-626 3685
10. Wheeler's Fenchurch St. Est. 1976
9 Fenchurch Buildings, E.C.3. 01-488 4848
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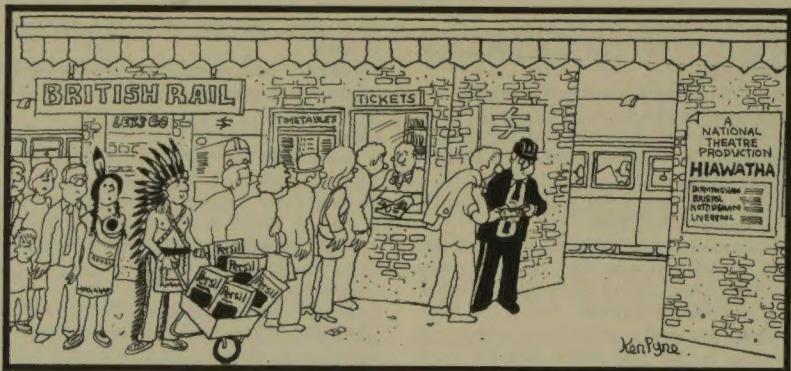
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□ The English Tourist Board's new edition of *Let's Go* might help to take best advantage of all this bargain travel, with its usual list of off-season short breaks at over 1,500 hotels from now until April. Two nights' bed, breakfast and evening meal can cost as little as £35 a person. The book is free by post from the ETB, Admail 14, London SW1W 0YE.

□ Families living outside London have at last a chance to see the National Theatre's spectacular version of *Hiawatha* this autumn. Michael Bogdanov's production visits the Hippodromes in Birmingham (September 13 to 17) and Bristol (September 20 to 24), and Nottingham's Theatre Royal (September 27 to October 1), continuing next month to Liverpool, Hull & Aberdeen, and then in November to Inverness, Leeds, Belfast, Blackpool and Sheffield, finishing on December 3. Full details of the tour from the National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2033).

EVENTS

Sept 1-3. 17th Annual East Anglian Antiques Fair. Athenaeum, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk. Thurs, Fri 11am-8pm, Sat 10am-5pm. 75p, children 25p.

Sept 2-Oct 2. Finchcocks Festival. Season of evening recitals on Fris & Sats played on period instruments. £4-£5. The Georgian house holds a large collection of musical items & is open on Suns until Sept 25, 2-6 pm, admission £1.80, children £1. Finchcocks, Goudhurst, Kent (0580 211702).

Sept 3, 9am. Royal Highland Gathering. Some of the royal family come over from nearby Balmoral to watch the traditional Scottish games, music & dancing. Braemar, Grampian. £1.50, children 50p.

Sept 3, 4. 9th English Vineyard Wine Festival. English wine producers offer samples of their produce; grape-treading competition & a race for wine waiters; English food & cheeses on sale. English Wine Centre, Alfriston, E Sussex. Noon-6pm. £4 includes four wine tastings & a souvenir glass, further tastings 25p each.

Sept 3-10. Rye Festival. Events include Geraldine McEwan's entertainment based on the works of Jane Austen; a programme on Henry James, with a chance to visit Lamb House where James spent 18 years; an evening of Louis Armstrong & Fats Waller music; the National Theatre's short show *A Horde of Unemployed Ventriloquists*; pavement artists & fringe events around Rye's picturesque old cobbled streets. Festival office, The Old Brewery, Rye, E Sussex (0797 223038).

Sept 3-17. Salisbury Festivals. Performances in the cathedral by Janet Baker, the Philharmonia Orchestra & the Academy of St-Martin-in-the-Fields; recitals by Peter Donohoe & Peter Skellern. Information from 65 The Close, Salisbury, Wilts (0722 23883).

Sept 10, 11, 10am. Autojumble & Automart. Huge sale of old cars & car parts. Beaulieu Abbey, Beaulieu, Hants. £3, OAPs & children £1.50, two-day ticket £5.

Sept 16-18. York Crafts Festival. Crafts on view include glass-blowing, furniture-making, printing, jewelry, mosaics & knitwear, in York's large medieval hall. Merchant Adventurers' Hall, York. Fri, Sat 10.30am-5.30pm. 50p.

Sept 16, 7.30pm. Virginia Rushton, soprano; Marion Raper, piano. Recital of songs by Arne,

Haydn, Mozart & Schubert in this splendid 19th-century setting. Ickworth, Horringer, Bury St Edmunds. Box office National Trust, Blickling, Norfolk (026373 3471). £4.

Sept 16, 7.30pm. Cambridge Symphony Orchestra. Groups of the orchestra's musicians play in different rooms of this 18th-century mansion. Wimpole Hall, Cambridgeshire. Box office as above. £6.50.

Sept 17, 9am. Battle of Britain At Home Day. King's Cup air race, displays by the Red Arrows, Mosquito aircraft & a modern autogyro. RAF Finningley, Doncaster, S Yorks. £2, children free; car & all occupants £7.

Sept 17-24. Southampton International Boat Show. New boats afloat in Southampton Water; displays of new products connected with boating. Mayflower Park, Southampton. Daily 10am-7pm. £1.80, OAPs free, children 90p.

Sept 18, 11.45am. Horseman's Sunday. The blessing of the horses & ponies is followed by a parade. Mounted participants receive a rosette from actor Anthony Andrews, President of the British Horse Society's Welfare Fund. Tattington Corner, Epsom Downs, Surrey.

Sept 18, noon. Bullnose Morris National Rally. About 50 of these two-seaters of the 1920s assemble outside the museum's 18th-century timbered barns. West Wycombe Motor Museum, nr High Wycombe, Bucks. £1, children 50p.

Sept 21, 9am. Frome Cheese Show. Agricultural show whose marques hold such exhibits as 40 different kinds of poultry, goats in wattle pens, horticultural displays, home produce as well as the cheeses. At 4.30pm the champion of them all is sold off in 50p chunks. Frome, Somerset. £2.50, OAPs & children £1.50.

Sept 25, 2pm. Shuttleworth Pageant. Major air show, with most of the collection's aeroplanes & vehicles in action. Gates open 10.30am. Old Warden Aerodrome, nr Biggleswade, Beds. £2, OAPs & children £1, car with all occupants £8.

Sept 29-Oct 1. 8th Annual Perthshire Antiques Fair. Station Hotel, Perth, Tayside. Thurs, Fri 11am-8pm, Sat until 5pm. 75p, children 25p.

Sept 29-Oct 22. Swansea Festival. Concerts by the Philharmonia, North German Radio & BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestras; recitals by Cécile Ousset & the Amadeus Quartet; poetry, jazz, film & fringe events. Information from Civic Information Centre, Swansea, W Glamorgan (0792 468321).

GARDENS

Bressingham. 6 acres of informal gardens, with 6,000 kinds of hardy plants; steam museum, steam railway rides around gardens. Sept 4. Conifer, heather & dell gardens open. Diss, Norfolk. Sept 4, 8, 11, 15, 18, 25, 1.30-5.30pm. £1, children 50p.

Clarendon. Earliest surviving English landscape garden. Wonderful view down turf amphitheatre to lake; walks under the cedar trees; grotto. Nr Esher, Surrey. Daily 9am-7pm. 50p, children 25p.

Cliveden. 18th-century formal garden, topiary, pavilions; water garden with island pagoda; spectacular views of the Thames. Nr Maidenhead, Bucks. Daily 11am-6.30pm. £1.30, children 65p.

Erdig Park. Garden restored to 18th-century design; fountains, parterre, canal; formal orchards with old varieties of fruit; 17th-century house, domestic outbuildings & agricultural museum. Nr Wrexham, Clwyd. Sat-Thurs noon-5.30pm. House, garden & museum £1.80, children 60p; garden & museum only, 80p & 30p.

Killerton. Woodland & forest; sweeping lawns; rare trees & shrubs; wild birds. 18th-century house with rooms furnished in different periods, containing collection of costume. Sept 4, Rolls-Royce club rally. Nr Exeter, Devon. Daily, house 11am-6pm; garden during daylight. House & garden £1.80, children 90p; garden only £1.30 & 65p.

ROYALTY

Sept 5. Princess Anne opens the XXII Annual Congress of the British Equine Veterinary Association. University of York, York.

Sept 21. The Prince of Wales attends the Dairy Farming event. National Agricultural Centre, Stoneleigh, Warwickshire.

Sept 28. Princess Anne, Colonel in Chief The Worcester & Sherwood Foresters' Regiment, visits the 3rd Battalion in Camp, Sennybridge, Powys.

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